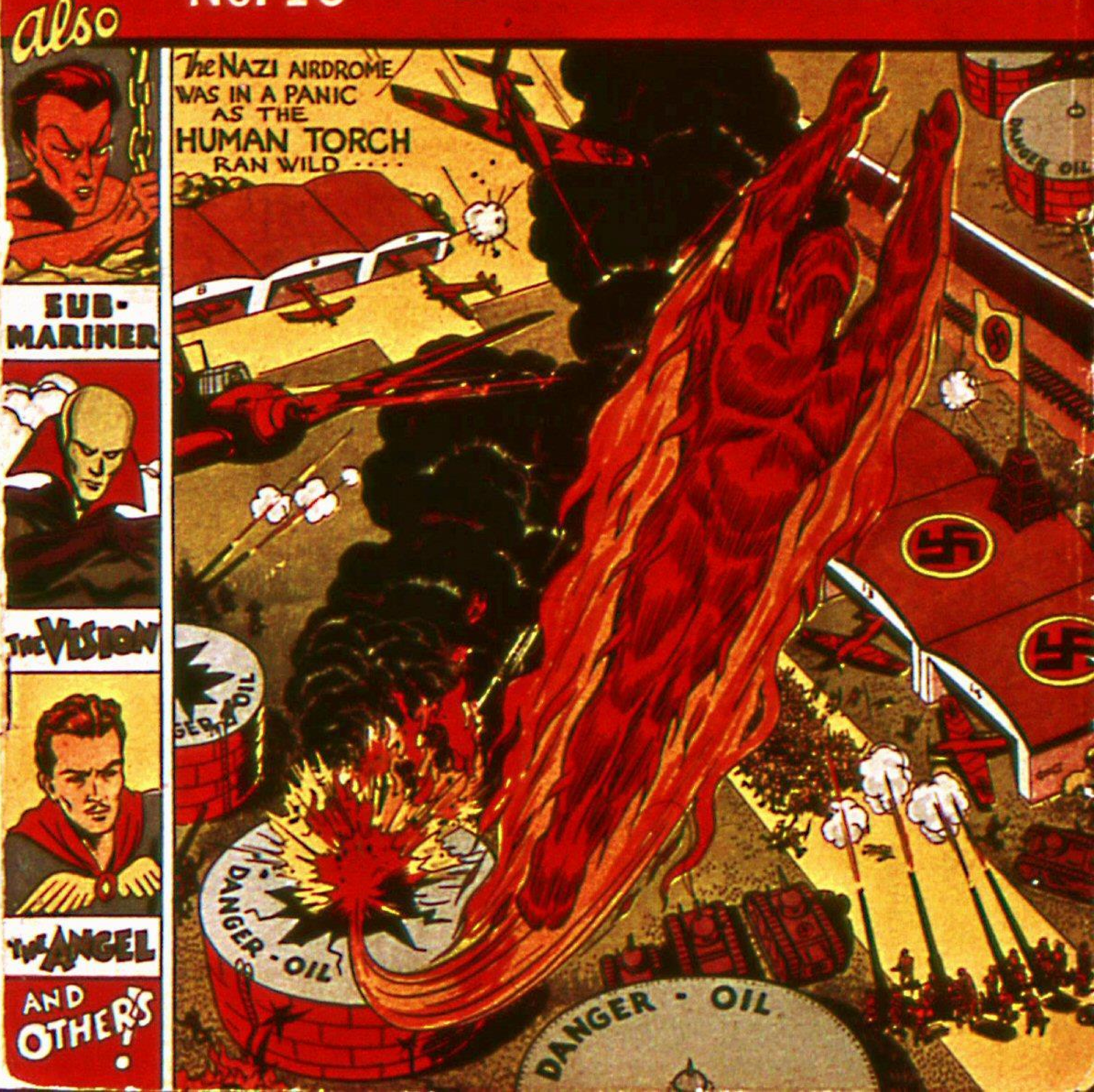
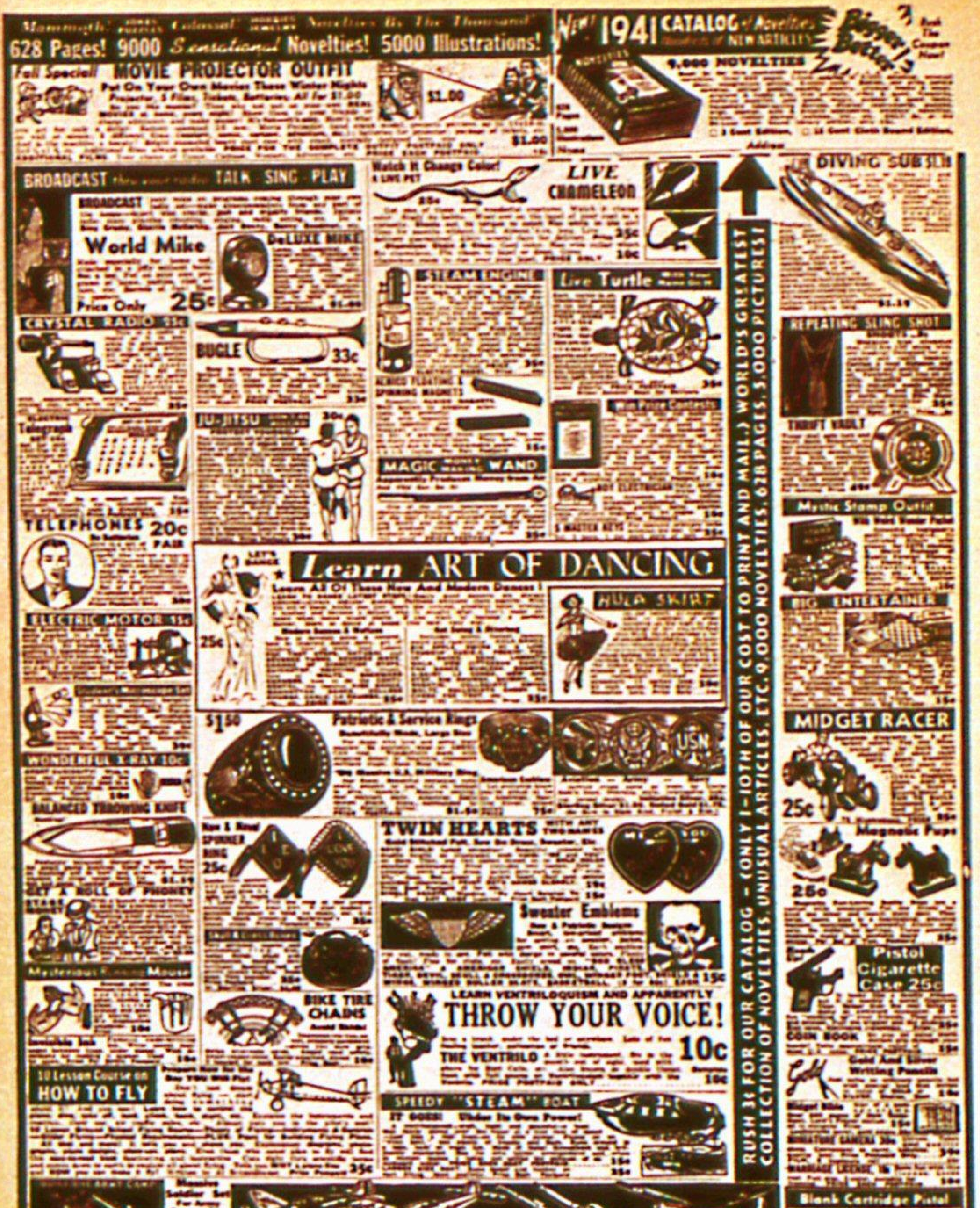
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

FEBRUARY

10¢

No. 16


also
SUB-MARINER
THE VISION
THE ANGEL
AND OTHERS!
The NAZI AIRDROME WAS IN A PANIC AS THE HUMAN TORCH RAN WILD....
DANGER OIL
DANGER-OIL
DANGER - OIL
DANGER - OIL



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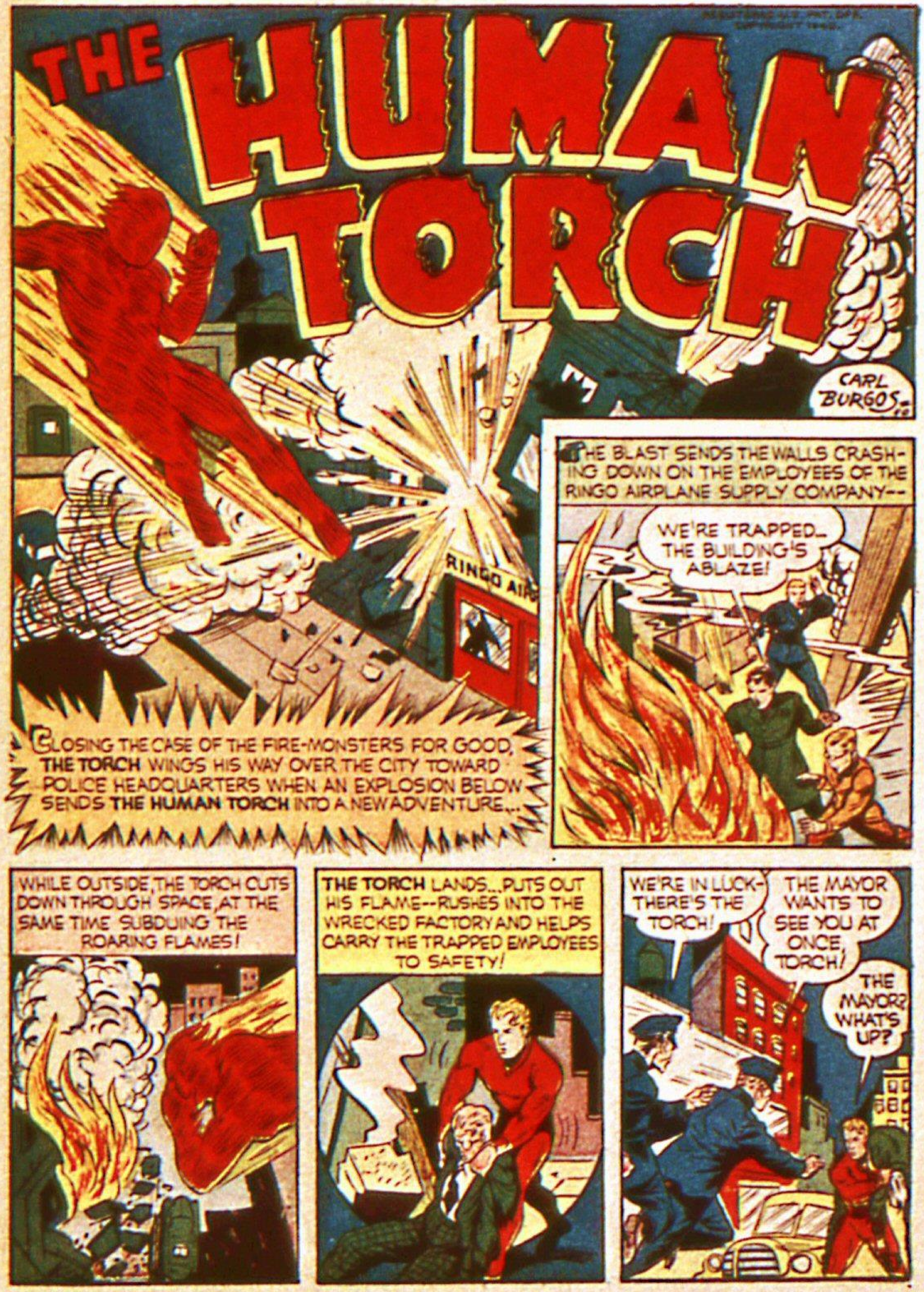
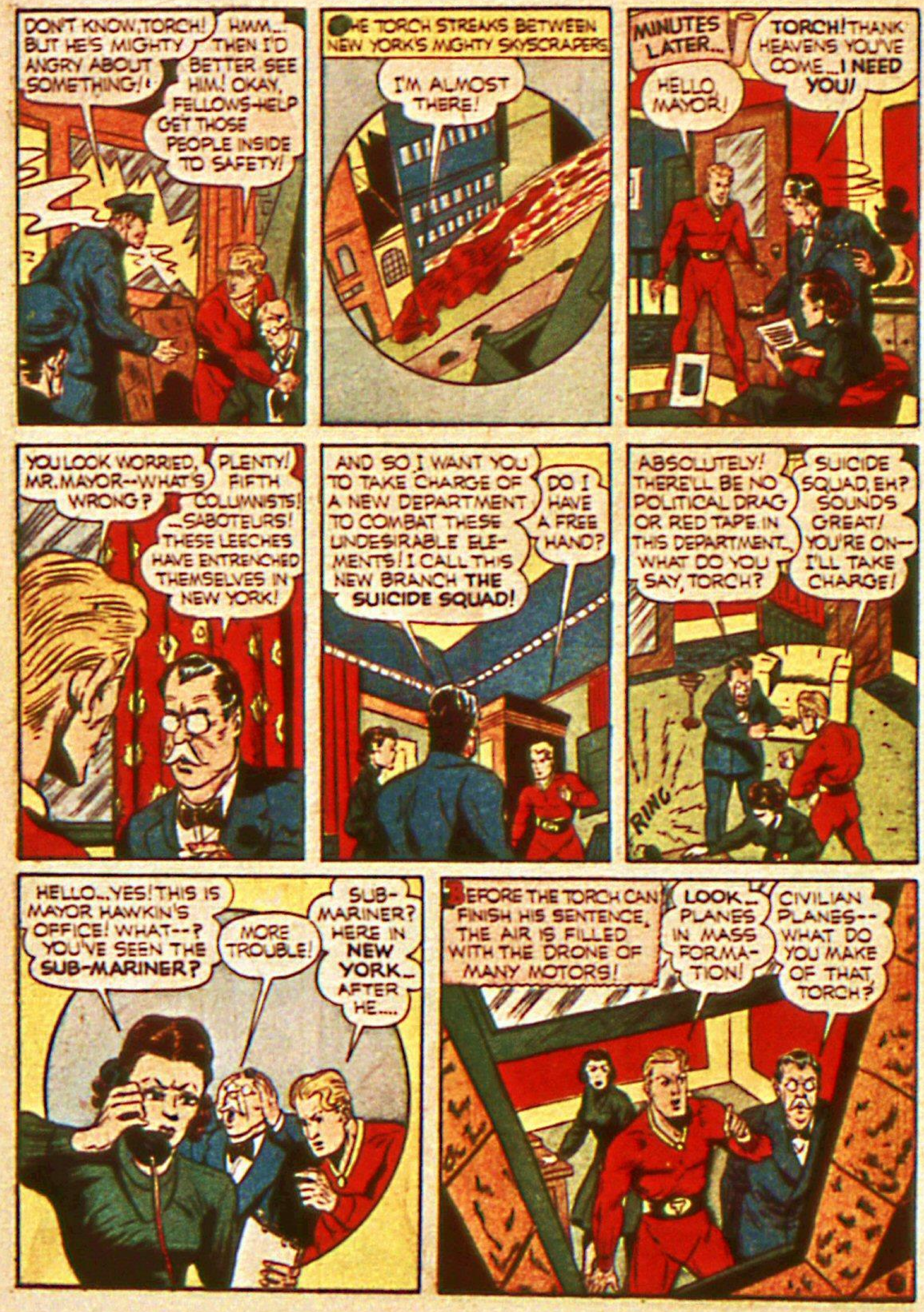
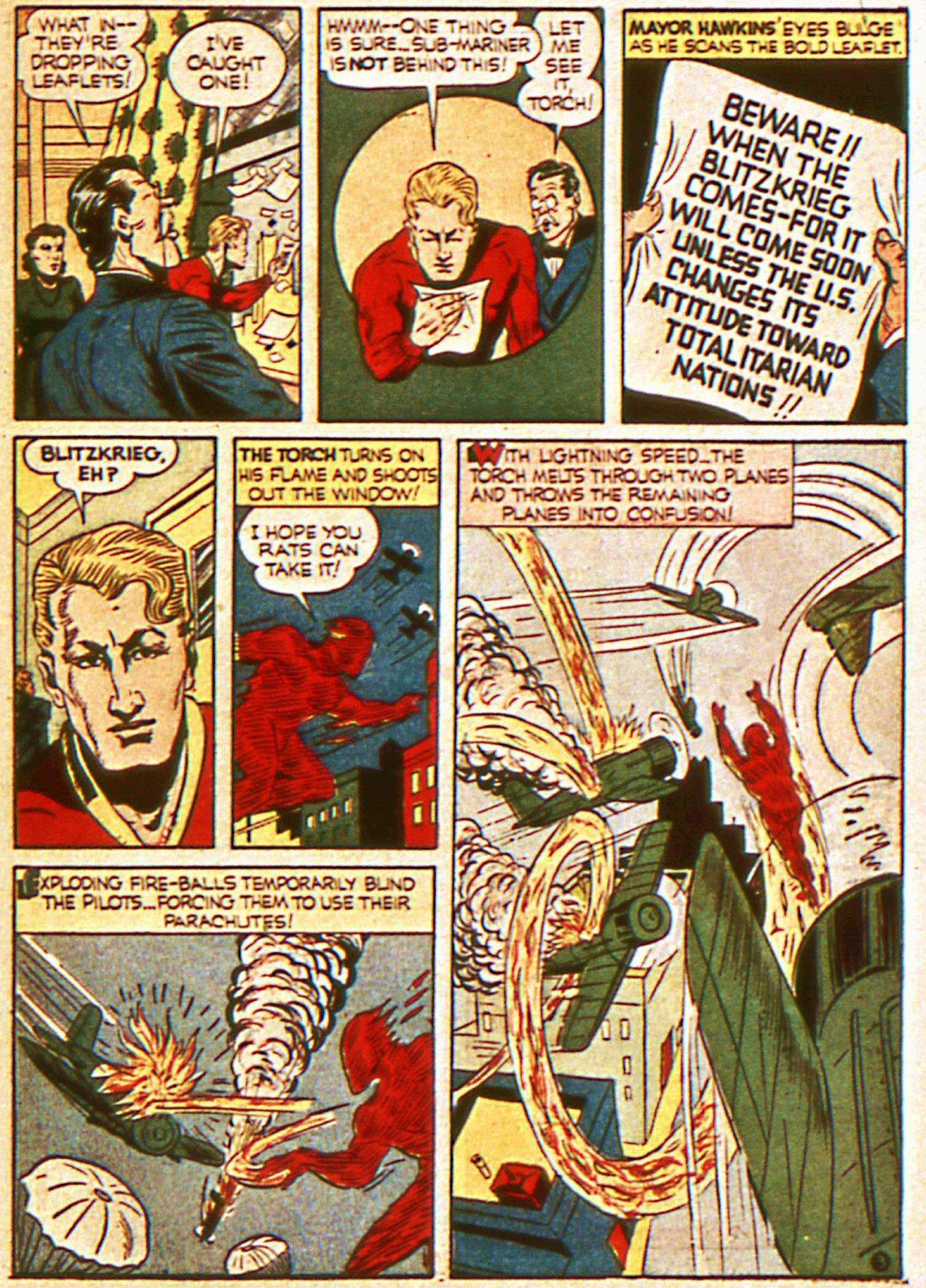
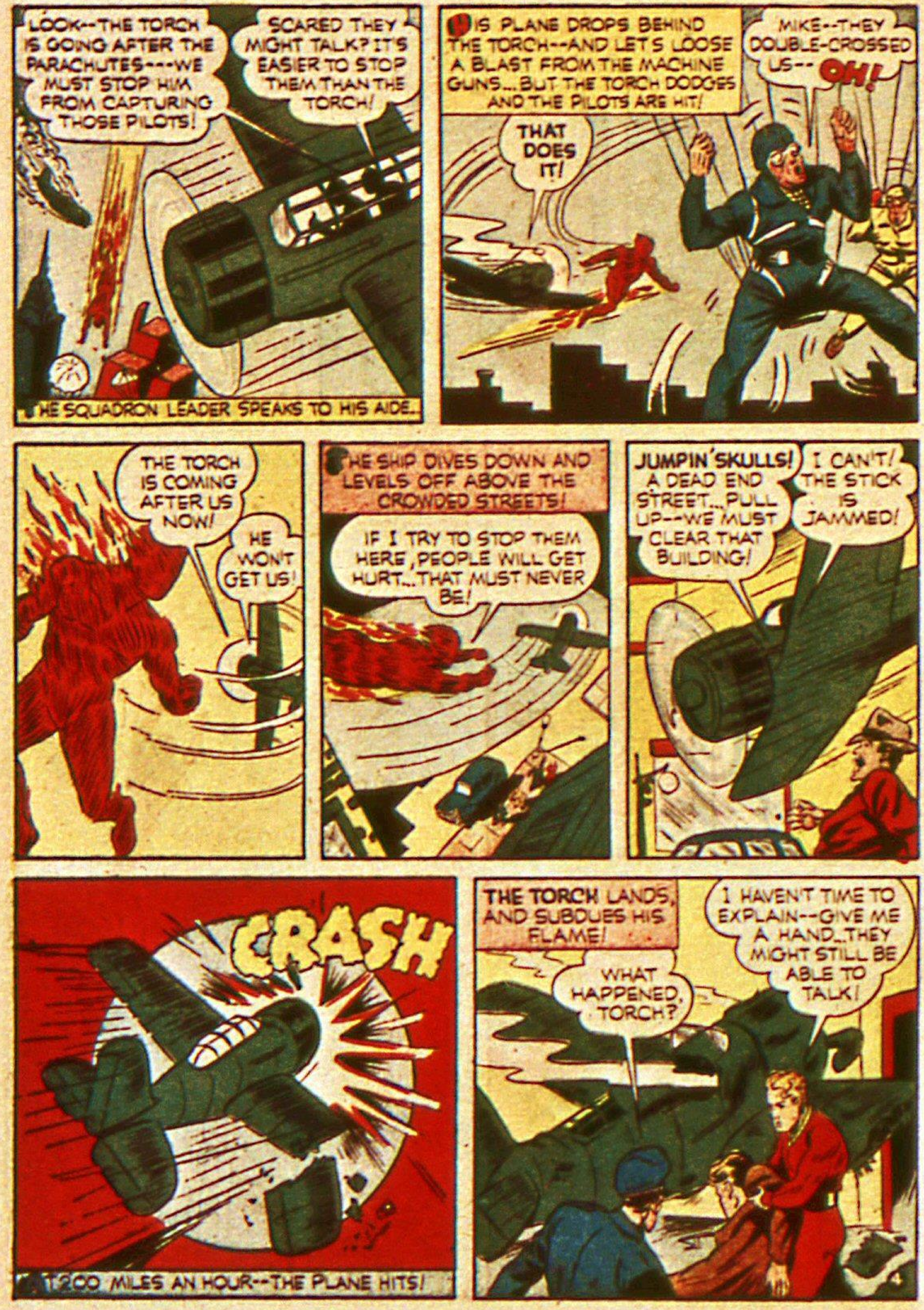
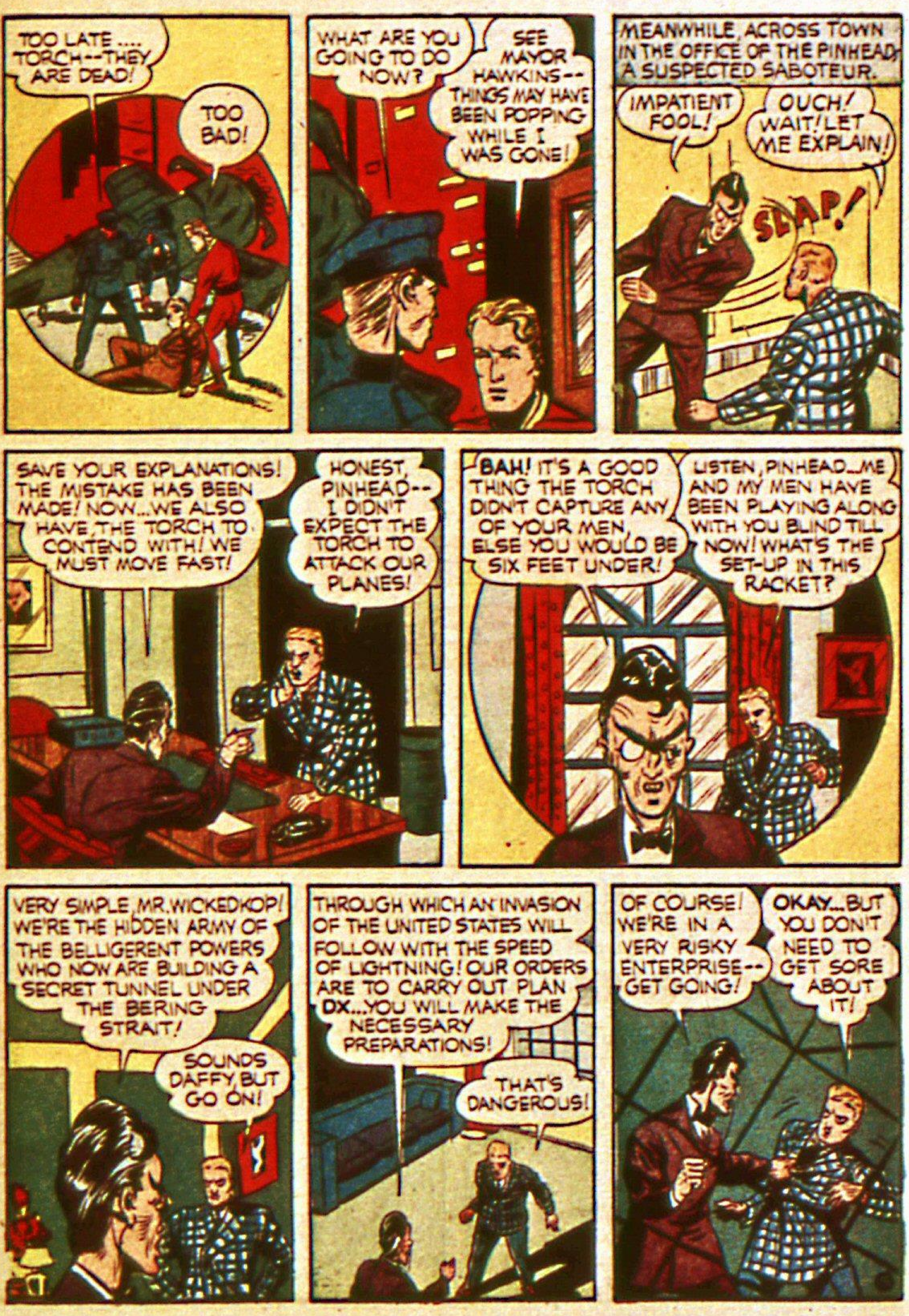
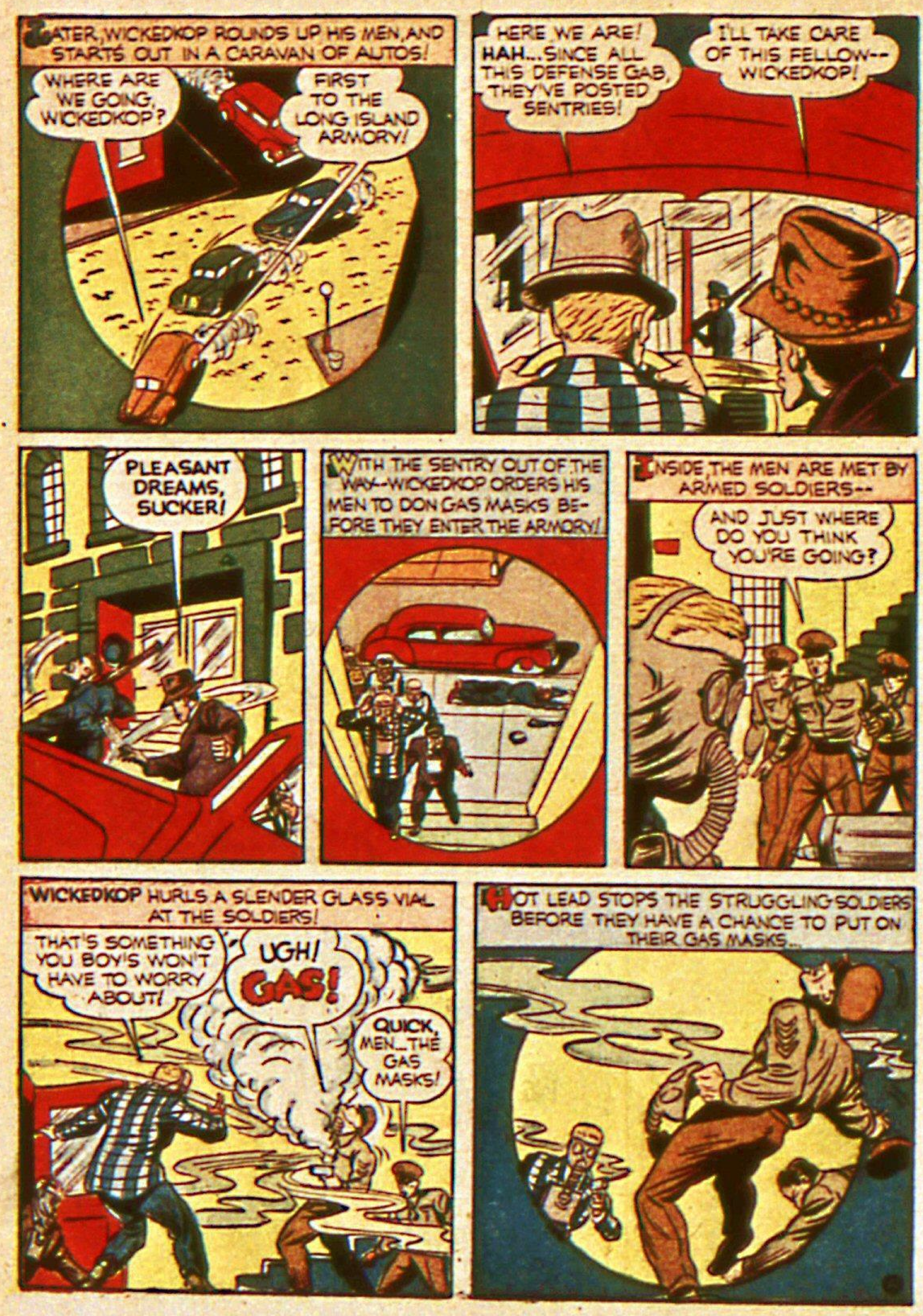

REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFF. COPYRIGHT [illegible]
THE HUMAN TORCH
CARL BURGOS
RINGO AIR
CLOSING THE CASE OF THE FIRE-MONSTERS FOR GOOD, THE TORCH WINGS HIS WAY OVER THE CITY TOWARD POLICE HEADQUARTERS WHEN AN EXPLOSION BELOW SENDS THE HUMAN TORCH INTO A NEW ADVENTURE...
THE BLAST SENDS THE WALLS CRASHING DOWN ON THE EMPLOYEES OF THE RINGO AIRPLANE SUPPLY COMPANY--
WE'RE TRAPPED... THE BUILDING'S ABLAZE!
WHILE OUTSIDE, THE TORCH CUTS DOWN THROUGH SPACE, AT THE SAME TIME SUBDUING THE ROARING FLAMES!
THE TORCH LANDS... PUTS OUT HIS FLAME--RUSHES INTO THE WRECKED FACTORY AND HELPS CARRY THE TRAPPED EMPLOYEES TO SAFETY!
WE'RE IN LUCK-- THERE'S THE TORCH!
THE MAYOR WANTS TO SEE YOU AT ONCE, TORCH!
THE MAYOR? WHAT'S UP?

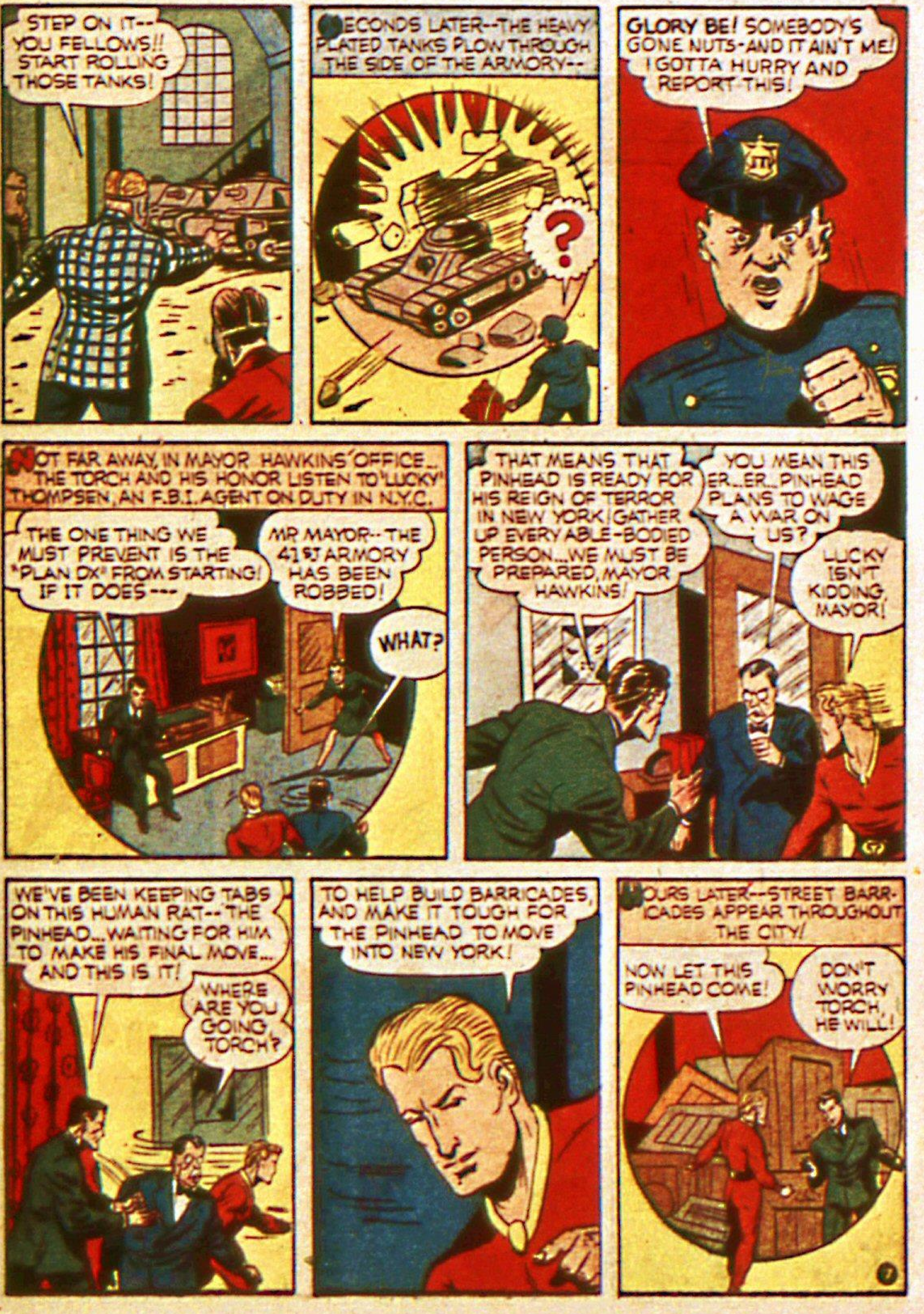

DON'T KNOW, TORCH! BUT HE'S MIGHTY ANGRY ABOUT SOMETHING!
HMM... THEN I'D BETTER SEE HIM! OKAY, FELLOWS-HELP GET THOSE PEOPLE INSIDE TO SAFETY!
THE TORCH STREAKS BETWEEN NEW YORK'S MIGHTY SKYSCRAPERS
I'M ALMOST THERE!
MINUTES LATER...
HELLO, MAYOR!
TORCH! THANK HEAVENS YOU'VE COME... I NEED YOU!
YOU LOOK WORRIED, MR. MAYOR--WHAT'S WRONG?
PLENTY! FIFTH COLUMNISTS! ...SABOTEURS! THESE LEECHES HAVE ENTRENCHED THEMSELVES IN NEW YORK!
AND SO I WANT YOU TO TAKE CHARGE OF A NEW DEPARTMENT TO COMBAT THESE UNDESIRABLE ELEMENTS! I CALL THIS NEW BRANCH THE SUICIDE SQUAD!
DO I HAVE A FREE HAND?
ABSOLUTELY! THERE'LL BE NO POLITICAL DRAG OR RED TAPE IN THIS DEPARTMENT... WHAT DO YOU SAY, TORCH?
SUICIDE SQUAD, EH? SOUNDS GREAT! YOU'RE ON--I'LL TAKE CHARGE!
RING
HELLO... YES! THIS IS MAYOR HAWKIN'S OFFICE! WHAT--? YOU'VE SEEN THE SUB-MARINER?
MORE TROUBLE!
SUB-MARINER? HERE IN NEW YORK... AFTER HE....
BEFORE THE TORCH CAN FINISH HIS SENTENCE, THE AIR IS FILLED WITH THE DRONE OF MANY MOTORS!
LOOK... PLANES IN MASS FORMATION!
CIVILIAN PLANES--WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THAT, TORCH?

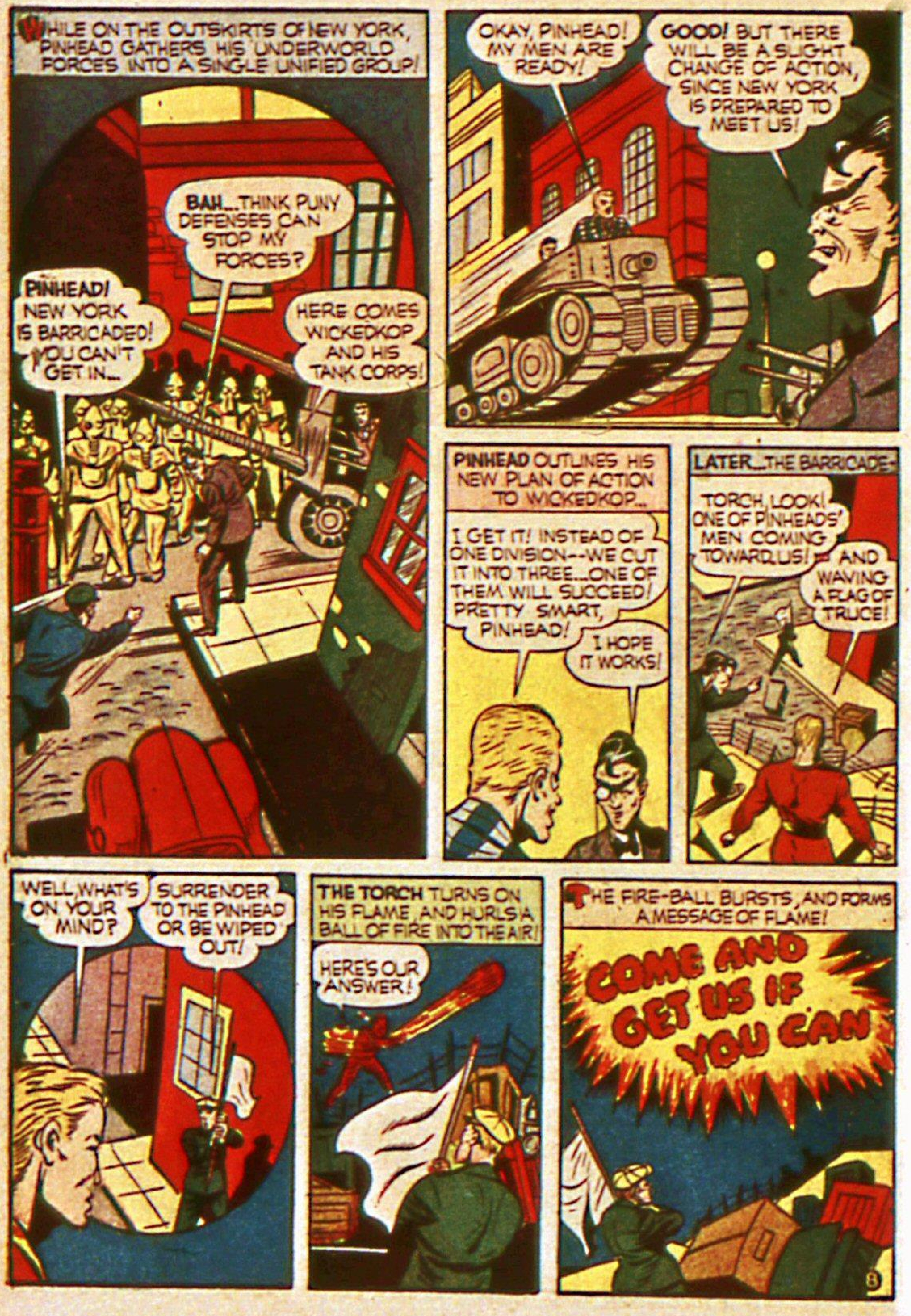

WHAT IN-- THEY'RE DROPPING LEAFLETS!
I'VE CAUGHT ONE!
HMMM--ONE THING IS SURE...SUB-MARINER IS NOT BEHIND THIS!
LET ME SEE IT, TORCH!
MAYOR HAWKINS' EYES BULGE AS HE SCANS THE BOLD LEAFLET.
BEWARE!! WHEN THE BLITZKRIEG COMES-FOR IT WILL COME SOON UNLESS THE U.S. CHANGES ITS ATTITUDE TOWARD TOTALITARIAN NATIONS!!
BLITZKRIEG, EH?
THE TORCH TURNS ON HIS FLAME AND SHOOTS OUT THE WINDOW!
I HOPE YOU RATS CAN TAKE IT!
WITH LIGHTNING SPEED...THE TORCH MELTS THROUGH TWO PLANES AND THROWS THE REMAINING PLANES INTO CONFUSION!
EXPLODING FIRE-BALLS TEMPORARILY BLIND THE PILOTS...FORCING THEM TO USE THEIR PARACHUTES!
5

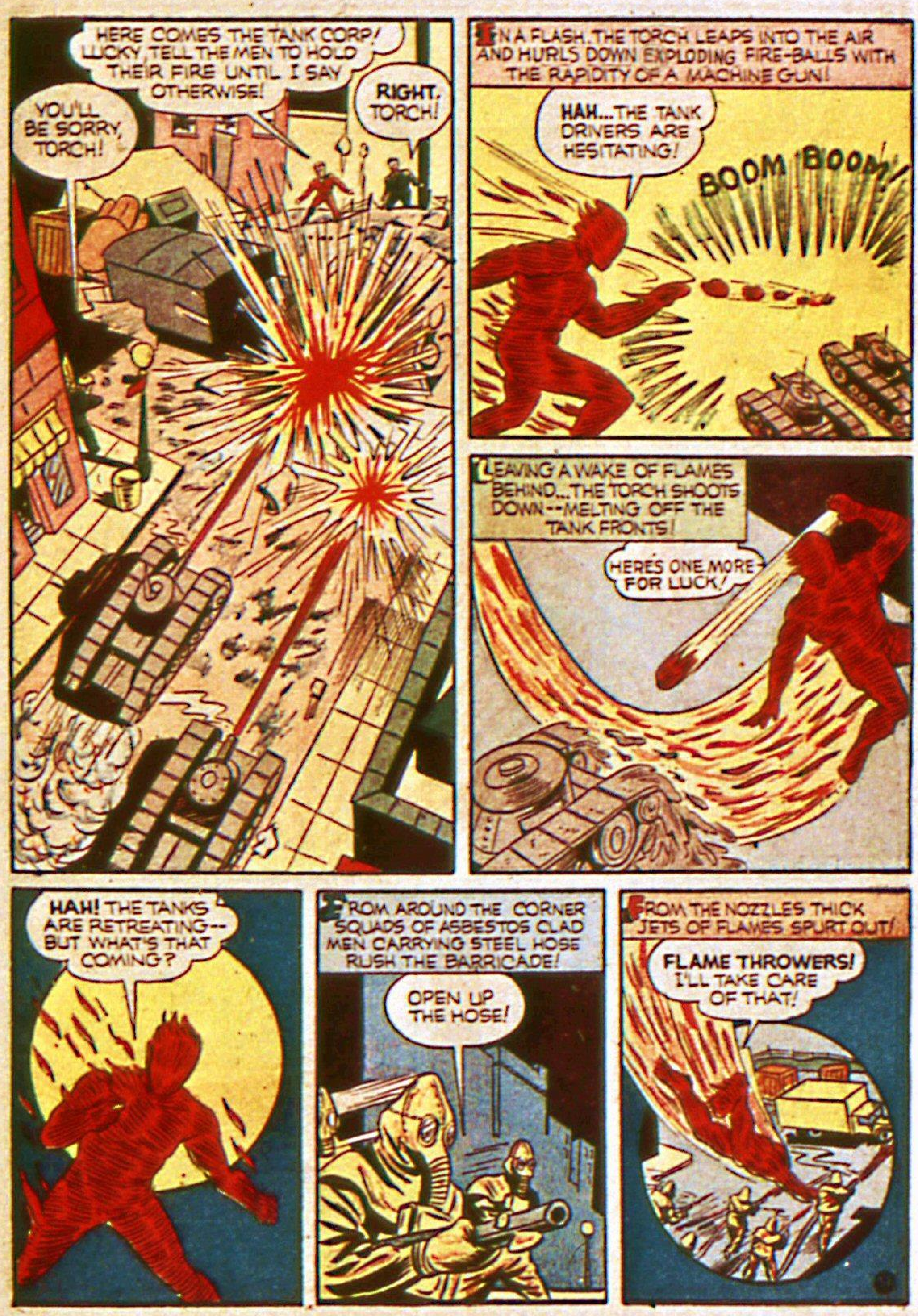

LOOK--THE TORCH IS GOING AFTER THE PARACHUTES---WE MUST STOP HIM FROM CAPTURING THOSE PILOTS!
SCARED THEY MIGHT TALK? IT'S EASIER TO STOP THEM THAN THE TORCH!
THE SQUADRON LEADER SPEAKS TO HIS AIDE.
HIS PLANE DROPS BEHIND THE TORCH--AND LET'S LOOSE A BLAST FROM THE MACHINE GUNS... BUT THE TORCH DODGES AND THE PILOTS ARE HIT!
MIKE--THEY DOUBLE-CROSSED US-- OH!
THAT DOES IT!
THE TORCH IS COMING AFTER US NOW!
HE WON'T GET US!
THE SHIP DIVES DOWN AND LEVELS OFF ABOVE THE CROWDED STREETS!
IF I TRY TO STOP THEM HERE, PEOPLE WILL GET HURT... THAT MUST NEVER BE!
JUMPIN' SKULLS! A DEAD END STREET... PULL UP--WE MUST CLEAR THAT BUILDING!
I CAN'T! THE STICK IS JAMMED!
CRASH
AT 200 MILES AN HOUR--THE PLANE HITS!
THE TORCH LANDS, AND SUBDUES HIS FLAME!
I HAVEN'T TIME TO EXPLAIN--GIVE ME A HAND... THEY MIGHT STILL BE ABLE TO TALK!
WHAT HAPPENED, TORCH?

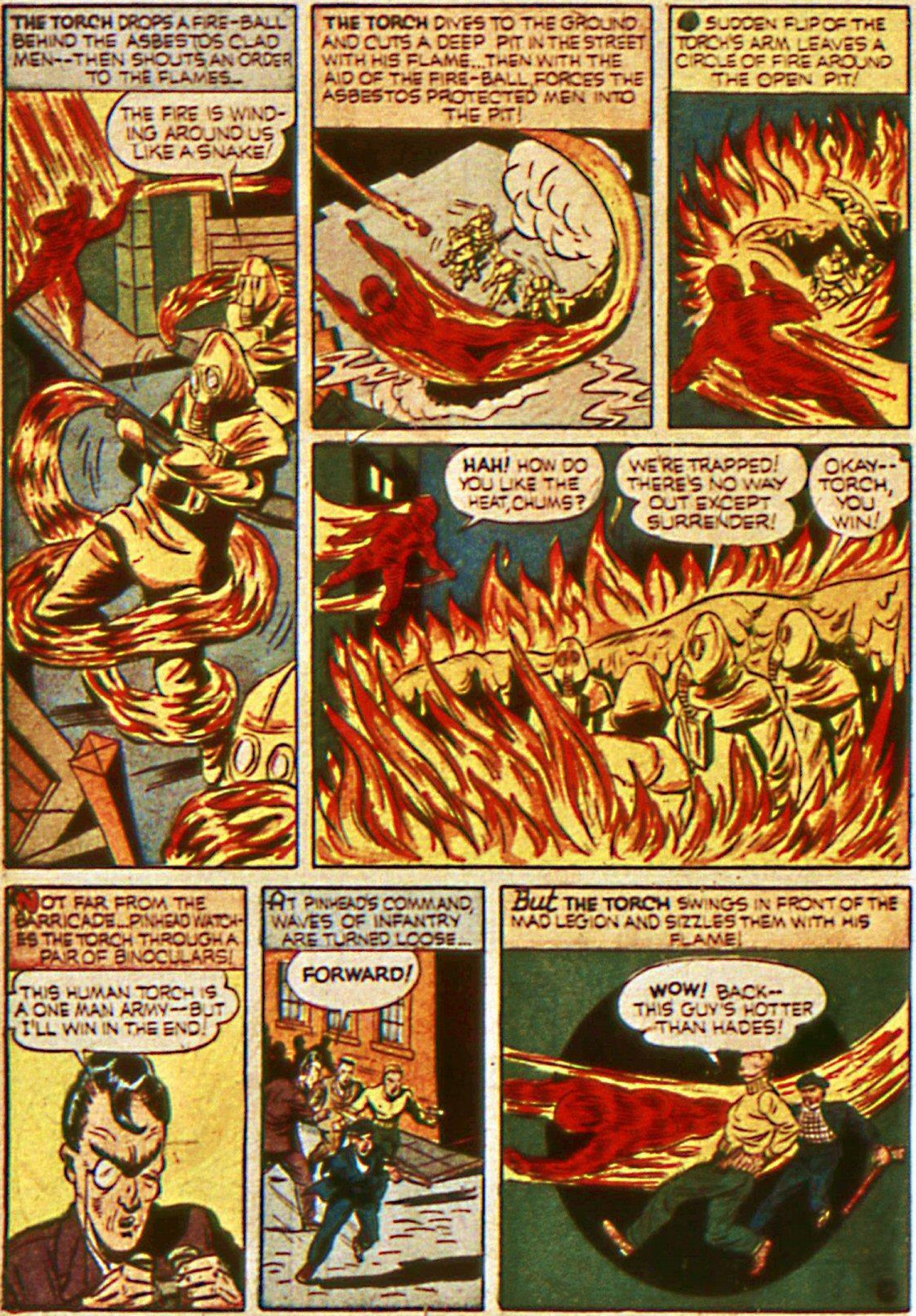

TOO LATE.... TORCH--THEY ARE DEAD!
TOO BAD!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW?
SEE MAYOR HAWKINS--THINGS MAY HAVE BEEN POPPING WHILE I WAS GONE!
MEANWHILE, ACROSS TOWN IN THE OFFICE OF THE PINHEAD, A SUSPECTED SABOTEUR.
IMPATIENT FOOL!
OUCH! WAIT! LET ME EXPLAIN!
SLAP!
SAVE YOUR EXPLANATIONS! THE MISTAKE HAS BEEN MADE! NOW...WE ALSO HAVE THE TORCH TO CONTEND WITH! WE MUST MOVE FAST!
HONEST, PINHEAD--I DIDN'T EXPECT THE TORCH TO ATTACK OUR PLANES!
BAH! IT'S A GOOD THING THE TORCH DIDN'T CAPTURE ANY OF YOUR MEN, ELSE YOU WOULD BE SIX FEET UNDER!
LISTEN, PINHEAD...ME AND MY MEN HAVE BEEN PLAYING ALONG WITH YOU BLIND TILL NOW! WHAT'S THE SET-UP IN THIS RACKET?
VERY SIMPLE, MR. WICKEDKOP! WE'RE THE HIDDEN ARMY OF THE BELLIGERENT POWERS WHO NOW ARE BUILDING A SECRET TUNNEL UNDER THE BERING STRAIT!
SOUNDS DAFFY, BUT GO ON!
THROUGH WHICH AN INVASION OF THE UNITED STATES WILL FOLLOW WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING! OUR ORDERS ARE TO CARRY OUT PLAN DX...YOU WILL MAKE THE NECESSARY PREPARATIONS!
THAT'S DANGEROUS!
OF COURSE! WE'RE IN A VERY RISKY ENTERPRISE--GET GOING!
OKAY...BUT YOU DON'T NEED TO GET SORE ABOUT IT!

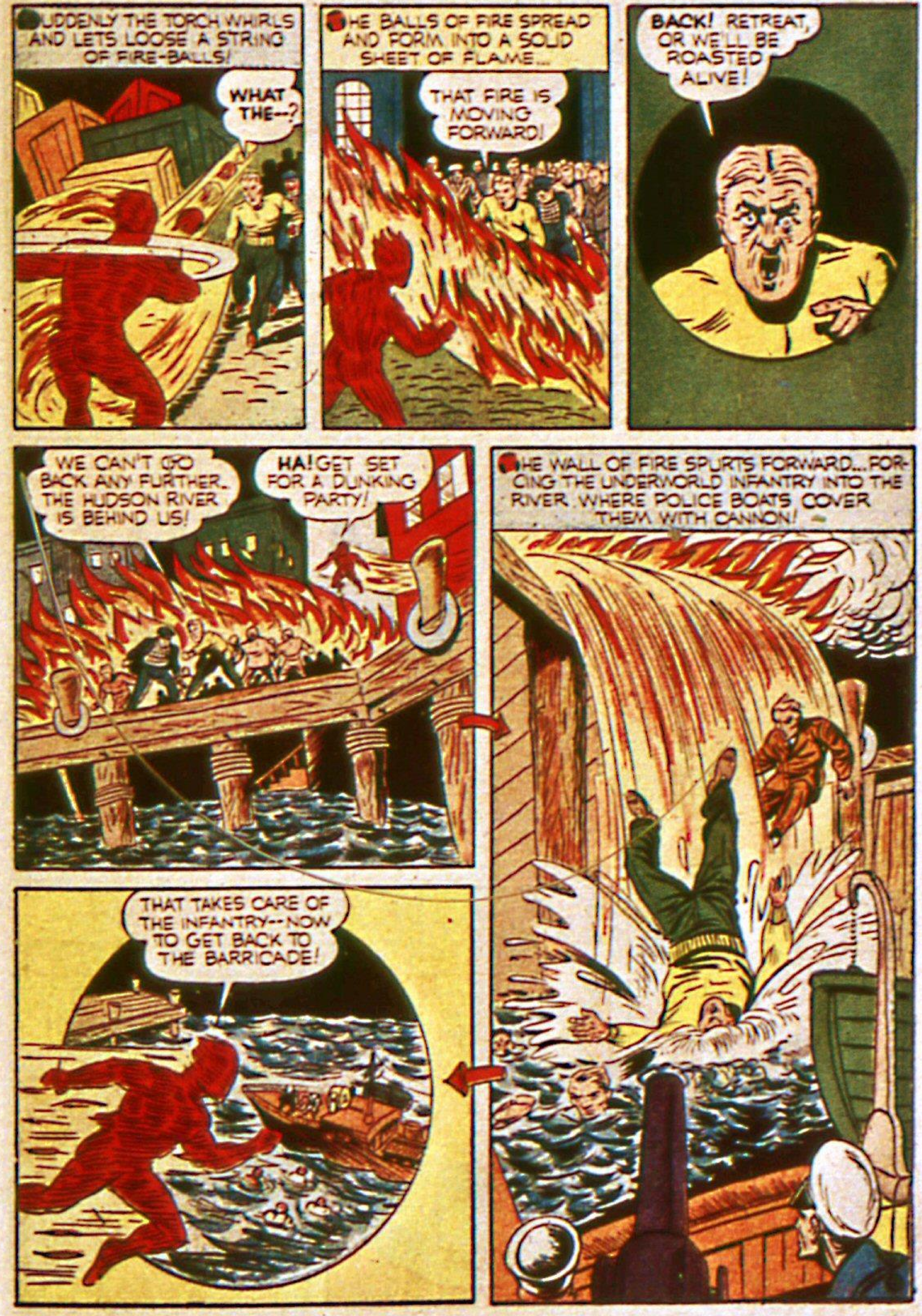

LATER, WICKEDKOP ROUNDS UP HIS MEN, AND STARTS OUT IN A CARAVAN OF AUTOS!
WHERE ARE WE GOING, WICKEDKOP?
FIRST TO THE LONG ISLAND ARMORY!
HERE WE ARE! HAH...SINCE ALL THIS DEFENSE GAB THEY'VE POSTED SENTRIES!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS FELLOW-- WICKEDKOP!
PLEASANT DREAMS, SUCKER!
WITH THE SENTRY OUT OF THE WAY--WICKEDKOP ORDERS HIS MEN TO DON GAS MASKS BEFORE THEY ENTER THE ARMORY!
INSIDE, THE MEN ARE MET BY ARMED SOLDIERS--
AND JUST WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?
WICKEDKOP HURLS A SLENDER GLASS VIAL AT THE SOLDIERS!
THAT'S SOMETHING YOU BOY'S WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT!
UGH! GAS!
QUICK, MEN...THE GAS MASKS!
HOT LEAD STOPS THE STRUGGLING SOLDIERS BEFORE THEY HAVE A CHANCE TO PUT ON THEIR GAS MASKS...

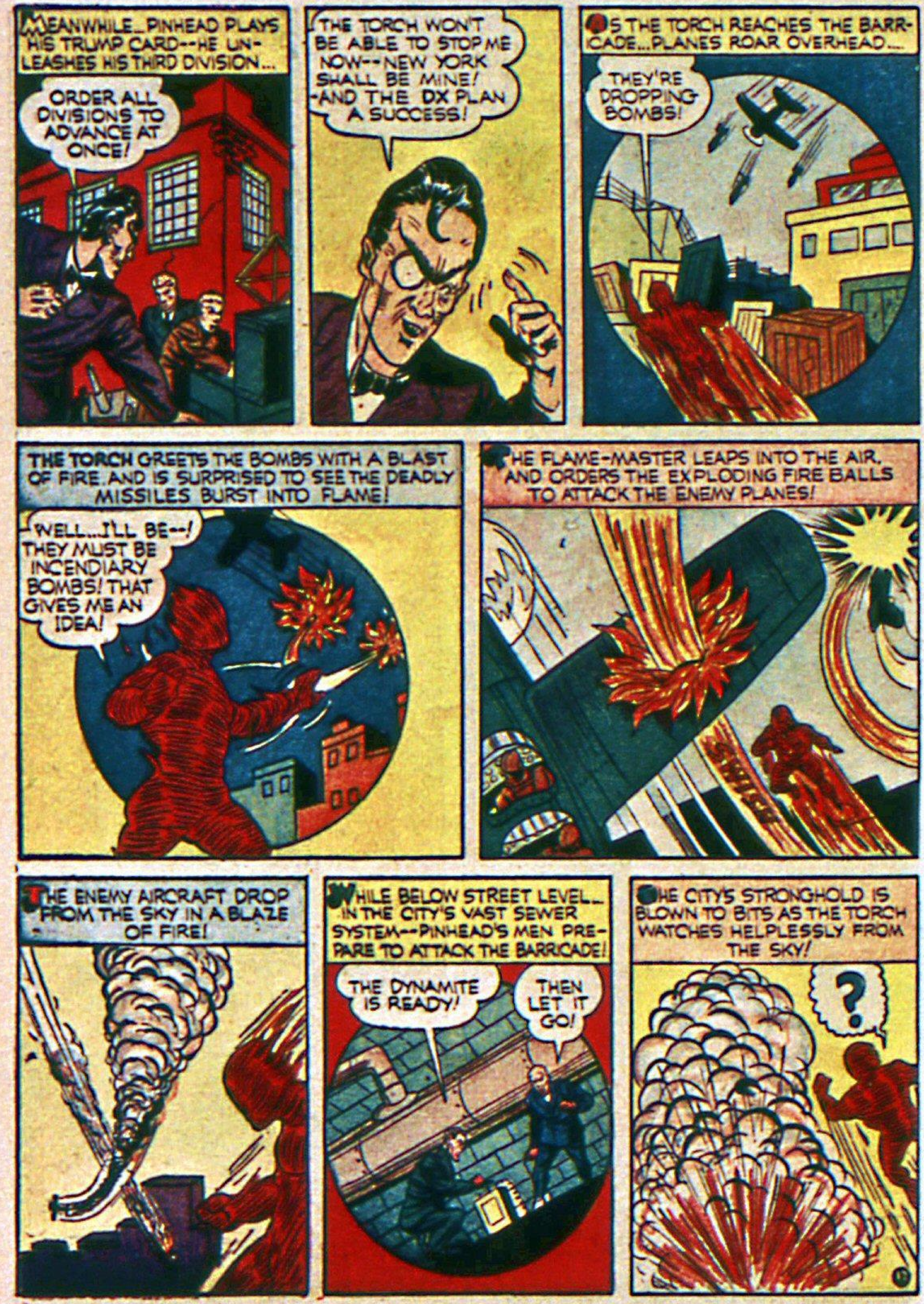

STEP ON IT-- YOU FELLOWS!! START ROLLING THOSE TANKS!
SECONDS LATER--THE HEAVY PLATED TANKS PLOW THROUGH THE SIDE OF THE ARMORY--
?
GLORY BE! SOMEBODY'S GONE NUTS-AND IT AIN'T ME! I GOTTA HURRY AND REPORT THIS!
NOT FAR AWAY, IN MAYOR HAWKINS' OFFICE.. THE TORCH AND HIS HONOR LISTEN TO 'LUCKY' THOMPSEN, AN F.B.I. AGENT ON DUTY IN N.Y.C.
THE ONE THING WE MUST PREVENT IS THE "PLAN DX" FROM STARTING! IF IT DOES ---
MR MAYOR-- THE 41ST ARMORY HAS BEEN ROBBED!
WHAT?
THAT MEANS THAT PINHEAD IS READY FOR HIS REIGN OF TERROR IN NEW YORK! GATHER UP EVERY ABLE-BODIED PERSON...WE MUST BE PREPARED, MAYOR HAWKINS!
YOU MEAN THIS ER..ER..PINHEAD PLANS TO WAGE A WAR ON US?
LUCKY ISN'T KIDDING, MAYOR!
WE'VE BEEN KEEPING TABS ON THIS HUMAN RAT--THE PINHEAD...WAITING FOR HIM TO MAKE HIS FINAL MOVE... AND THIS IS IT!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING TORCH?
TO HELP BUILD BARRICADES, AND MAKE IT TOUGH FOR THE PINHEAD TO MOVE INTO NEW YORK!
HOURS LATER--STREET BARRICADES APPEAR THROUGHOUT THE CITY!
NOW LET THIS PINHEAD COME!
DON'T WORRY TORCH, HE WILL!

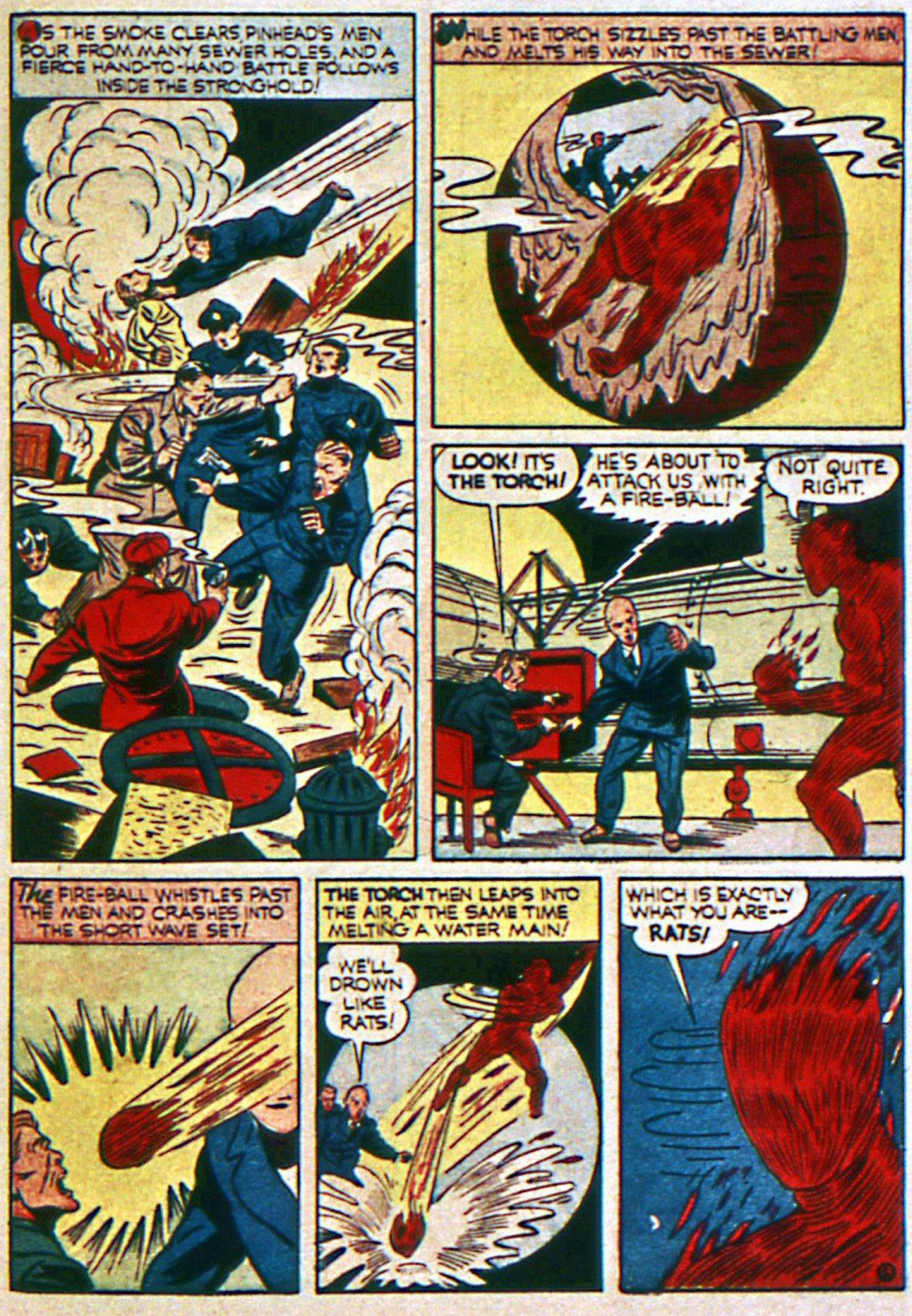

WHILE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF NEW YORK, PINHEAD GATHERS HIS UNDERWORLD FORCES INTO A SINGLE UNIFIED GROUP!
PINHEAD! NEW YORK IS BARRICADED! YOU CAN'T GET IN...
BAH...THINK PUNY DEFENSES CAN STOP MY FORCES?
HERE COMES WICKEDKOP AND HIS TANK CORPS!
OKAY, PINHEAD! MY MEN ARE READY!
GOOD! BUT THERE WILL BE A SLIGHT CHANGE OF ACTION, SINCE NEW YORK IS PREPARED TO MEET US!
PINHEAD OUTLINES HIS NEW PLAN OF ACTION TO WICKEDKOP...
I GET IT! INSTEAD OF ONE DIVISION--WE CUT IT INTO THREE...ONE OF THEM WILL SUCCEED! PRETTY SMART, PINHEAD!
I HOPE IT WORKS!
LATER...THE BARRICADE-
TORCH, LOOK! ONE OF PINHEADS' MEN COMING TOWARD US!
AND WAVING A FLAG OF TRUCE!
WELL, WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?
SURRENDER TO THE PINHEAD OR BE WIPED OUT!
THE TORCH TURNS ON HIS FLAME AND HURLS A BALL OF FIRE INTO THE AIR!
HERE'S OUR ANSWER!
THE FIRE-BALL BURSTS, AND FORMS A MESSAGE OF FLAME!
COME AND GET US IF YOU CAN

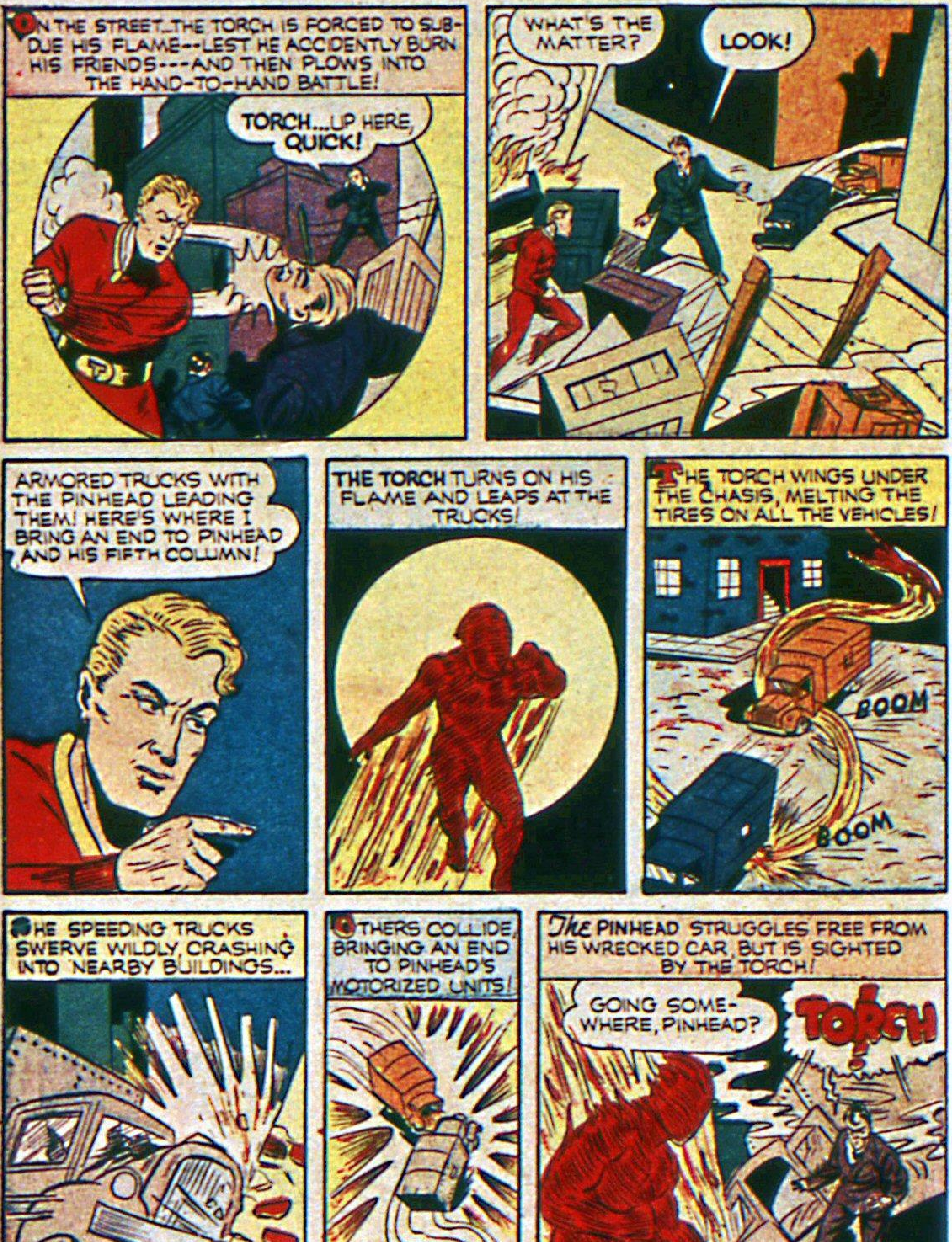

HERE COMES THE TANK CORP! LUCKY, TELL THE MEN TO HOLD THEIR FIRE UNTIL I SAY OTHERWISE!
RIGHT, TORCH!
YOU'LL BE SORRY, TORCH!
IN A FLASH, THE TORCH LEAPS INTO THE AIR AND HURLS DOWN EXPLODING FIRE-BALLS WITH THE RAPIDITY OF A MACHINE GUN!
HAH... THE TANK DRIVERS ARE HESITATING!
BOOM BOOM!
LEAVING A WAKE OF FLAMES BEHIND... THE TORCH SHOOTS DOWN--MELTING OFF THE TANK FRONTS!
HERE'S ONE MORE FOR LUCK!
HAH! THE TANKS ARE RETREATING-- BUT WHAT'S THAT COMING?
FROM AROUND THE CORNER SQUADS OF ASBESTOS CLAD MEN CARRYING STEEL HOSE RUSH THE BARRICADE!
OPEN UP THE HOSE!
FROM THE NOZZLES THICK JETS OF FLAMES SPURT OUT!
FLAME THROWERS! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT!

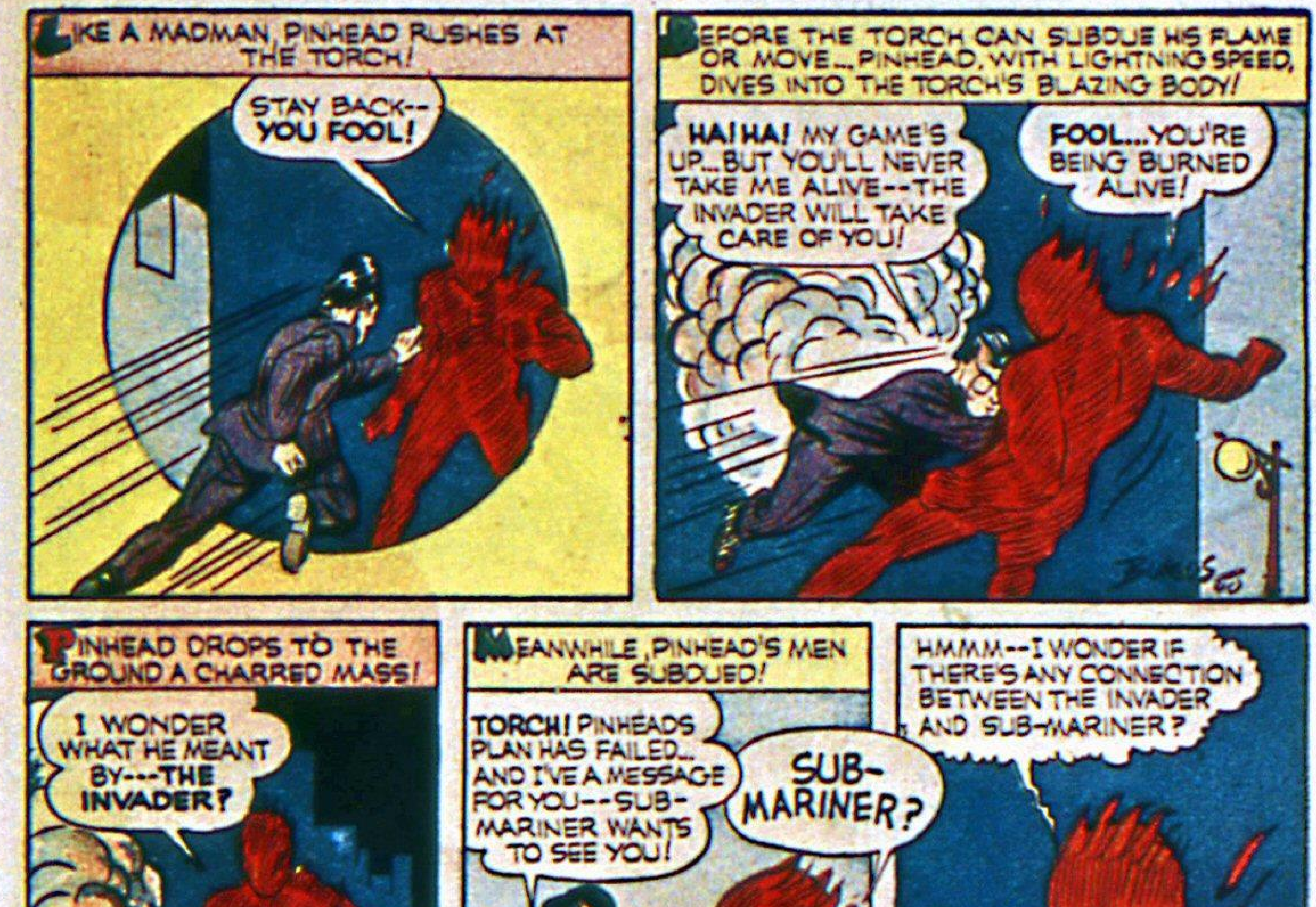

THE TORCH DROPS A FIRE-BALL BEHIND THE ASBESTOS CLAD MEN--THEN SHOUTS AN ORDER TO THE FLAMES...
THE FIRE IS WINDING AROUND US LIKE A SNAKE!
THE TORCH DIVES TO THE GROUND AND CUTS A DEEP PIT IN THE STREET WITH HIS FLAME...THEN WITH THE AID OF THE FIRE-BALL, FORCES THE ASBESTOS PROTECTED MEN INTO THE PIT!
A SUDDEN FLIP OF THE TORCH'S ARM LEAVES A CIRCLE OF FIRE AROUND THE OPEN PIT!
HAH! HOW DO YOU LIKE THE HEAT, CHUMS?
WE'RE TRAPPED! THERE'S NO WAY OUT EXCEPT SURRENDER!
OKAY-- TORCH, YOU WIN!
NOT FAR FROM THE BARRICADE...PINHEAD WATCHES THE TORCH THROUGH A PAIR OF BINOCULARS!
THIS HUMAN TORCH IS A ONE MAN ARMY--BUT I'LL WIN IN THE END!
AT PINHEAD'S COMMAND, WAVES OF INFANTRY ARE TURNED LOOSE...
FORWARD!
But THE TORCH SWINGS IN FRONT OF THE MAD LEGION AND SIZZLES THEM WITH HIS FLAME!
WOW! BACK-- THIS GUY'S HOTTER THAN HADES!


SUDDENLY THE TORCH WHIRLS AND LETS LOOSE A STRING OF FIRE-BALLS!
WHAT THE--?
THE BALLS OF FIRE SPREAD AND FORM INTO A SOLID SHEET OF FLAME...
THAT FIRE IS MOVING FORWARD!
BACK! RETREAT, OR WE'LL BE ROASTED ALIVE!
WE CAN'T GO BACK ANY FURTHER. THE HUDSON RIVER IS BEHIND US!
HA! GET SET FOR A DUNKING PARTY!
THE WALL OF FIRE SPURTS FORWARD... FORCING THE UNDERWORLD INFANTRY INTO THE RIVER WHERE POLICE BOATS COVER THEM WITH CANNON!
THAT TAKES CARE OF THE INFANTRY--NOW TO GET BACK TO THE BARRICADE!


MEANWHILE...PINHEAD PLAYS HIS TRUMP CARD--HE UNLEASHES HIS THIRD DIVISION...
ORDER ALL DIVISIONS TO ADVANCE AT ONCE!
THE TORCH WON'T BE ABLE TO STOP ME NOW--NEW YORK SHALL BE MINE! -AND THE DX PLAN A SUCCESS!
AS THE TORCH REACHES THE BARRICADE...PLANES ROAR OVERHEAD...
THEY'RE DROPPING BOMBS!
THE TORCH GREETS THE BOMBS WITH A BLAST OF FIRE, AND IS SURPRISED TO SEE THE DEADLY MISSILES BURST INTO FLAME!
WELL...I'LL BE--! THEY MUST BE INCENDIARY BOMBS! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
THE FLAME-MASTER LEAPS INTO THE AIR, AND ORDERS THE EXPLODING FIRE BALLS TO ATTACK THE ENEMY PLANES!
THE ENEMY AIRCRAFT DROP FROM THE SKY IN A BLAZE OF FIRE!
WHILE BELOW STREET LEVEL... IN THE CITY'S VAST SEWER SYSTEM--PINHEAD'S MEN PREPARE TO ATTACK THE BARRICADE!
THE DYNAMITE IS READY!
THEN LET IT GO!
THE CITY'S STRONGHOLD IS BLOWN TO BITS AS THE TORCH WATCHES HELPLESSLY FROM THE SKY!
?


AS THE SMOKE CLEARS PINHEAD'S MEN POUR FROM MANY SEWER HOLES, AND A FIERCE HAND-TO-HAND BATTLE FOLLOWS INSIDE THE STRONGHOLD!
WHILE THE TORCH SIZZLES PAST THE BATTLING MEN, AND MELTS HIS WAY INTO THE SEWER!
LOOK! IT'S THE TORCH!
HE'S ABOUT TO ATTACK US WITH A FIRE-BALL!
NOT QUITE RIGHT.
THE FIRE-BALL WHISTLES PAST THE MEN AND CRASHES INTO THE SHORT WAVE SET!
THE TORCH THEN LEAPS INTO THE AIR, AT THE SAME TIME MELTING A WATER MAIN!
WE'LL DROWN LIKE RATS!
WHICH IS EXACTLY WHAT YOU ARE-- RATS!


ON THE STREET...THE TORCH IS FORCED TO SUBDUE HIS FLAME--LEST HE ACCIDENTLY BURN HIS FRIENDS---AND THEN PLOWS INTO THE HAND-TO-HAND BATTLE!
TORCH...UP HERE, QUICK!
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
LOOK!
ARMORED TRUCKS WITH THE PINHEAD LEADING THEM! HERE'S WHERE I BRING AN END TO PINHEAD AND HIS FIFTH COLUMN!
THE TORCH TURNS ON HIS FLAME AND LEAPS AT THE TRUCKS!
THE TORCH WINGS UNDER THE CHASIS, MELTING THE TIRES ON ALL THE VEHICLES!
BOOM
BOOM
THE SPEEDING TRUCKS SWERVE WILDLY, CRASHING INTO NEARBY BUILDINGS...
OTHERS COLLIDE, BRINGING AN END TO PINHEAD'S MOTORIZED UNITS!
The PINHEAD STRUGGLES FREE FROM HIS WRECKED CAR, BUT IS SIGHTED BY THE TORCH!
GOING SOMEWHERE, PINHEAD?
TORCH!


LIKE A MADMAN, PINHEAD RUSHES AT THE TORCH!
STAY BACK-- YOU FOOL!
BEFORE THE TORCH CAN SUBDUE HIS FLAME OR MOVE... PINHEAD, WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, DIVES INTO THE TORCH'S BLAZING BODY!
HA! HA! MY GAME'S UP... BUT YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE--THE INVADER WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU!
FOOL... YOU'RE BEING BURNED ALIVE!
PINHEAD DROPS TO THE GROUND A CHARRED MASS!
I WONDER WHAT HE MEANT BY---THE INVADER?
MEANWHILE, PINHEAD'S MEN ARE SUBDUED!
TORCH! PINHEADS PLAN HAS FAILED... AND I'VE A MESSAGE FOR YOU--SUB-MARINER WANTS TO SEE YOU!
SUB-MARINER?
HMMM--I WONDER IF THERE'S ANY CONNECTION BETWEEN THE INVADER AND SUB-MARINER?

SUPER SPECIAL
AUTOGRAPHED
BIG 4 COLOR PICTURE OF
HUMAN TORCH

IN ANSWER TO THE MANY THOUSANDS OF LETTERS FROM BOYS AND GIRLS THE PUBLISHERS OF MARVEL COMICS ARE GIVING AWAY A LARGE AUTOGRAPHED COVER REPRODUCTION OF THE **HUMAN TORCH** SUITABLE FOR FRAMING

LOOK FOR IT ON THE BACK COVER OF THE MARCH 1941 ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS.

EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!

HERE'S WHAT YOU WANTED---ANOTHER **HUMAN TORCH** AND.... ...**SUB-MARINER** COMBINATION STORY!!

YOU LIKED THE GREAT FIGHT BETWEEN THESE SUPER CHARACTERS SO WELL THAT ONCE AGAIN THEY ARE GOING TO BE FEATURED TOGETHER!

AMERICA IS INVADED--OUR VERY LIVES ARE AT STAKE. WHAT HAPPENS? LET THE **HUMAN TORCH** AND **SUB-MARINER** ANSWER THAT FOR YOU--IN 27 PAGES OF THE HOTTEST ACTION IN COMIC MAGAZINES TODAY! DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S BIG ISSUE OF
RESERVE YOUR COPY NOW **MARVEL COMICS**

Prince Namor THE SUB-MARINER

by Bill Everett

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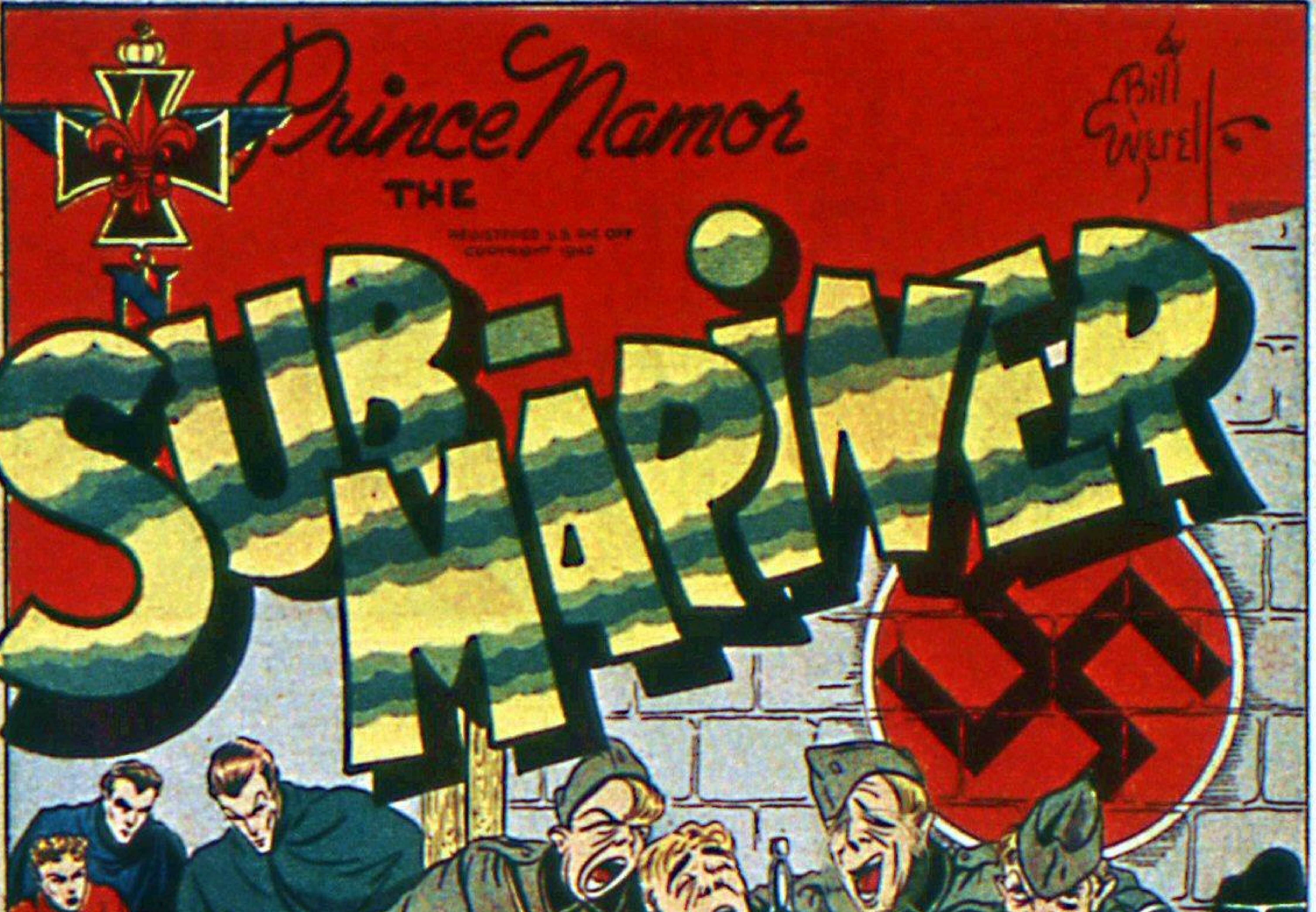
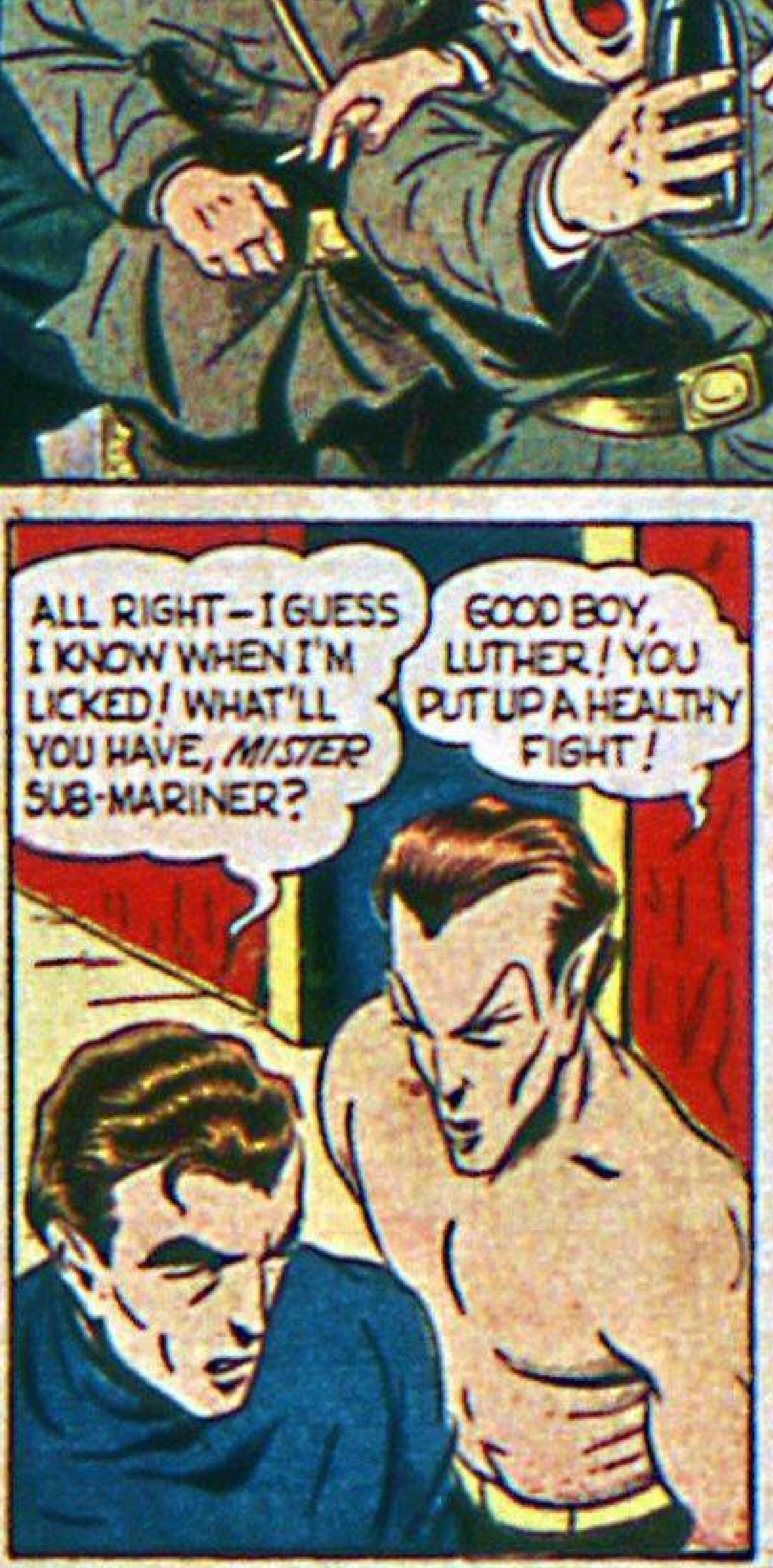
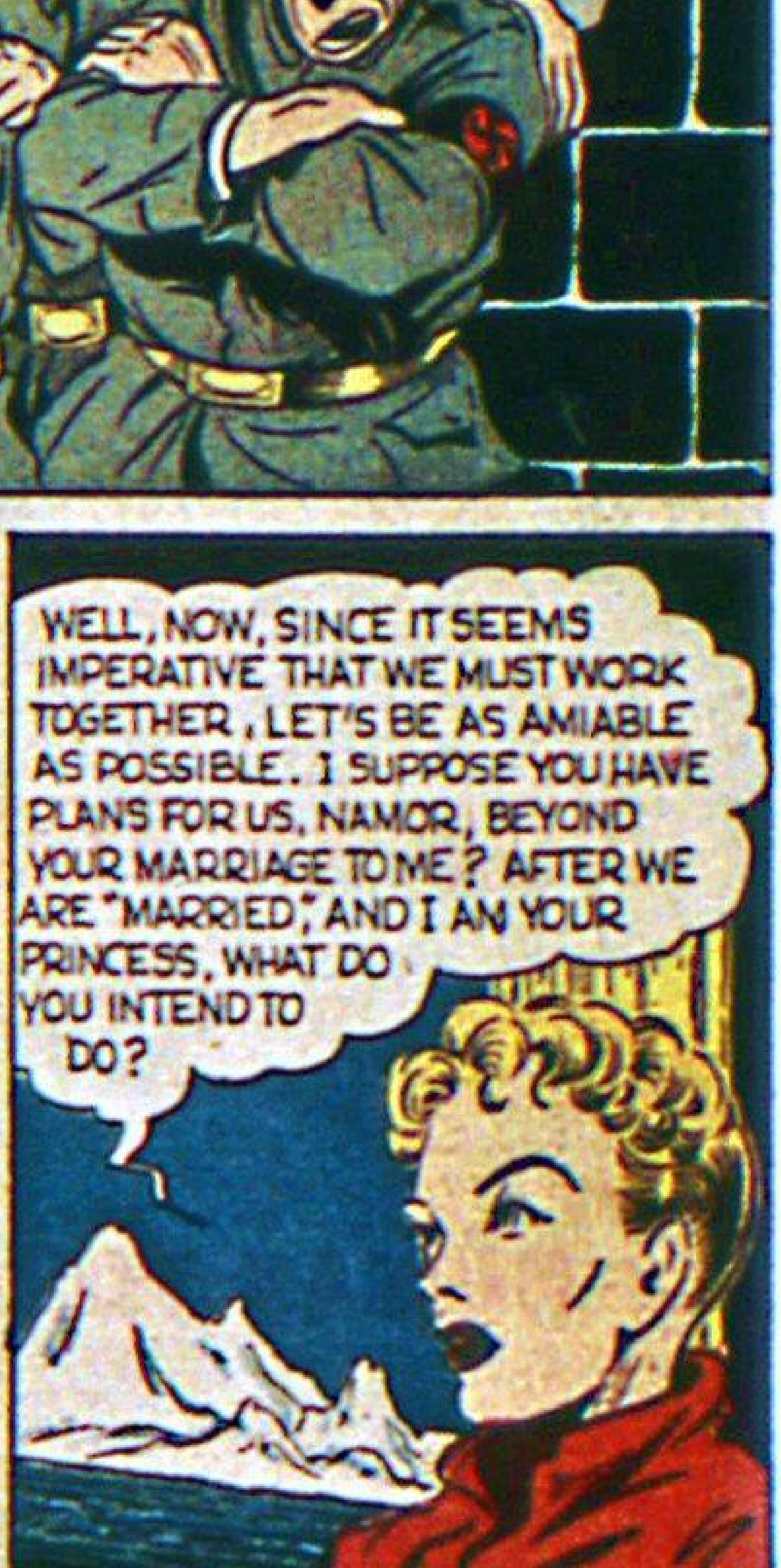
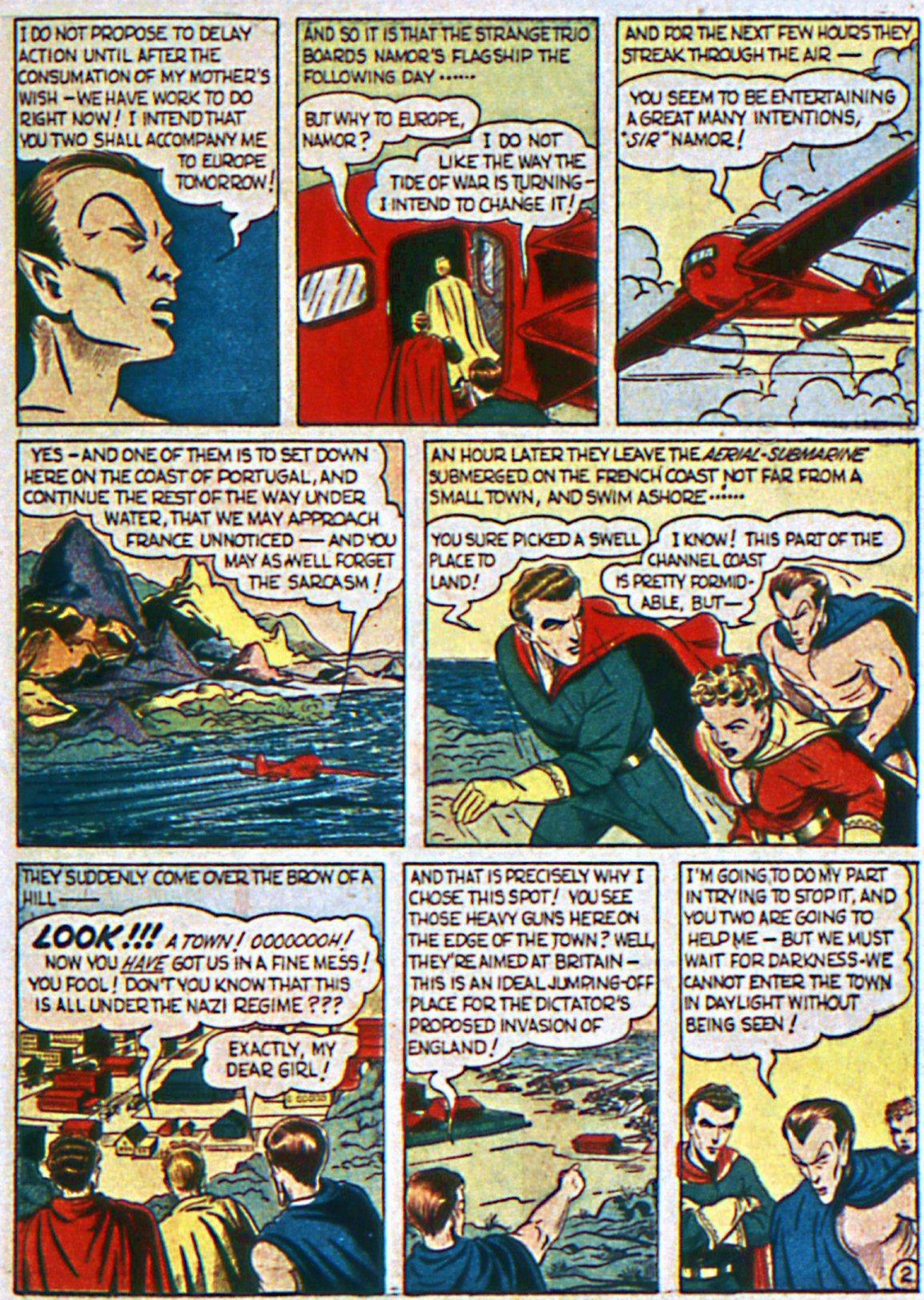
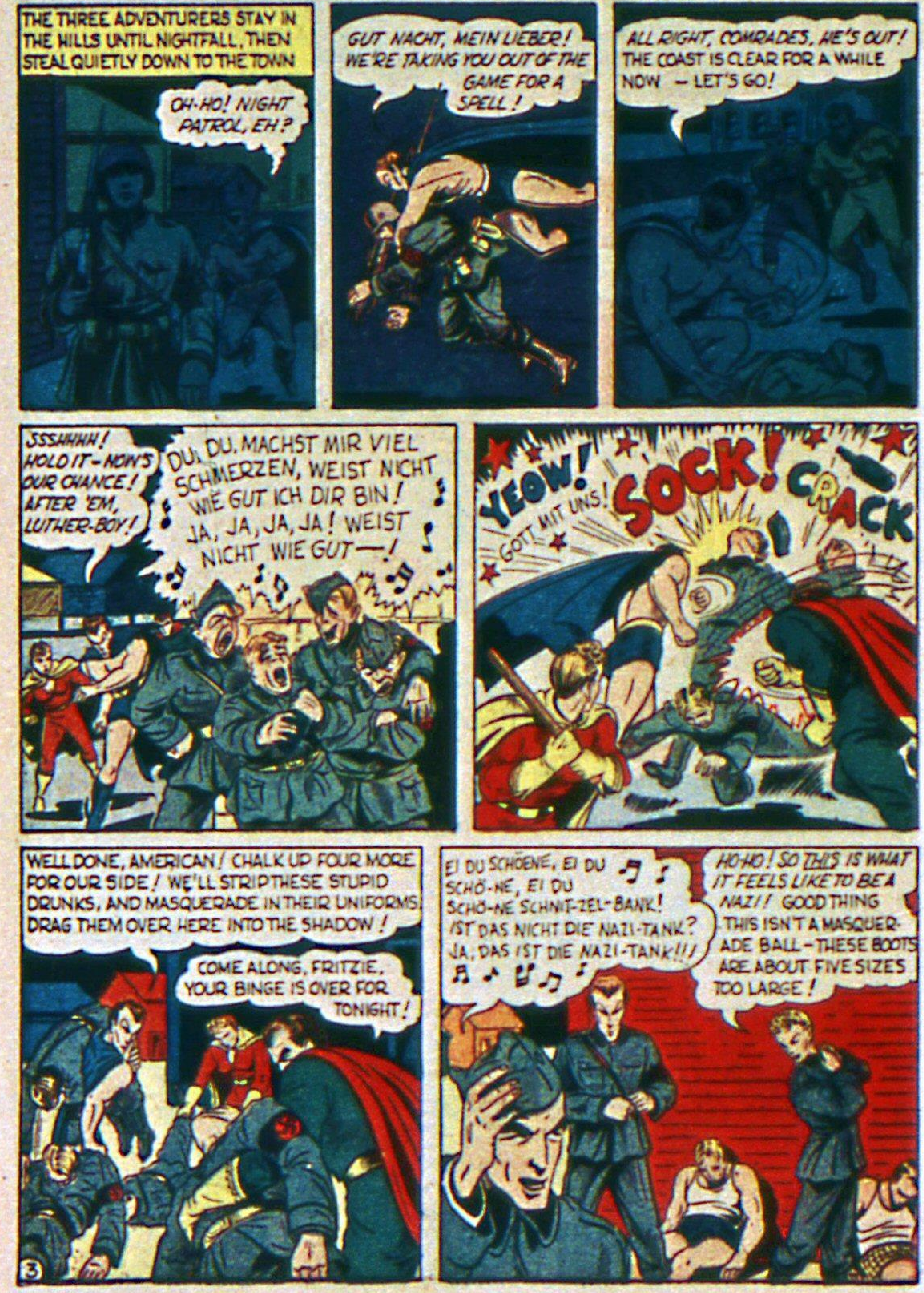


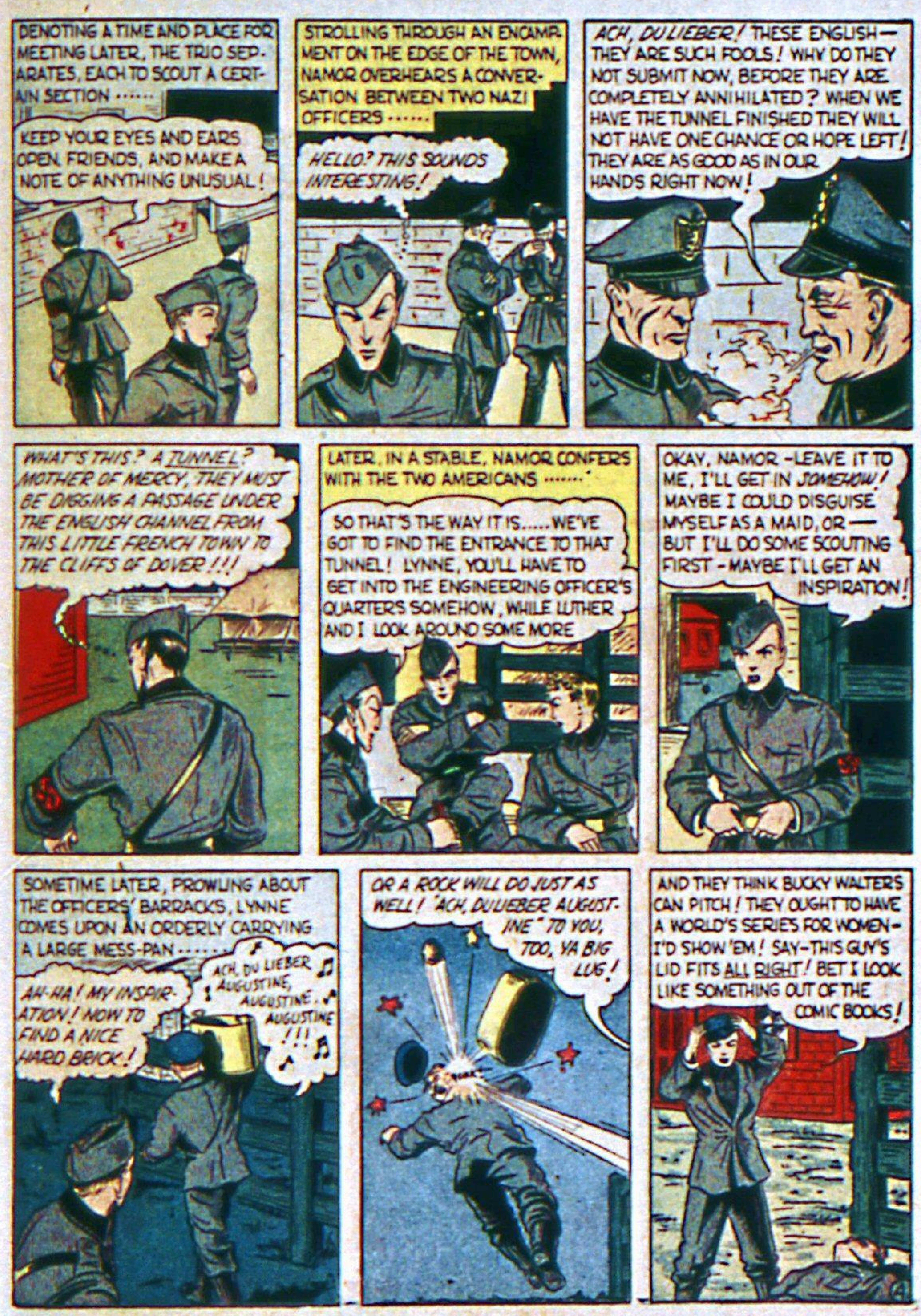
LAST MONTH WE LEFT LUTHER ROBINSON AND LYNNE HARRIS IN THE HANDS OF THE SUB-MARINER AT THE ICE-CASTLE IN THE ANTARCTIC, RESIGNED TO THEIR FATE AS PRISONERS OF THE FANTASTIC UNDERSEA MAN....... THEY REALIZE ONLY TOO WELL THAT THEY CAN *NEVER* ESCAPE FROM HIM AGAINST HIS WILL — NOW WE FIND THEM IN THE CASTLE AFTER LUTHER HAS BEEN SUBDUED IN A BATTLE FOR FREEDOM!

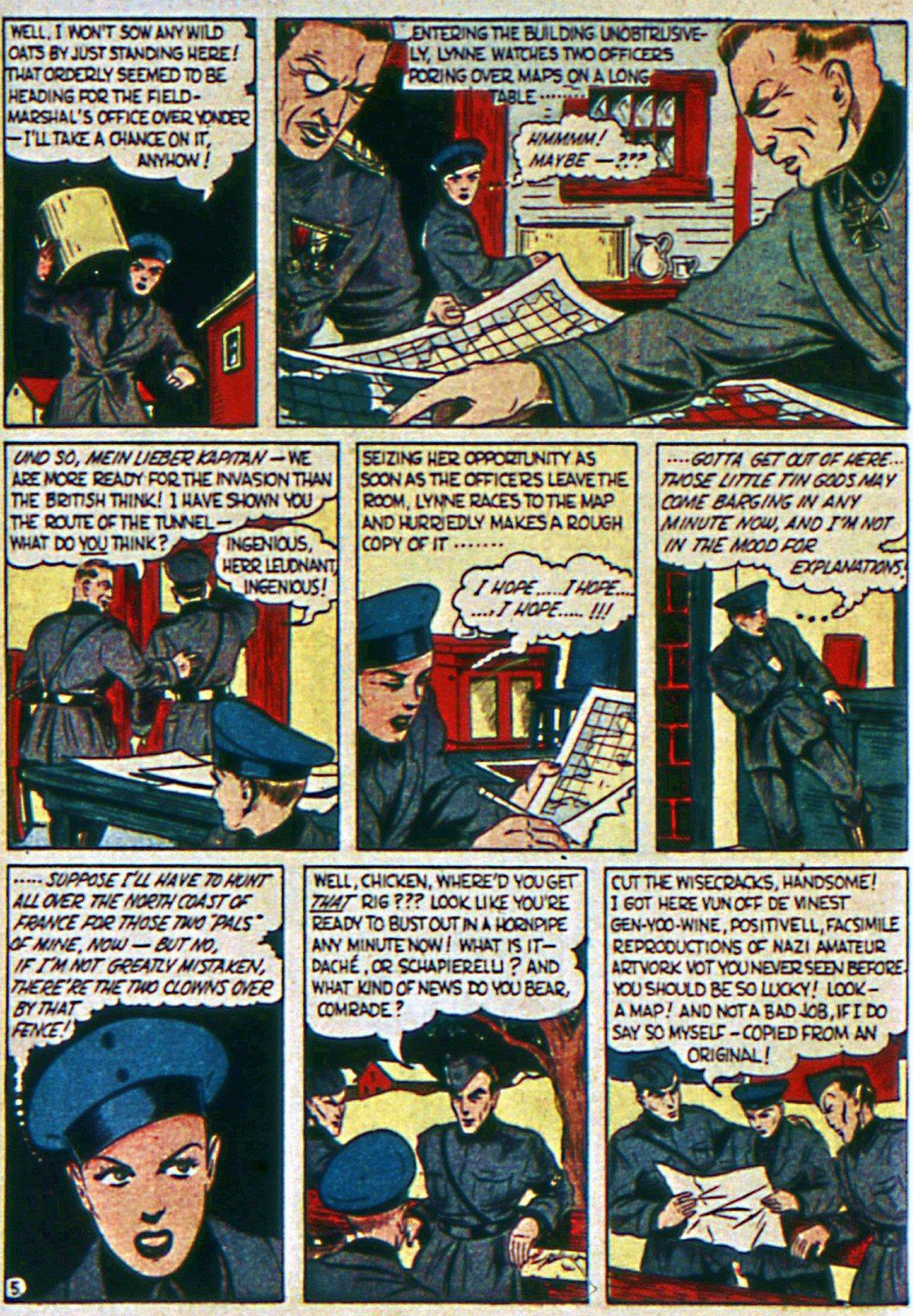

ALL RIGHT — I GUESS I KNOW WHEN I'M LICKED! WHAT'LL YOU HAVE, *MISTER* SUB-MARINER?
GOOD BOY, LUTHER! YOU PUT UP A HEALTHY FIGHT!

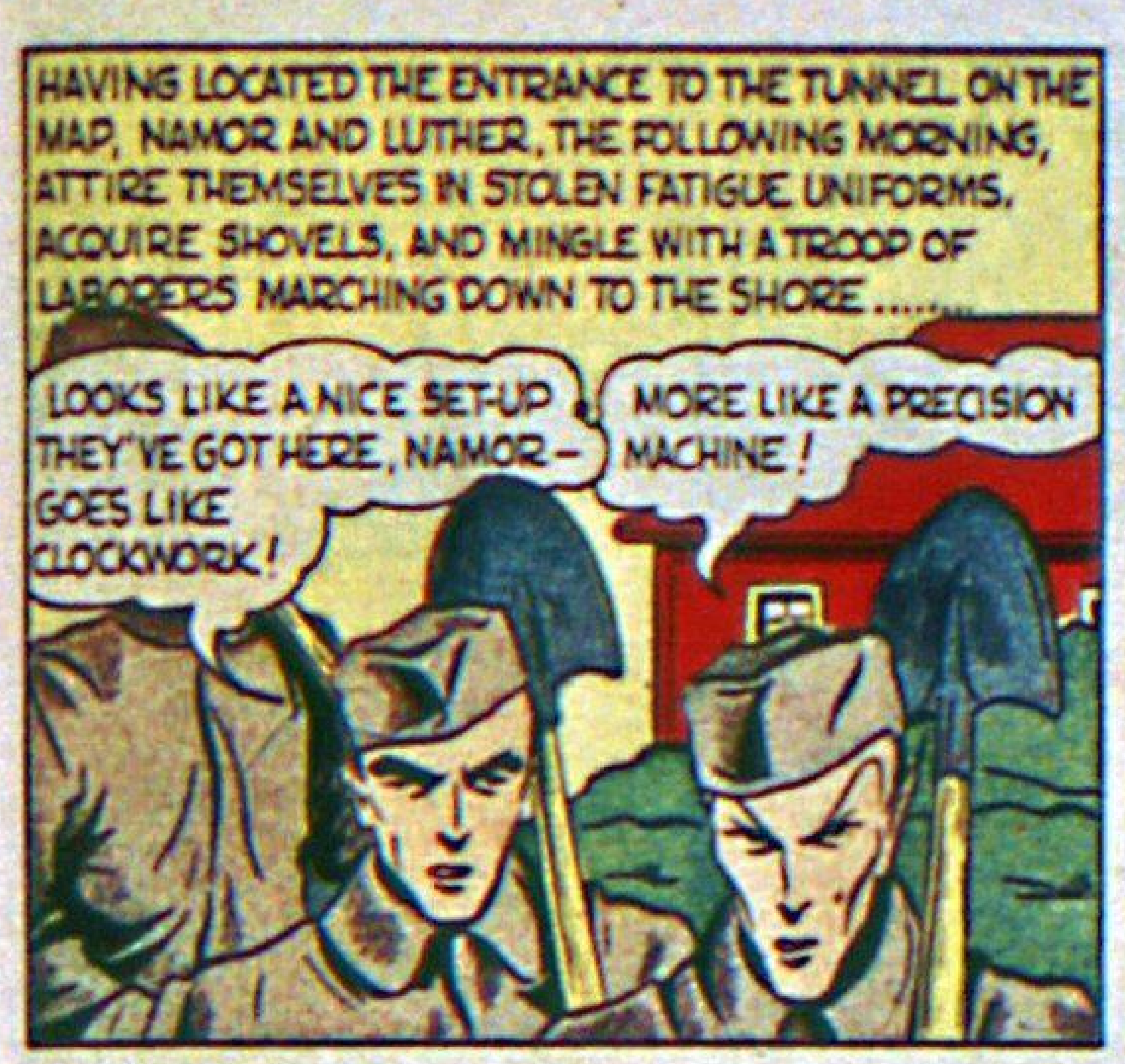

WELL, NOW, SINCE IT SEEMS IMPERATIVE THAT WE MUST WORK TOGETHER, LET'S BE AS AMIABLE AS POSSIBLE. I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE PLANS FOR US, NAMOR, BEYOND YOUR MARRIAGE TO ME? AFTER WE ARE "MARRIED," AND I AM YOUR PRINCESS, WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO?

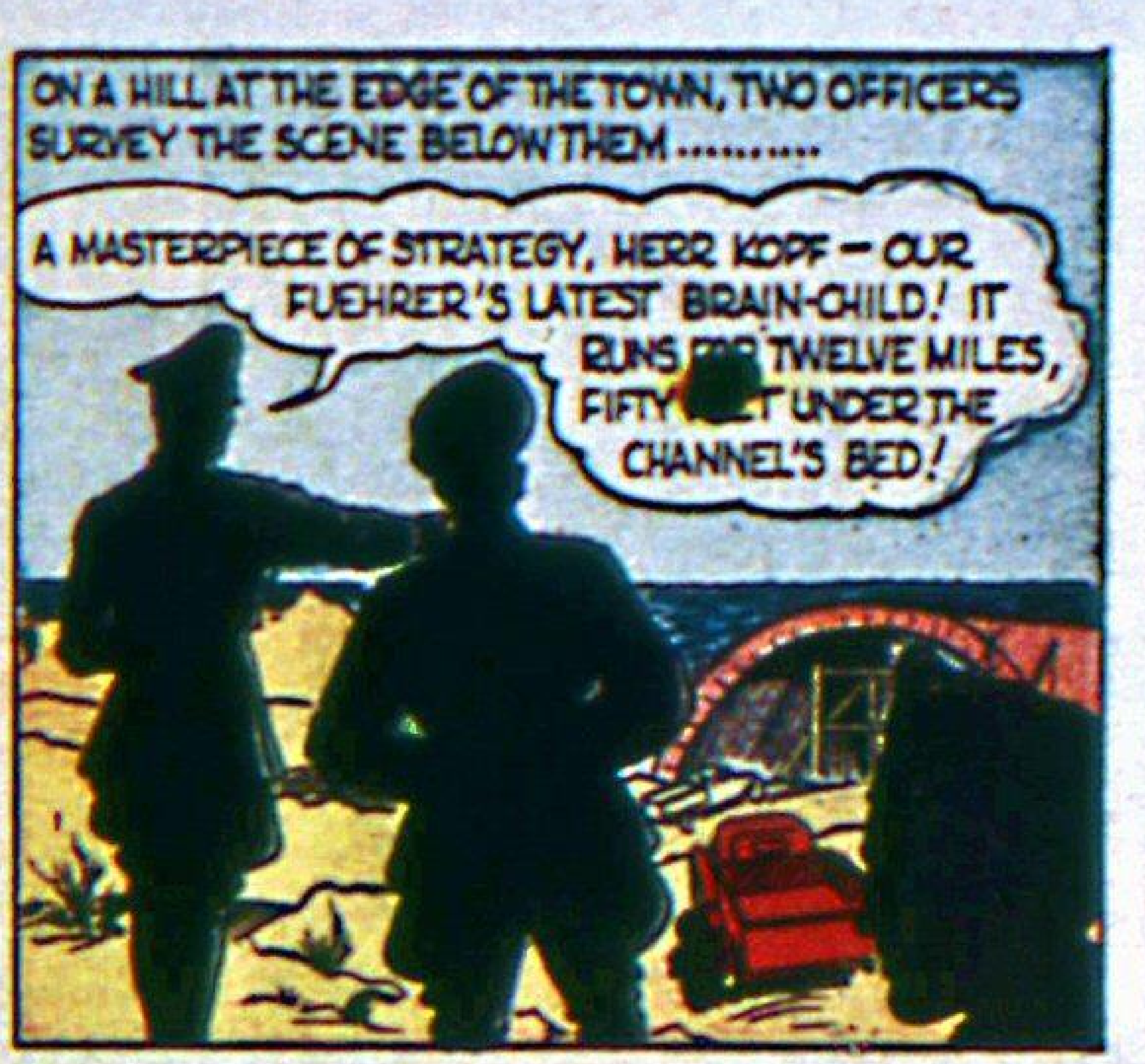

I DO NOT PROPOSE TO DELAY ACTION UNTIL AFTER THE CONSUMATION OF MY MOTHER'S WISH —WE HAVE WORK TO DO RIGHT NOW! I INTEND THAT YOU TWO SHALL ACCOMPANY ME TO EUROPE TOMORROW!
AND SO IT IS THAT THE STRANGE TRIO BOARDS NAMOR'S FLAGSHIP THE FOLLOWING DAY ......
BUT WHY TO EUROPE, NAMOR?
I DO NOT LIKE THE WAY THE TIDE OF WAR IS TURNING — I INTEND TO CHANGE IT!
AND FOR THE NEXT FEW HOURS THEY STREAK THROUGH THE AIR —
YOU SEEM TO BE ENTERTAINING A GREAT MANY INTENTIONS, "SIR" NAMOR!
YES — AND ONE OF THEM IS TO SET DOWN HERE ON THE COAST OF PORTUGAL, AND CONTINUE THE REST OF THE WAY UNDER WATER, THAT WE MAY APPROACH FRANCE UNNOTICED — AND YOU MAY AS WELL FORGET THE SARCASM!
AN HOUR LATER THEY LEAVE THE AERIAL-SUBMARINE SUBMERGED ON THE FRENCH COAST NOT FAR FROM A SMALL TOWN, AND SWIM ASHORE ......
YOU SURE PICKED A SWELL PLACE TO LAND!
I KNOW! THIS PART OF THE CHANNEL COAST IS PRETTY FORMIDABLE, BUT—
THEY SUDDENLY COME OVER THE BROW OF A HILL ——
LOOK!!! A TOWN! OOOOOOOH! NOW YOU HAVE GOT US IN A FINE MESS! YOU FOOL! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT THIS IS ALL UNDER THE NAZI REGIME???
EXACTLY, MY DEAR GIRL!
AND THAT IS PRECISELY WHY I CHOSE THIS SPOT! YOU SEE THOSE HEAVY GUNS HERE ON THE EDGE OF THE TOWN? WELL, THEY'RE AIMED AT BRITAIN — THIS IS AN IDEAL JUMPING-OFF PLACE FOR THE DICTATOR'S PROPOSED INVASION OF ENGLAND!
I'M GOING TO DO MY PART IN TRYING TO STOP IT, AND YOU TWO ARE GOING TO HELP ME — BUT WE MUST WAIT FOR DARKNESS-WE CANNOT ENTER THE TOWN IN DAYLIGHT WITHOUT BEING SEEN!
2

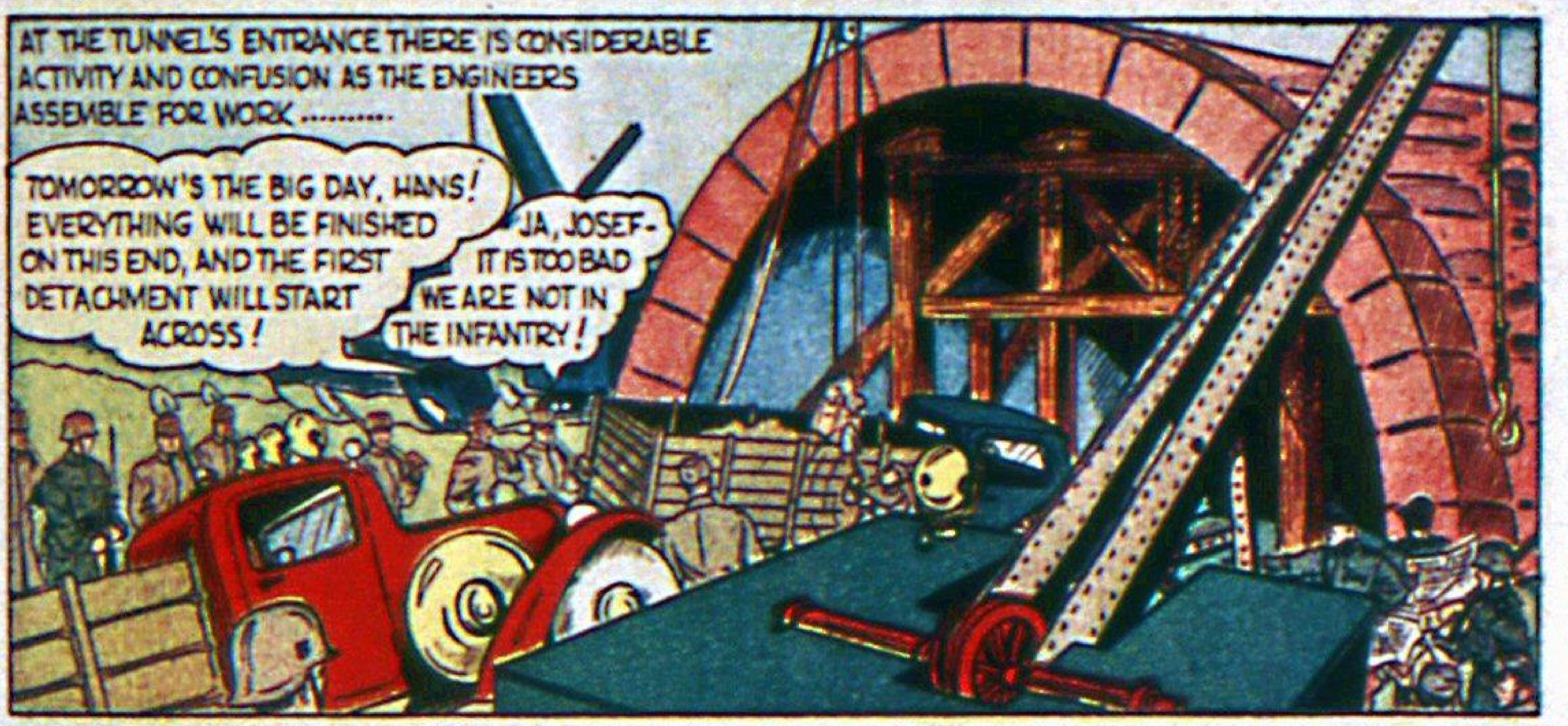

THE THREE ADVENTURERS STAY IN THE HILLS UNTIL NIGHTFALL, THEN STEAL QUIETLY DOWN TO THE TOWN
OH-HO! NIGHT PATROL, EH?
GUT NACHT, MEIN LIEBER! WE'RE TAKING YOU OUT OF THE GAME FOR A SPELL!
ALL RIGHT, COMRADES, HE'S OUT! THE COAST IS CLEAR FOR A WHILE NOW — LET'S GO!
SSSHHHH! HOLD IT—NOW'S OUR CHANCE! AFTER 'EM, LUTHER-BOY!
DU, DU, MACHST MIR VIEL SCHMERZEN, WEIST NICHT WIE GUT ICH DIR BIN! JA, JA, JA, JA! WEIST NICHT WIE GUT—!
YEOW!
GOTT MIT UNS!
SOCK!
CRACK
WELL DONE, AMERICAN! CHALK UP FOUR MORE FOR OUR SIDE! WE'LL STRIP THESE STUPID DRUNKS, AND MASQUERADE IN THEIR UNIFORMS. DRAG THEM OVER HERE INTO THE SHADOW!
COME ALONG, FRITZIE, YOUR BINGE IS OVER FOR TONIGHT!
3
EI DU SCHÖENE, EI DU SCHÖ-NE, EI DU SCHÖ-NE SCHNIT-ZEL-BANK! IST DAS NICHT DIE NAZI-TANK? JA, DAS IST DIE NAZI-TANK!!!
HO-HO! SO THIS IS WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO BE A NAZI! GOOD THING THIS ISN'T A MASQUERADE BALL — THESE BOOTS ARE ABOUT FIVE SIZES TOO LARGE!

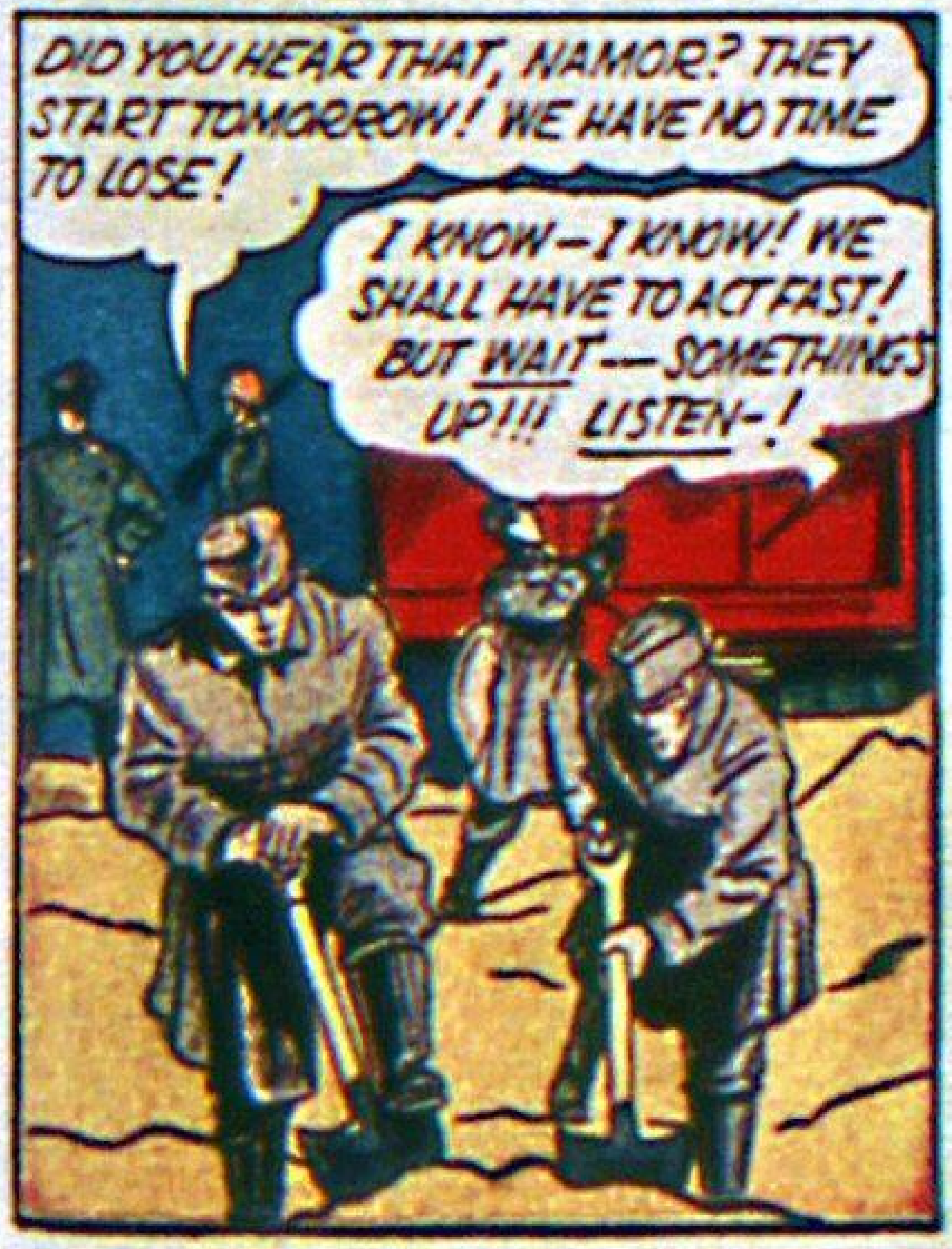

DENOTING A TIME AND PLACE FOR MEETING LATER, THE TRIO SEPARATES, EACH TO SCOUT A CERTAIN SECTION ......
KEEP YOUR EYES AND EARS OPEN, FRIENDS, AND MAKE A NOTE OF ANYTHING UNUSUAL!
STROLLING THROUGH AN ENCAMPMENT ON THE EDGE OF THE TOWN, NAMOR OVERHEARS A CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO NAZI OFFICERS ......
HELLO? THIS SOUNDS INTERESTING!
ACH, DU LIEBER! THESE ENGLISH— THEY ARE SUCH FOOLS! WHY DO THEY NOT SUBMIT NOW, BEFORE THEY ARE COMPLETELY ANNIHILATED? WHEN WE HAVE THE TUNNEL FINISHED THEY WILL NOT HAVE ONE CHANCE OR HOPE LEFT! THEY ARE AS GOOD AS IN OUR HANDS RIGHT NOW!
WHAT'S THIS? A TUNNEL? MOTHER OF MERCY, THEY MUST BE DIGGING A PASSAGE UNDER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL FROM THIS LITTLE FRENCH TOWN TO THE CLIFFS OF DOVER!!!
LATER, IN A STABLE, NAMOR CONFERS WITH THE TWO AMERICANS ......
SO THAT'S THE WAY IT IS..... WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE ENTRANCE TO THAT TUNNEL! LYNNE, YOU'LL HAVE TO GET INTO THE ENGINEERING OFFICER'S QUARTERS SOMEHOW, WHILE LUTHER AND I LOOK AROUND SOME MORE
OKAY, NAMOR - LEAVE IT TO ME, I'LL GET IN SOMEHOW! MAYBE I COULD DISGUISE MYSELF AS A MAID, OR— BUT I'LL DO SOME SCOUTING FIRST - MAYBE I'LL GET AN INSPIRATION!
SOMETIME LATER, PROWLING ABOUT THE OFFICERS' BARRACKS, LYNNE COMES UPON AN ORDERLY CARRYING A LARGE MESS-PAN ......
AH-HA! MY INSPIRATION! NOW TO FIND A NICE HARD BRICK!
ACH, DU LIEBER AUGUSTINE, AUGUSTINE, AUGUSTINE!!!
OR A ROCK WILL DO JUST AS WELL! "ACH, DU LIEBER AUGUSTINE" TO YOU, TOO, YA BIG LUG!
AND THEY THINK BUCKY WALTERS CAN PITCH! THEY OUGHT TO HAVE A WORLD'S SERIES FOR WOMEN - I'D SHOW 'EM! SAY - THIS GUY'S LID FITS ALL RIGHT! BET I LOOK LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF THE COMIC BOOKS!
4

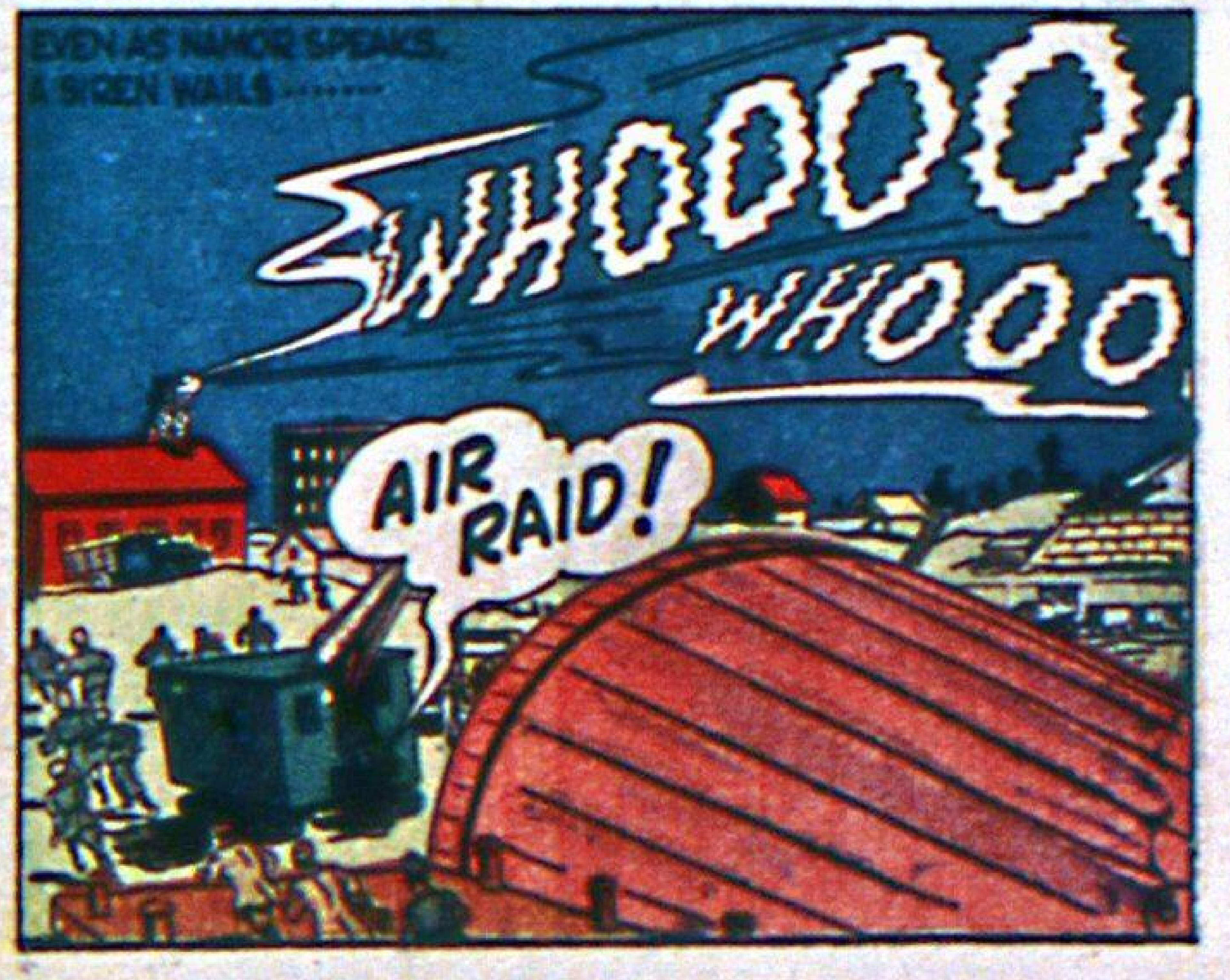

WELL, I WON'T SOW ANY WILD OATS BY JUST STANDING HERE! THAT ORDERLY SEEMED TO BE HEADING FOR THE FIELD-MARSHAL'S OFFICE OVER YONDER —I'LL TAKE A CHANCE ON IT, ANYHOW!
ENTERING THE BUILDING UNOBTRUSIVELY, LYNNE WATCHES TWO OFFICERS PORING OVER MAPS ON A LONG TABLE ....
HMMMM! MAYBE —???
UND SO, MEIN LIEBER KAPITAN — WE ARE MORE READY FOR THE INVASION THAN THE BRITISH THINK! I HAVE SHOWN YOU THE ROUTE OF THE TUNNEL— WHAT DO YOU THINK?
INGENIOUS, HERR LEUDNANT, INGENIOUS!
SEIZING HER OPPORTUNITY AS SOON AS THE OFFICERS LEAVE THE ROOM, LYNNE RACES TO THE MAP AND HURRIEDLY MAKES A ROUGH COPY OF IT ....
I HOPE.....I HOPE.... ....I HOPE..... !!!
....GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE... THOSE LITTLE TIN GODS MAY COME BARGING IN ANY MINUTE NOW, AND I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR EXPLANATIONS!
..... SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO HUNT ALL OVER THE NORTH COAST OF FRANCE FOR THOSE TWO "PALS" OF MINE, NOW — BUT NO, IF I'M NOT GREATLY MISTAKEN, THERE'RE THE TWO CLOWNS OVER BY THAT FENCE!
WELL, CHICKEN, WHERE'D YOU GET THAT RIG??? LOOK LIKE YOU'RE READY TO BUST OUT IN A HORNPIPE ANY MINUTE NOW! WHAT IS IT— DACHÉ, OR SCHAPIERELLI? AND WHAT KIND OF NEWS DO YOU BEAR, COMRADE?
CUT THE WISECRACKS, HANDSOME! I GOT HERE VUN OFF DE VINEST GEN-YOO-WINE, POSITIVELL, FACSIMILE REPRODUCTIONS OF NAZI AMATEUR ARTVORK VOT YOU NEVER SEEN BEFORE. YOU SHOULD BE SO LUCKY! LOOK— A MAP! AND NOT A BAD JOB, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF—COPIED FROM AN ORIGINAL!
5

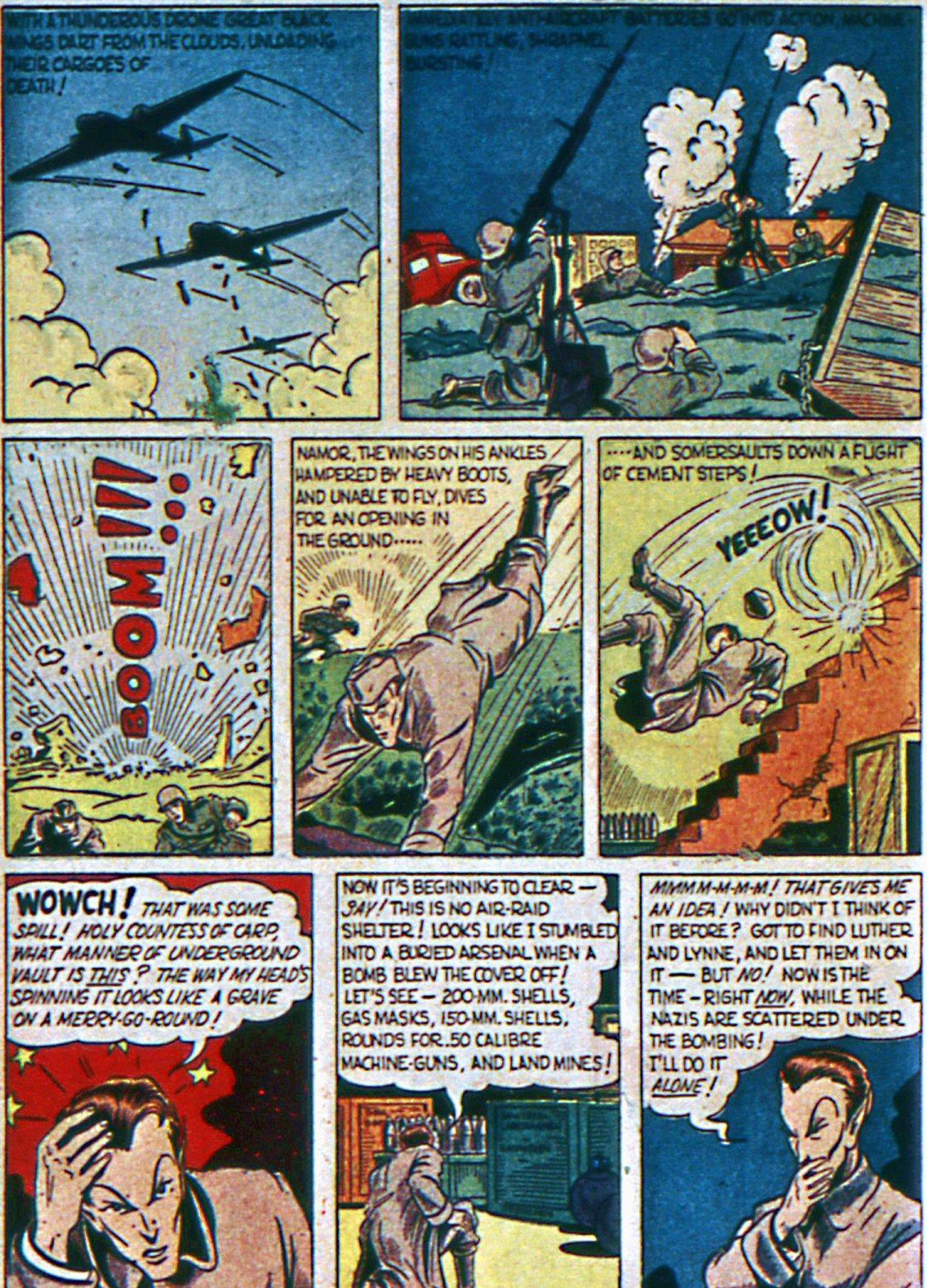

HAVING LOCATED THE ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL ON THE MAP, NAMOR AND LUTHER, THE FOLLOWING MORNING, ATTIRE THEMSELVES IN STOLEN FATIGUE UNIFORMS, ACQUIRE SHOVELS, AND MINGLE WITH A TROOP OF LABORERS MARCHING DOWN TO THE SHORE ....
LOOKS LIKE A NICE SET-UP THEY'VE GOT HERE, NAMOR— GOES LIKE CLOCKWORK!
MORE LIKE A PRECISION MACHINE!

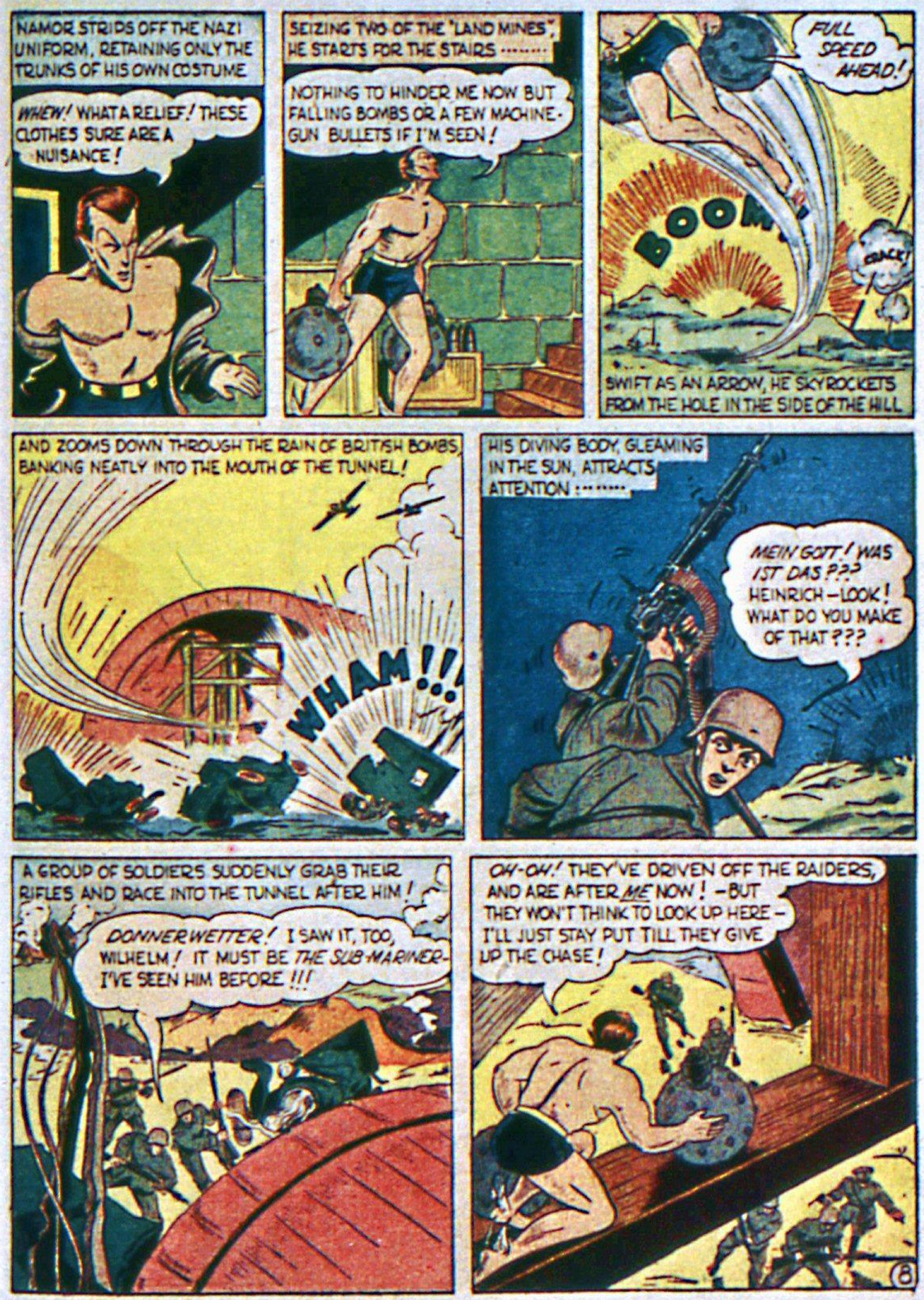

ON A HILL AT THE EDGE OF THE TOWN, TWO OFFICERS SURVEY THE SCENE BELOW THEM ....
A MASTERPIECE OF STRATEGY, HERR KOPF — OUR FUEHRER'S LATEST BRAIN-CHILD! IT RUNS FOR TWELVE MILES, FIFTY FEET UNDER THE CHANNEL'S BED!

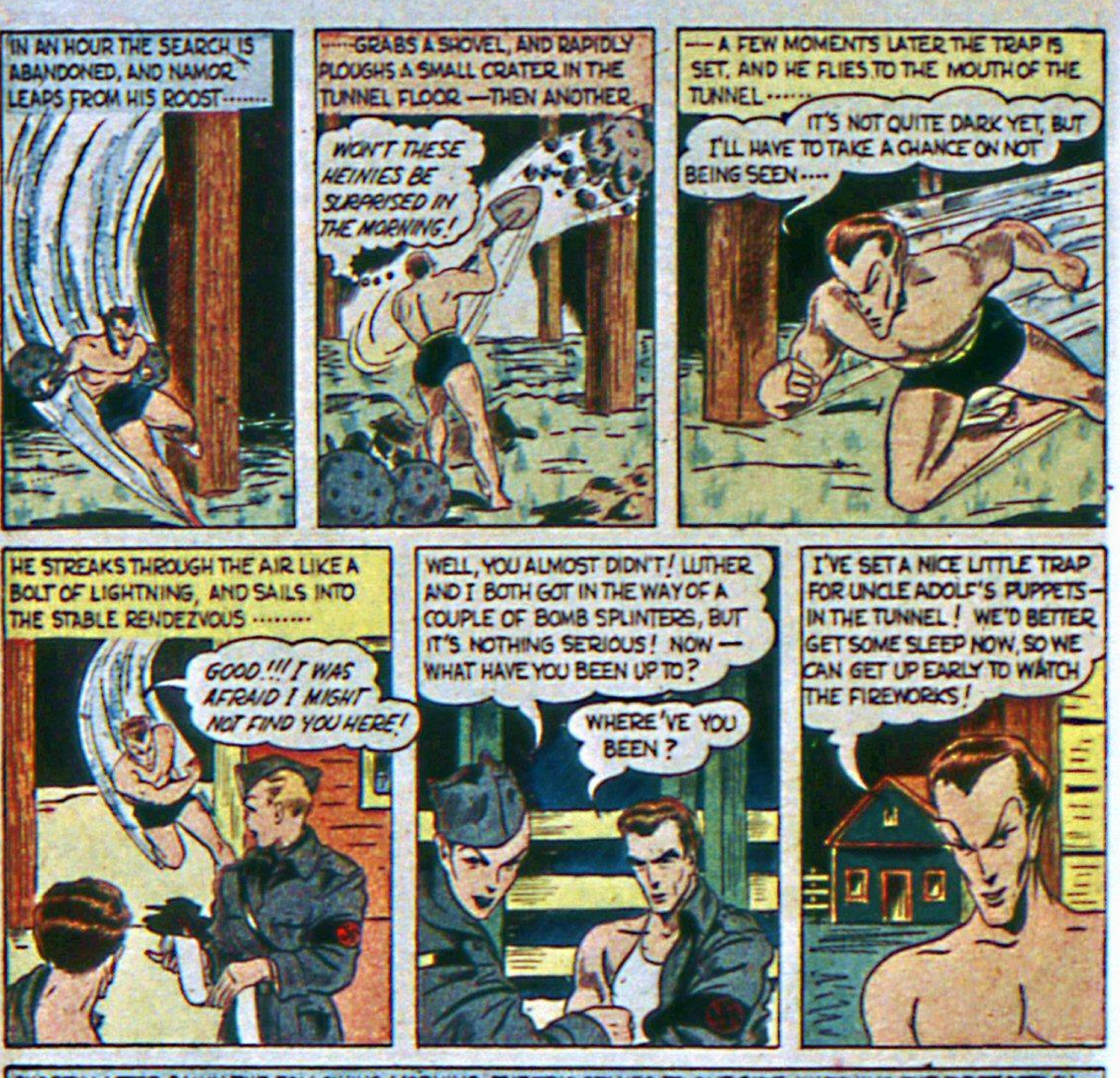

AT THE TUNNEL'S ENTRANCE THERE IS CONSIDERABLE ACTIVITY AND CONFUSION AS THE ENGINEERS ASSEMBLE FOR WORK ....
TOMORROW'S THE BIG DAY, HANS! EVERYTHING WILL BE FINISHED ON THIS END, AND THE FIRST DETACHMENT WILL START ACROSS!
JA, JOSEF— IT IS TOO BAD WE ARE NOT IN THE INFANTRY!

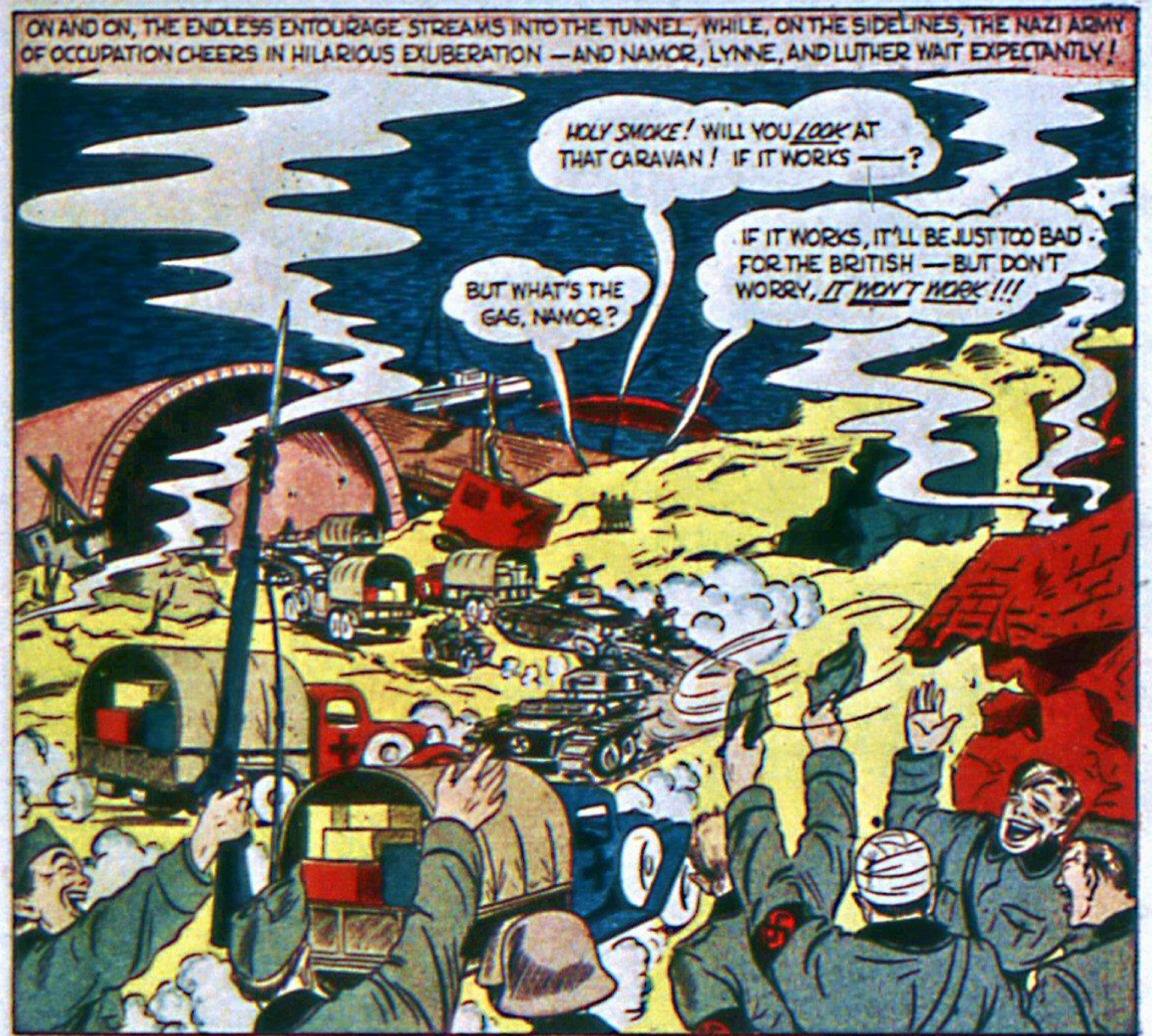

DID YOU HEAR THAT, NAMOR? THEY START TOMORROW! WE HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE!
I KNOW—I KNOW! WE SHALL HAVE TO ACT FAST! BUT WAIT—SOMETHING'S UP!!! LISTEN—!

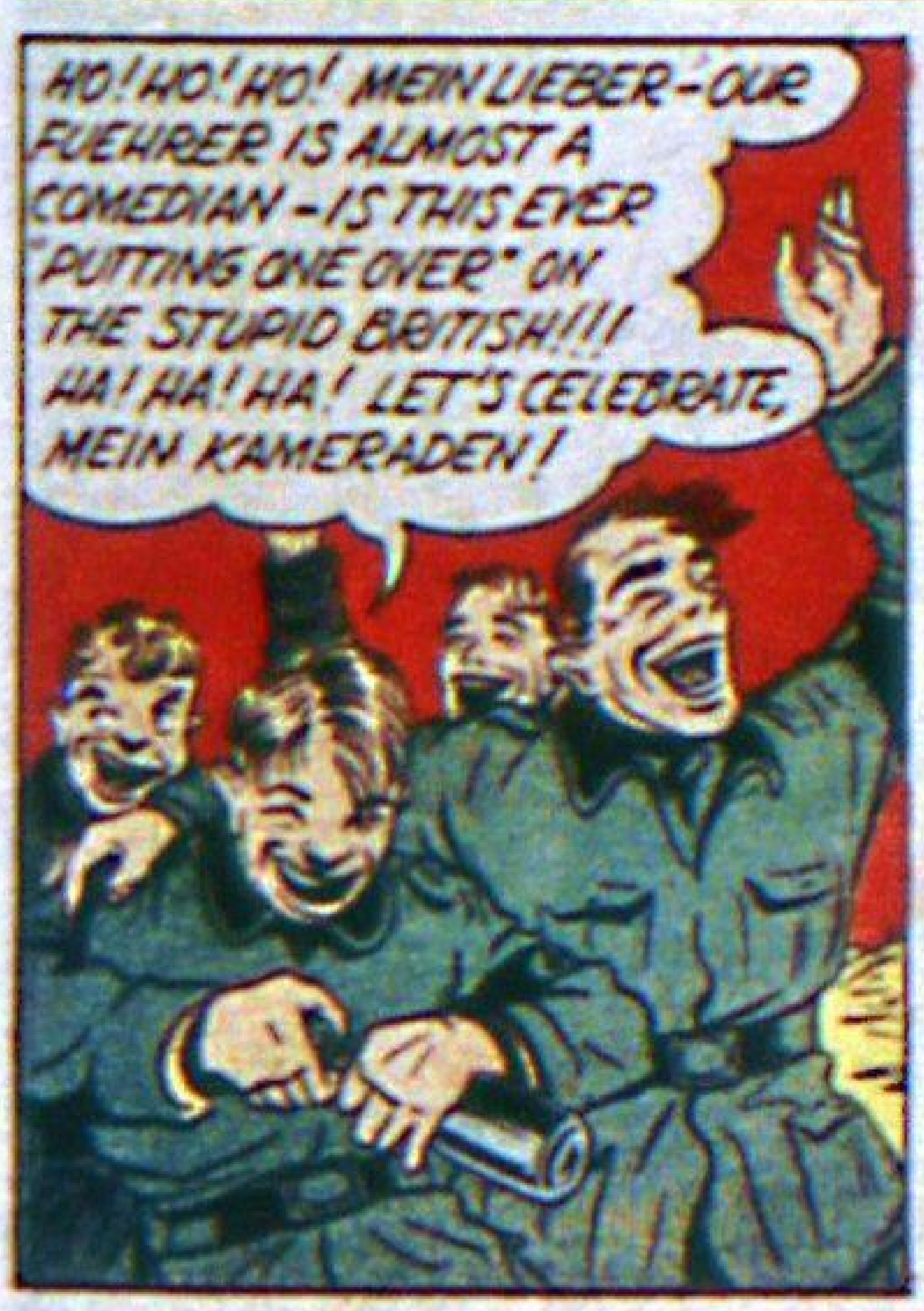

EVEN AS NAMOR SPEAKS, A SIREN WAILS ....
WHOOOOO
WHOOOO
AIR RAID!

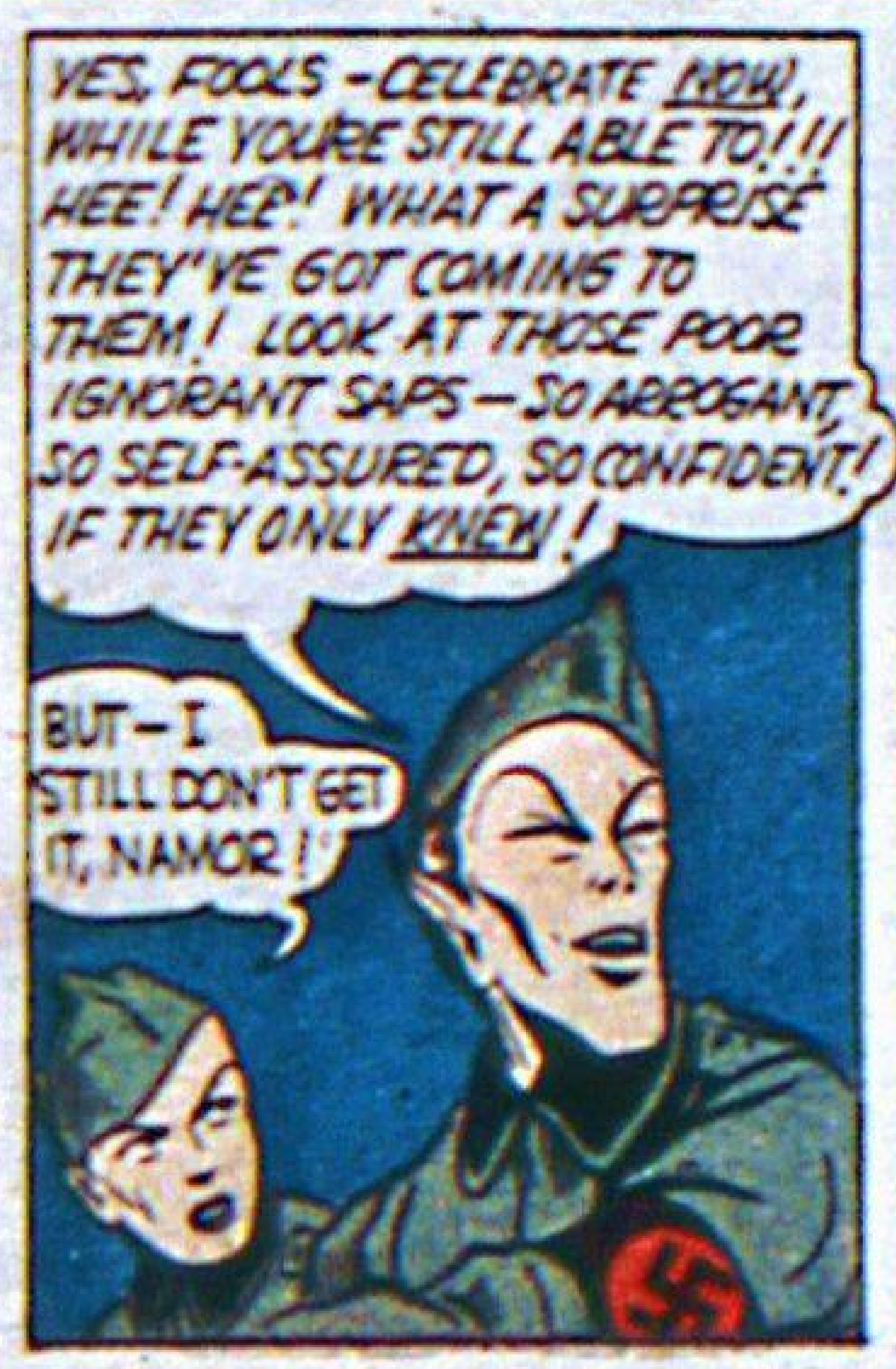

WITH A THUNDEROUS DRONE GREAT BLACK WINGS DART FROM THE CLOUDS, UNLOADING THEIR CARGOES OF DEATH!
IMMEDIATELY ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERIES GO INTO ACTION, MACHINE-GUNS RATTLING, SHRAPNEL BURSTING!
BOOM!!!
NAMOR, THE WINGS ON HIS ANKLES HAMPERED BY HEAVY BOOTS, AND UNABLE TO FLY, DIVES FOR AN OPENING IN THE GROUND.....
....AND SOMERSAULTS DOWN A FLIGHT OF CEMENT STEPS!
YEEEOW!
WOWCH! THAT WAS SOME SPILL! HOLY COUNTESS OF CARP, WHAT MANNER OF UNDERGROUND VAULT IS THIS? THE WAY MY HEAD'S SPINNING IT LOOKS LIKE A GRAVE ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND!
7
NOW IT'S BEGINNING TO CLEAR — SAY! THIS IS NO AIR-RAID SHELTER! LOOKS LIKE I STUMBLED INTO A BURIED ARSENAL WHEN A BOMB BLEW THE COVER OFF! LET'S SEE — 200-MM. SHELLS, GAS MASKS, 150-MM. SHELLS, ROUNDS FOR .50 CALIBRE MACHINE-GUNS, AND LAND MINES!
MMMM-M-M-M! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE? GOT TO FIND LUTHER AND LYNNE, AND LET THEM IN ON IT — BUT NO! NOW IS THE TIME - RIGHT NOW, WHILE THE NAZIS ARE SCATTERED UNDER THE BOMBING! I'LL DO IT ALONE!

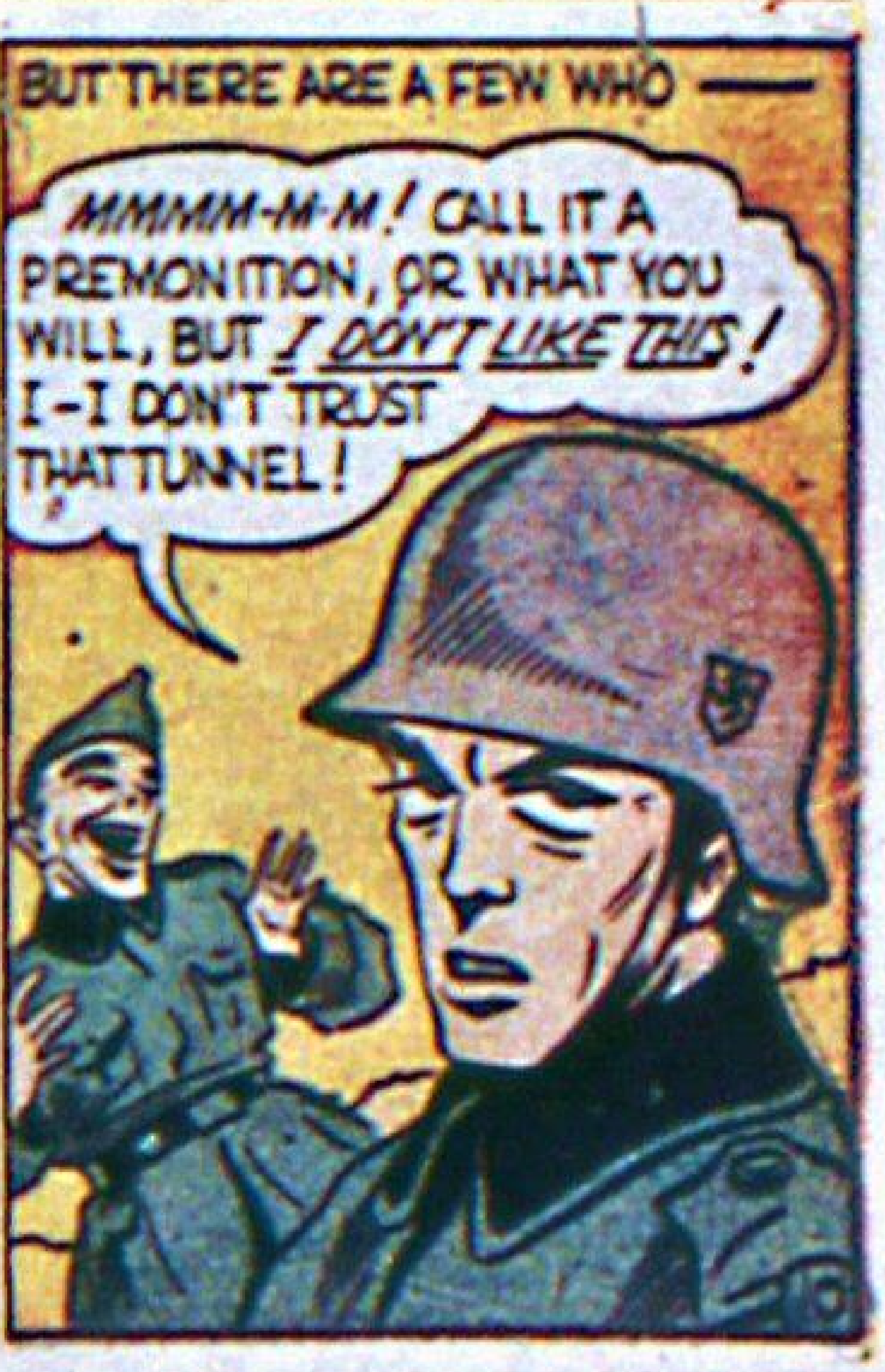

NAMOR STRIPS OFF THE NAZI UNIFORM, RETAINING ONLY THE TRUNKS OF HIS OWN COSTUME
WHEW! WHAT A RELIEF! THESE CLOTHES SURE ARE A NUISANCE!
SEIZING TWO OF THE "LAND MINES", HE STARTS FOR THE STAIRS ....
NOTHING TO HINDER ME NOW BUT FALLING BOMBS OR A FEW MACHINE-GUN BULLETS IF I'M SEEN!
FULL SPEED AHEAD!
BOOM!
CRACK!
SWIFT AS AN ARROW, HE SKYROCKETS FROM THE HOLE IN THE SIDE OF THE HILL
AND ZOOMS DOWN THROUGH THE RAIN OF BRITISH BOMBS, BANKING NEATLY INTO THE MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL!
WHAM!!!
HIS DIVING BODY, GLEAMING IN THE SUN, ATTRACTS ATTENTION ....
MEIN GOTT! WAS IST DAS??? HEINRICH—LOOK! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THAT???
A GROUP OF SOLDIERS SUDDENLY GRAB THEIR RIFLES AND RACE INTO THE TUNNEL AFTER HIM!
DONNERWETTER! I SAW IT, TOO, WILHELM! IT MUST BE THE SUB-MARINER—I'VE SEEN HIM BEFORE!!!
OH-OH! THEY'VE DRIVEN OFF THE RAIDERS, AND ARE AFTER ME NOW! —BUT THEY WON'T THINK TO LOOK UP HERE—I'LL JUST STAY PUT TILL THEY GIVE UP THE CHASE!

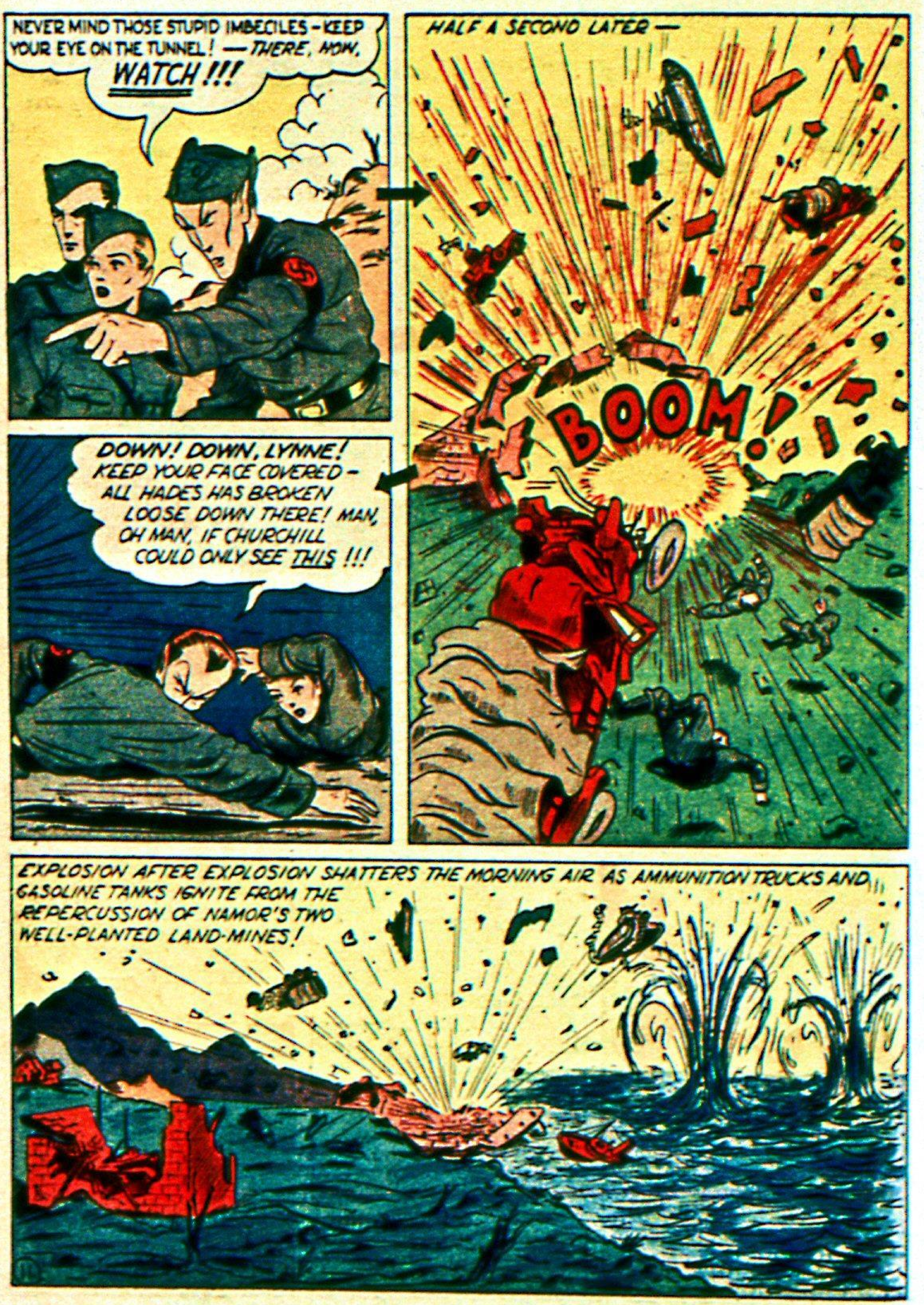

IN AN HOUR THE SEARCH IS ABANDONED, AND NAMOR LEAPS FROM HIS ROOST.......
.....GRABS A SHOVEL, AND RAPIDLY PLOUGHS A SMALL CRATER IN THE TUNNEL FLOOR — THEN ANOTHER.
WON'T THESE HEINIES BE SURPRISED IN THE MORNING!
— A FEW MOMENTS LATER THE TRAP IS SET, AND HE FLIES TO THE MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL......
IT'S NOT QUITE DARK YET, BUT I'LL HAVE TO TAKE A CHANCE ON NOT BEING SEEN....
HE STREAKS THROUGH THE AIR LIKE A BOLT OF LIGHTNING, AND SAILS INTO THE STABLE RENDEZVOUS.......
GOOD.!!! I WAS AFRAID I MIGHT NOT FIND YOU HERE!
WELL, YOU ALMOST DIDN'T! LUTHER AND I BOTH GOT IN THE WAY OF A COUPLE OF BOMB SPLINTERS, BUT IT'S NOTHING SERIOUS! NOW — WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO?
WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?
I'VE SET A NICE LITTLE TRAP FOR UNCLE ADOLF'S PUPPETS — IN THE TUNNEL! WE'D BETTER GET SOME SLEEP NOW, SO WE CAN GET UP EARLY TO WATCH THE FIREWORKS!
SHORTLY AFTER DAWN THE FOLLOWING MORNING, THE TRIO STANDS TO ONE SIDE, WATCHING THE FIRST DETACHMENT OF THE MOBILIZED GARRISON ENTER THE TUNNEL.......
BOY, OH BOY, THIS IS GOING TO BE GOOD! WATCH CLOSELY, CHILDREN, AND LOOK OUT FOR FLYING GLASS!
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, NAMOR? I DON'T UNDERSTAND.......!

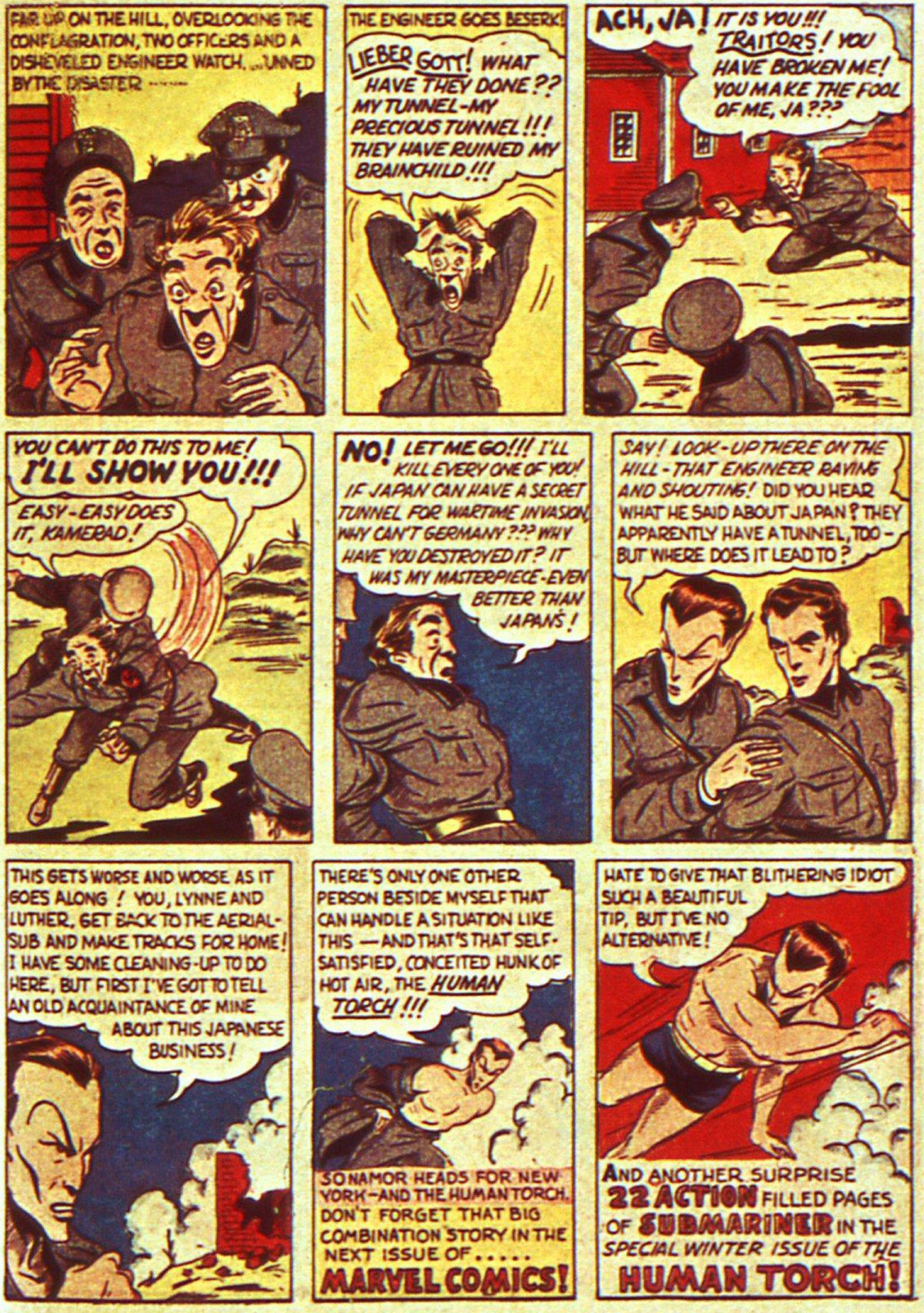

ON AND ON, THE ENDLESS ENTOURAGE STREAMS INTO THE TUNNEL, WHILE, ON THE SIDELINES, THE NAZI ARMY OF OCCUPATION CHEERS IN HILARIOUS EXUBERATION —AND NAMOR, LYNNE, AND LUTHER WAIT EXPECTANTLY!
HOLY SMOKE! WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT CARAVAN! IF IT WORKS —?
IF IT WORKS, IT'LL BE JUST TOO BAD FOR THE BRITISH —BUT DON'T WORRY, IT WON'T WORK!!!
BUT WHAT'S THE GAG, NAMOR?

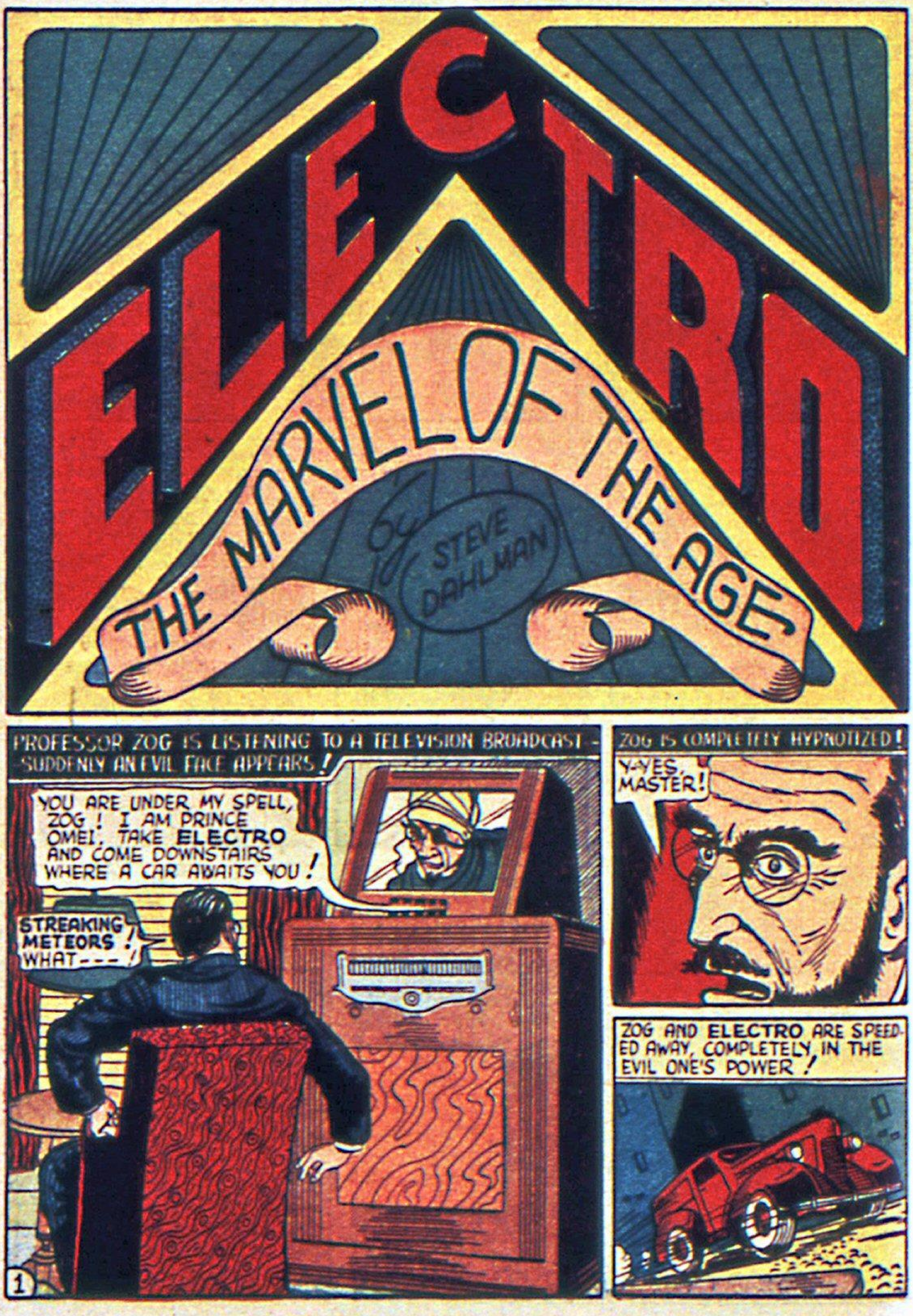

HO! HO! HO! MEIN LIEBER—OUR FUEHRER IS ALMOST A COMEDIAN—IS THIS EVER "PUTTING ONE OVER" ON THE STUPID BRITISH!!! HA! HA! HA! LET'S CELEBRATE, MEIN KAMERADEN!

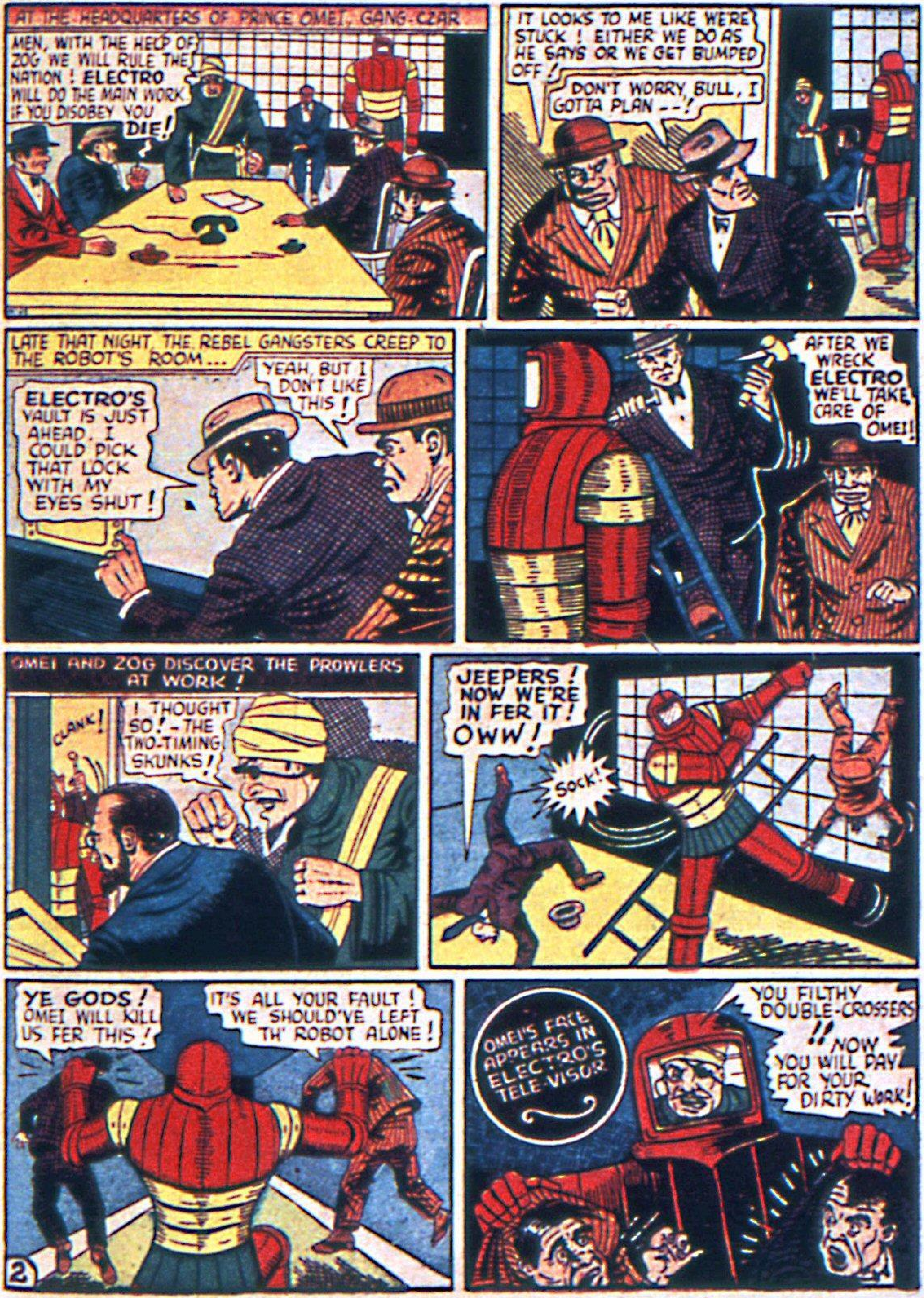

YES, FOOLS—CELEBRATE NOW, WHILE YOU'RE STILL ABLE TO!!! HEE! HEE! WHAT A SURPRISE THEY'VE GOT COMING TO THEM! LOOK AT THOSE POOR IGNORANT SAPS—SO ARROGANT, SO SELF-ASSURED, SO CONFIDENT! IF THEY ONLY KNEW!
BUT—I STILL DON'T GET IT, NAMOR!

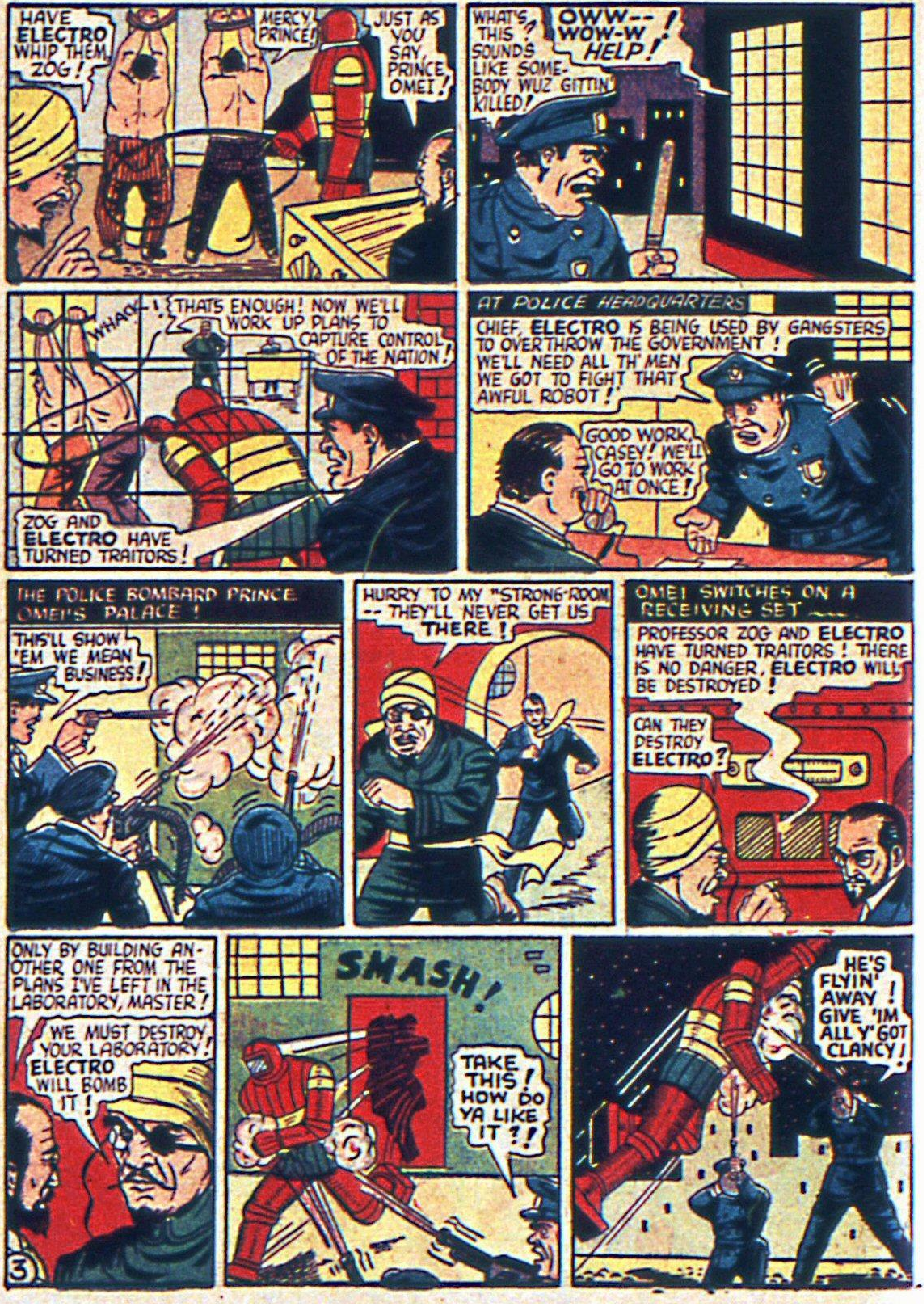

BUT THERE ARE A FEW WHO —
MMMM-M-M! CALL IT A PREMONITION, OR WHAT YOU WILL, BUT I DON'T LIKE THIS! I-I DON'T TRUST THAT TUNNEL!

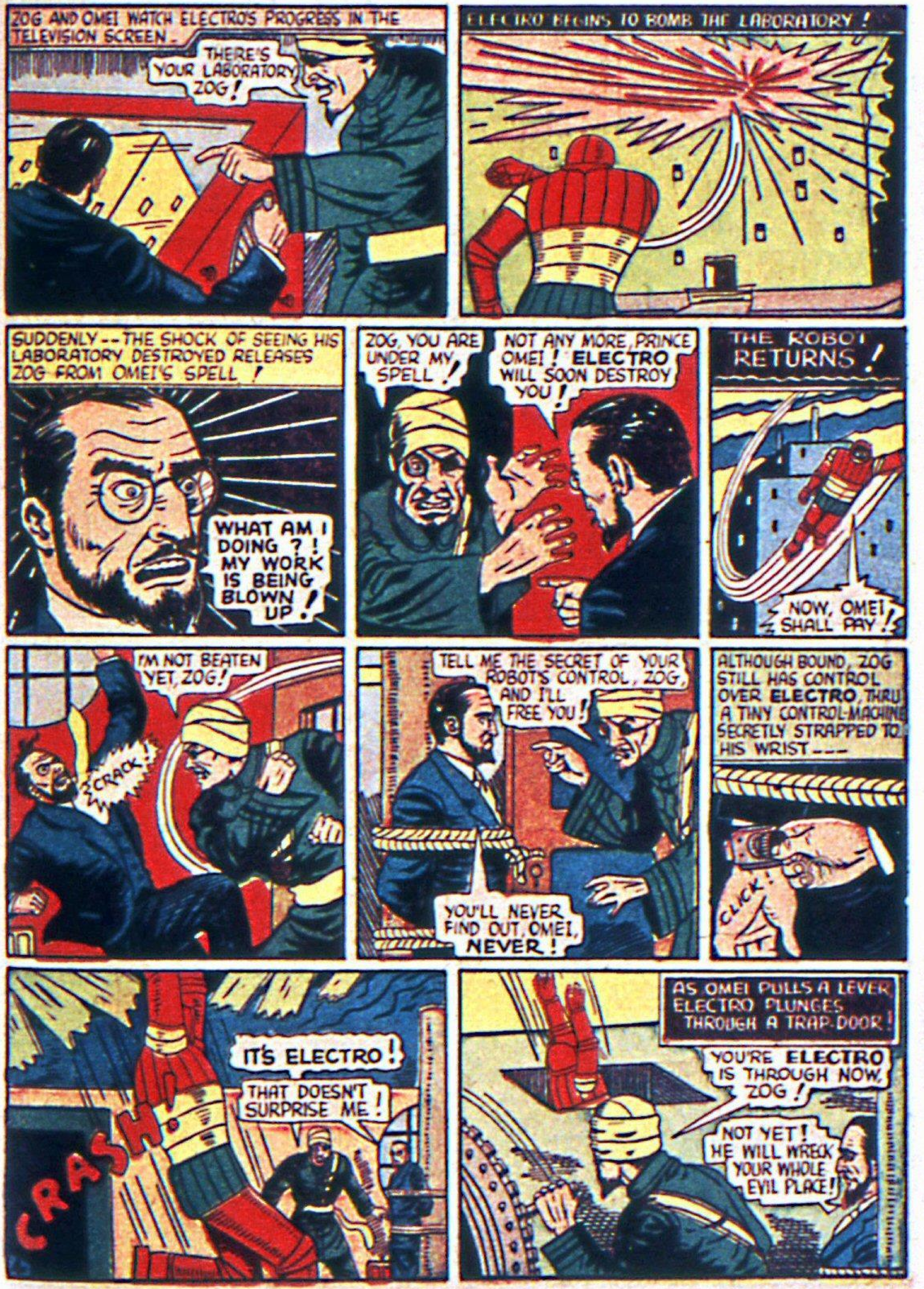

NEVER MIND THOSE STUPID IMBECILES – KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE TUNNEL! — THERE, NOW, WATCH!!!
HALF A SECOND LATER —
BOOM!!
DOWN! DOWN, LYNNE! KEEP YOUR FACE COVERED – ALL HADES HAS BROKEN LOOSE DOWN THERE! MAN, OH MAN, IF CHURCHILL COULD ONLY SEE THIS!!!
EXPLOSION AFTER EXPLOSION SHATTERS THE MORNING AIR AS AMMUNITION TRUCKS AND GASOLINE TANKS IGNITE FROM THE REPERCUSSION OF NAMOR'S TWO WELL-PLANTED LAND-MINES!

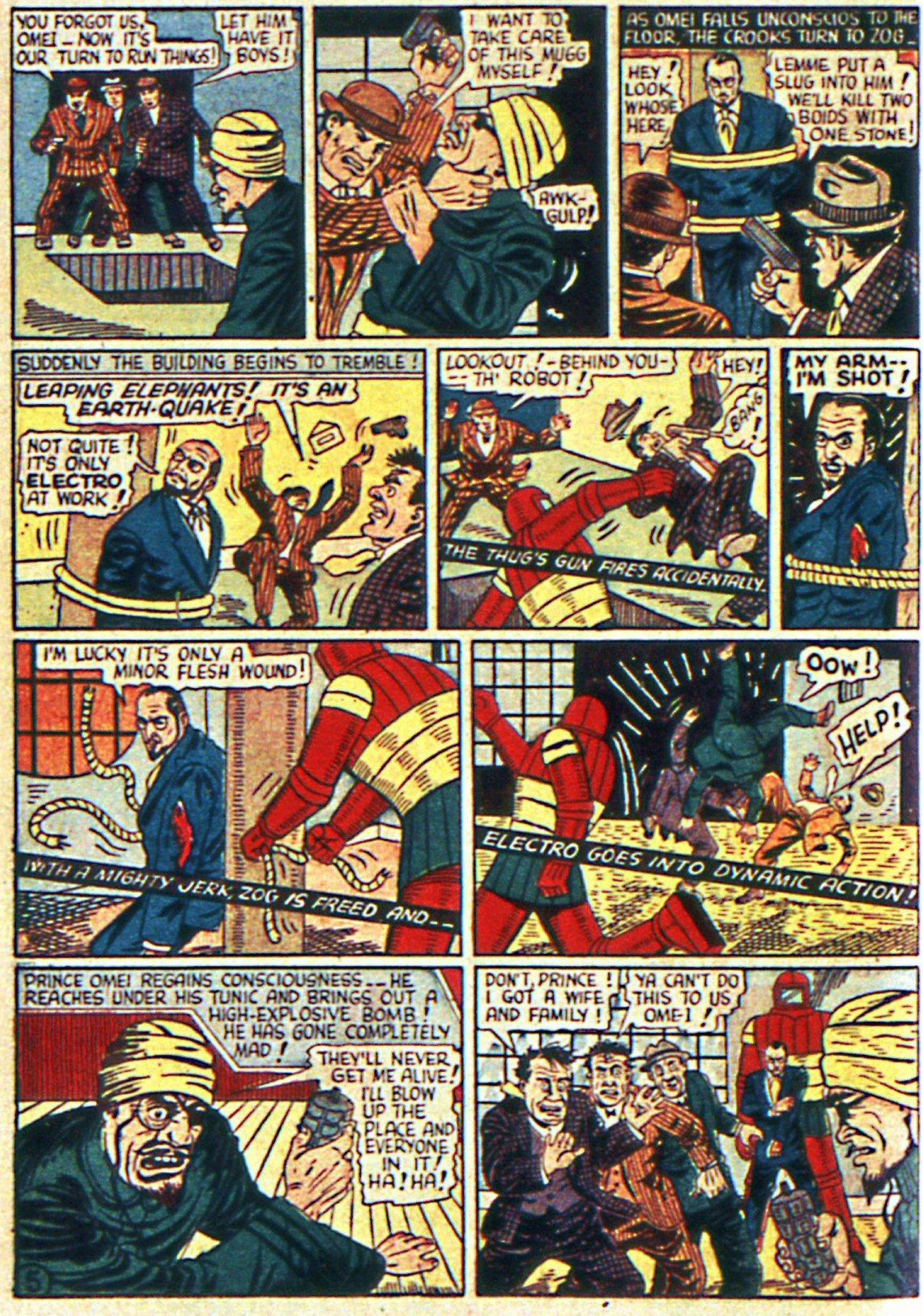

FAR UP ON THE HILL, OVERLOOKING THE CONFLAGRATION, TWO OFFICERS AND A DISHEVELED ENGINEER WATCH, STUNNED BY THE DISASTER
THE ENGINEER GOES BESERK!
LIEBER GOTT! WHAT HAVE THEY DONE?? MY TUNNEL-MY PRECIOUS TUNNEL!!! THEY HAVE RUINED MY BRAINCHILD!!!
ACH, JA! IT IS YOU!!! TRAITORS! YOU HAVE BROKEN ME! YOU MAKE THE FOOL OF ME, JA???
YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I'LL SHOW YOU!!!
EASY-EASY DOES IT, KAMERAD!
NO! LET ME GO!!! I'LL KILL EVERY ONE OF YOU! IF JAPAN CAN HAVE A SECRET TUNNEL FOR WARTIME INVASION WHY CAN'T GERMANY??? WHY HAVE YOU DESTROYED IT? IT WAS MY MASTERPIECE-EVEN BETTER THAN JAPAN'S!
SAY! LOOK-UP THERE ON THE HILL-THAT ENGINEER RAVING AND SHOUTING! DID YOU HEAR WHAT HE SAID ABOUT JAPAN? THEY APPARENTLY HAVE A TUNNEL, TOO-BUT WHERE DOES IT LEAD TO?
THIS GETS WORSE AND WORSE AS IT GOES ALONG! YOU, LYNNE AND LUTHER, GET BACK TO THE AERIAL-SUB AND MAKE TRACKS FOR HOME! I HAVE SOME CLEANING-UP TO DO HERE, BUT FIRST I'VE GOT TO TELL AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE OF MINE ABOUT THIS JAPANESE BUSINESS!
THERE'S ONLY ONE OTHER PERSON BESIDE MYSELF THAT CAN HANDLE A SITUATION LIKE THIS —AND THAT'S THAT SELF-SATISFIED, CONCEITED HUNK OF HOT AIR, THE HUMAN TORCH!!!
SO NAMOR HEADS FOR NEW YORK-AND THE HUMAN TORCH. DON'T FORGET THAT BIG COMBINATION STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF..... MARVEL COMICS!
HATE TO GIVE THAT BLITHERING IDIOT SUCH A BEAUTIFUL TIP, BUT I'VE NO ALTERNATIVE!
AND ANOTHER SURPRISE 22 ACTION FILLED PAGES OF SUBMARINER IN THE SPECIAL WINTER ISSUE OF THE HUMAN TORCH!

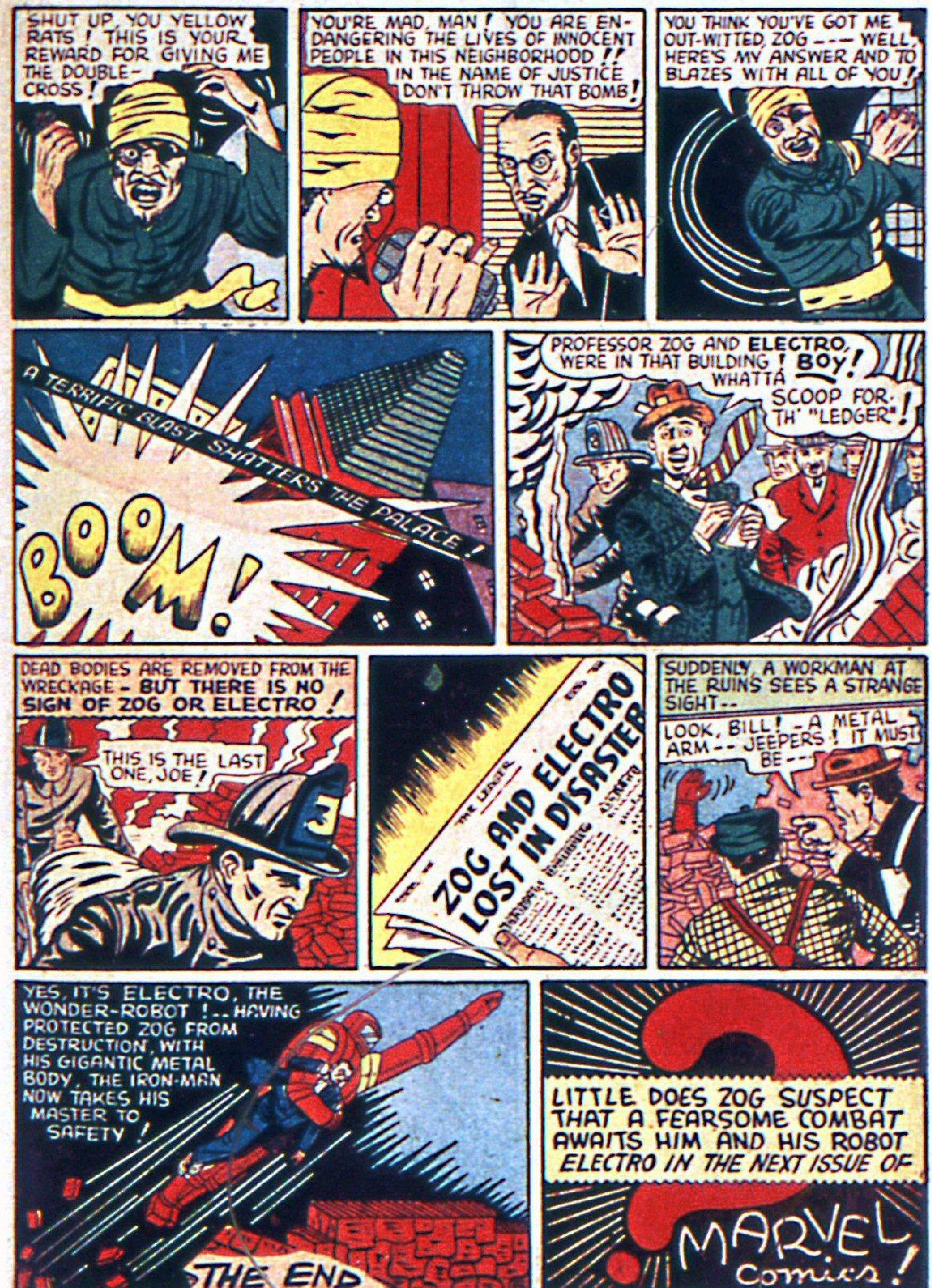

ELECTRO
THE MARVEL OF THE AGE
by STEVE DAHLMAN
PROFESSOR ZOG IS LISTENING TO A TELEVISION BROADCAST -- SUDDENLY AN EVIL FACE APPEARS!
YOU ARE UNDER MY SPELL, ZOG! I AM PRINCE OMEI. TAKE ELECTRO AND COME DOWNSTAIRS WHERE A CAR AWAITS YOU!
STREAKING METEORS! WHAT---!
1
ZOG IS COMPLETELY HYPNOTIZED!
Y-YES, MASTER!
ZOG AND ELECTRO ARE SPEEDED AWAY, COMPLETELY IN THE EVIL ONE'S POWER!


AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF PRINCE OMEI, GANG-CZAR
MEN, WITH THE HELP OF ZOG WE WILL RULE THE NATION! ELECTRO WILL DO THE MAIN WORK. IF YOU DISOBEY YOU DIE!
IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE WE'RE STUCK! EITHER WE DO AS HE SAYS OR WE GET BUMPED OFF!
DON'T WORRY, BULL, I GOTTA PLAN --!
LATE THAT NIGHT, THE REBEL GANGSTERS CREEP TO THE ROBOT'S ROOM...
ELECTRO'S VAULT IS JUST AHEAD. I COULD PICK THAT LOCK WITH MY EYES SHUT!
YEAH, BUT I DON'T LIKE THIS!
AFTER WE WRECK ELECTRO WE'LL TAKE CARE OF OMEI!
OMEI AND ZOG DISCOVER THE PROWLERS AT WORK!
CLANK!
I THOUGHT SO! - THE TWO-TIMING SKUNKS!
JEEPERS! NOW WE'RE IN FER IT! OWW!
SOCK!
YE GODS! OMEI WILL KILL US FER THIS!
IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT! WE SHOULD'VE LEFT TH' ROBOT ALONE!
2
OMEI'S FACE APPEARS IN ELECTRO'S TELE-VISOR
YOU FILTHY DOUBLE-CROSSERS!! NOW YOU WILL PAY FOR YOUR DIRTY WORK!


HAVE ELECTRO WHIP THEM, ZOG!
MERCY, PRINCE!
JUST AS YOU SAY, PRINCE, OMEI!
WHAT'S THIS? SOUNDS LIKE SOME-BODY WUZ GITTIN' KILLED!
OWW-- WOW-W HELP!
WHACK!
THATS ENOUGH! NOW WE'LL WORK UP PLANS TO CAPTURE CONTROL OF THE NATION!
ZOG AND ELECTRO HAVE TURNED TRAITORS!
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS
CHIEF, ELECTRO IS BEING USED BY GANGSTERS TO OVERTHROW THE GOVERNMENT! WE'LL NEED ALL TH' MEN WE GOT TO FIGHT THAT AWFUL ROBOT!
GOOD WORK, CASEY! WE'LL GO TO WORK AT ONCE!
THE POLICE BOMBARD PRINCE OMEI'S PALACE!
THIS'LL SHOW 'EM WE MEAN BUSINESS!
HURRY TO MY "STRONG-ROOM" -- THEY'LL NEVER GET US THERE!
OMEI SWITCHES ON A RECEIVING SET ---
PROFESSOR ZOG AND ELECTRO HAVE TURNED TRAITORS! THERE IS NO DANGER, ELECTRO WILL BE DESTROYED!
CAN THEY DESTROY ELECTRO?
ONLY BY BUILDING AN-OTHER ONE FROM THE PLANS I'VE LEFT IN THE LABORATORY, MASTER!
WE MUST DESTROY YOUR LABORATORY! ELECTRO WILL BOMB IT!
3
SMASH!
TAKE THIS! HOW DO YA LIKE IT?!
HE'S FLYIN' AWAY! GIVE 'IM ALL Y' GOT CLANCY!

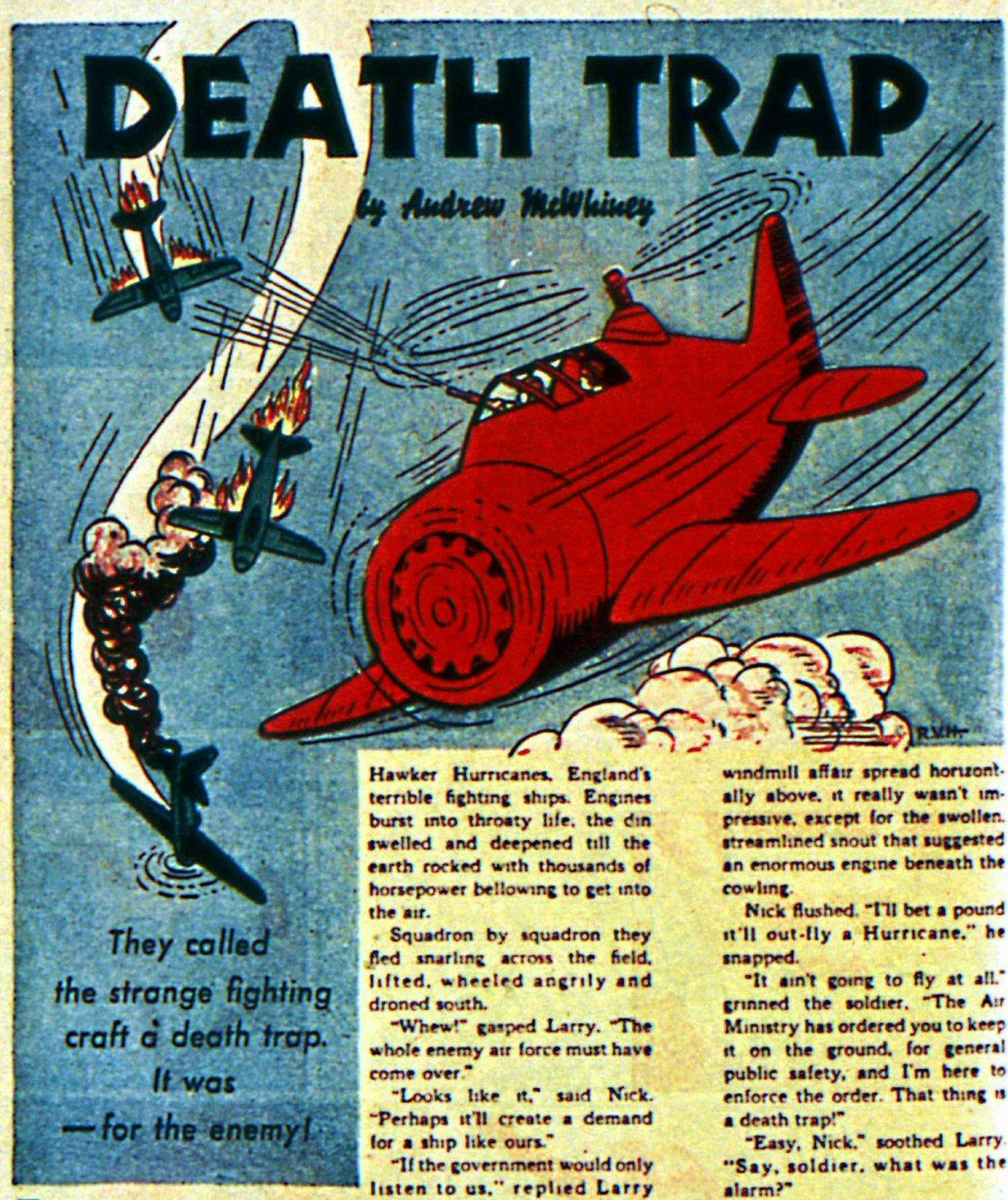

ZOG AND OMEI WATCH ELECTRO'S PROGRESS IN THE TELEVISION SCREEN.
THERE'S YOUR LABORATORY ZOG!
ELECTRO BEGINS TO BOMB THE LABORATORY!
SUDDENLY -- THE SHOCK OF SEEING HIS LABORATORY DESTROYED RELEASES ZOG FROM OMEI'S SPELL!
WHAT AM I DOING ?! MY WORK IS BEING BLOWN UP!
ZOG, YOU ARE UNDER MY SPELL!
NOT ANY MORE, PRINCE OMEI! ELECTRO WILL SOON DESTROY YOU!
THE ROBOT RETURNS!
NOW, OMEI SHALL PAY!
I'M NOT BEATEN YET, ZOG!
CRACK!
TELL ME THE SECRET OF YOUR ROBOT'S CONTROL, ZOG, AND I'LL FREE YOU!
YOU'LL NEVER FIND OUT, OMEI, NEVER!
ALTHOUGH BOUND, ZOG STILL HAS CONTROL OVER ELECTRO, THRU A TINY CONTROL-MACHINE SECRETLY STRAPPED TO HIS WRIST---
CLICK!
IT'S ELECTRO!
THAT DOESN'T SURPRISE ME!
CRASH!
AS OMEI PULLS A LEVER ELECTRO PLUNGES THROUGH A TRAP-DOOR!
YOU'RE ELECTRO IS THROUGH NOW, ZOG!
NOT YET! HE WILL WRECK YOUR WHOLE EVIL PLACE!


YOU FORGOT US, OMEI – NOW IT'S OUR TURN TO RUN THINGS!
LET HIM HAVE IT BOYS!
I WANT TO TAKE CARE OF THIS MUGG MYSELF!
AWK-GULP!
AS OMEI FALLS UNCONSCIOS TO THE FLOOR, THE CROOKS TURN TO ZOG –
HEY! LOOK WHOSE HERE.
LEMME PUT A SLUG INTO HIM! WE'LL KILL TWO BOIDS WITH ONE STONE!
SUDDENLY THE BUILDING BEGINS TO TREMBLE!
LEAPING ELEPHANTS! IT'S AN EARTH-QUAKE!
NOT QUITE! IT'S ONLY ELECTRO AT WORK!
LOOKOUT! – BEHIND YOU – – TH' ROBOT!
HEY!
BANG!
THE THUG'S GUN FIRES ACCIDENTALLY.
MY ARM – – I'M SHOT!
I'M LUCKY IT'S ONLY A MINOR FLESH WOUND!
WITH A MIGHTY JERK, ZOG IS FREED AND – –
OOW!
HELP!
ELECTRO GOES INTO DYNAMIC ACTION!
PRINCE OMEI REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS – – HE REACHES UNDER HIS TUNIC AND BRINGS OUT A HIGH-EXPLOSIVE BOMB! HE HAS GONE COMPLETELY MAD!
THEY'LL NEVER GET ME ALIVE! I'LL BLOW UP THE PLACE AND EVERYONE IN IT! HA! HA!
5
DON'T, PRINCE! I GOT A WIFE AND FAMILY!
YA CAN'T DO THIS TO US OME-I!


SHUT UP, YOU YELLOW RATS! THIS IS YOUR REWARD FOR GIVING ME THE DOUBLE-CROSS!
YOU'RE MAD, MAN! YOU ARE ENDANGERING THE LIVES OF INNOCENT PEOPLE IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD!! IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE DON'T THROW THAT BOMB!
YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT ME OUT-WITTED, ZOG --- WELL, HERE'S MY ANSWER AND TO BLAZES WITH ALL OF YOU!
A TERRIFIC BLAST SHATTERS THE PALACE!
BOOM!
PROFESSOR ZOG AND ELECTRO, WERE IN THAT BUILDING! BOY! WHATTA SCOOP FOR TH' "LEDGER"!
DEAD BODIES ARE REMOVED FROM THE WRECKAGE - BUT THERE IS NO SIGN OF ZOG OR ELECTRO!
THIS IS THE LAST ONE, JOE!
ZOG AND ELECTRO LOST IN DISASTER
SUDDENLY, A WORKMAN AT THE RUINS SEES A STRANGE SIGHT--
LOOK, BILL! -A METAL ARM-- JEEPERS! IT MUST BE--
YES, IT'S ELECTRO, THE WONDER-ROBOT!.. HAVING PROTECTED ZOG FROM DESTRUCTION, WITH HIS GIGANTIC METAL BODY, THE IRON-MAN NOW TAKES HIS MASTER TO SAFETY!
THE END
LITTLE DOES ZOG SUSPECT THAT A FEARSOME COMBAT AWAITS HIM AND HIS ROBOT ELECTRO IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
MARVEL comics!

DEATH TRAP

by Andrew McWhiney



They called the strange fighting craft a death trap. It was —for the enemy!

LARRY and Nick were putting tools away at day's end in their hangar workshop when they heard the alarm klaxon blaring and saw Royal Air Force men running to stations. Pilots tumbled out still struggling into flying togs; mechanics swarmed over the field.

A long row of hangars spewed squadron after squadron of Hawker Hurricanes, England's terrible fighting ships. Engines burst into throaty life, the din swelled and deepened till the earth rocked with thousands of horsepower bellowing to get into the air.

Squadron by squadron they fled snarling across the field, lifted, wheeled angrily and droned south.

"Whew!" gasped Larry. "The whole enemy air force must have come over."

"Looks like it," said Nick. "Perhaps it'll create a demand for a ship like ours."

"If the government would only listen to us," replied Larry bitterly.

"In wartime the government goes crazy listening to crackpots like you," said a voice from the doorway. "Why don't you give up and make a mousetrap out of that thing?"

The boys saw a uniformed aircraftsman grinning sardonically at the odd craft in the hangar. Stubby winged, with a windmill affair spread horizontally above, it really wasn't impressive, except for the swollen, streamlined snout that suggested an enormous engine beneath the cowling.

Nick flushed. "I'll bet a pound it'll out-fly a Hurricane," he snapped.

"It ain't going to fly at all," grinned the soldier. "The Air Ministry has ordered you to keep it on the ground, for general public safety, and I'm here to enforce the order. That thing is a death trap!"

"Easy, Nick," soothed Larry. "Say, soldier, what was the alarm?"

"Big raid on the south coast. Radioed for all available fighting squadrons. But don't worry, our ships will drive them off."

Suddenly the soldier wheeled and cocked his head, listening. The young inventors stared. Then Larry caught something: the profound bass song of big engines -- lots of them — far above.

THE klaxon blared again; a shaft of blinding white light stabbed into the dusky sky, and a nearby anti-aircraft gun spat a barking clap of orange flame. A faint whistling noise above grew louder till suddenly a deafening crash shook the world.

"A bombing raid!" cried the sentry; he ran after two officers who pounded by.

"A spy's work!" gasped one. "Caught us cold—decoyed every last fighting ship to the south!"

"Even if any were left, they couldn't climb up there in time now," groaned the other.

The deep drone of engines grew, thousands of feet up. Crashes came rapidly now, rocking the earth. The light beam wheeled, paused, moved on, returned, and picked out a speck of silver far above. Another, and another, and another, till the sky seemed full of them. The anti-aircraft batteries barked madly.

The inventors exchanged glances.

"Start 'er up, Nick," ordered Larry softly.

Nick sprang to the strange looking ship inside. Larry raced to a locker and carried something heavy over to the craft. Flashlights winked, bolts rattled and a wrench clinked on metal. The "mousetrap" trundled out on the field. As its engine caught, sputtered and roared again, the sentry dashed up.

"Come out o' that!" he snarled.

Larry waved jauntily, yanked a knob, and the windmill began to whirl, faster and faster till the spinning blades, whining weirdly, melted to a blur. Suddenly the odd craft sprang vertically into the air!

LIKE a bomb in reverse the helicopter bored upward, and with the conventional forward propeller Larry drifted a bit east of the bombing squadron, now dropping tons of demolition bombs on the field and surrounding towns. With a few bursts Nick warmed up the heavy machine gun they had smuggled aboard, and then suddenly they were hanging gnat-like at the tail of a giant enemy bomber.

Before astounded gunners could act, Nick blasted the giant's double tail assembly to splinters. With a cunning combination of drift and lift, Larry hung the helicopter in the bomber's blind spot, and Nick riddled the engine nacelles with heavy armor-piercing bullets till she fell away earthward in a vast flaming spiral.

Again and again they repeated the trick. The gunners, could not guess where the next mysterious attack would strike. Hanging stationary relative to the bombers' forward speed, the helicopter had ample time to blast the big ships with withering fire. One by one the silver giants faltered, staggered, flopped limply aside, and shrieked earthward, trailing flame.

The last gunner in the last plane, beginning to guess what he was dealing with, put a few harmless shots through the stub wings before his ship followed her mates in a howling plunge to destruction.

As the helicopter landed the sentry ran up with an armed squad, snarling: "You're under arrest!"

"Oh, stow that, Smith," said a voice from the gloom. A gold-braided officer walked up, looking curiously at the helicopter.

"Good show, you chaps!" he exclaimed. "I say, come along with me, won't you? Don't doubt but what the Vice Air Marshal will want a look at this gadget, eh? I say, how long does it take to build one o' those bloody rigs?"

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS, published monthly at Meriden, Connecticut, for October 1st, 1940.

State of New York
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Abraham Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Owner of the Marvel Mystery Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Abraham Goodman, 330 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Martin Goodman, 330 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 330 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Martin Goodman, 330 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Timely Publications, 330 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; Abraham Goodman, 330 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

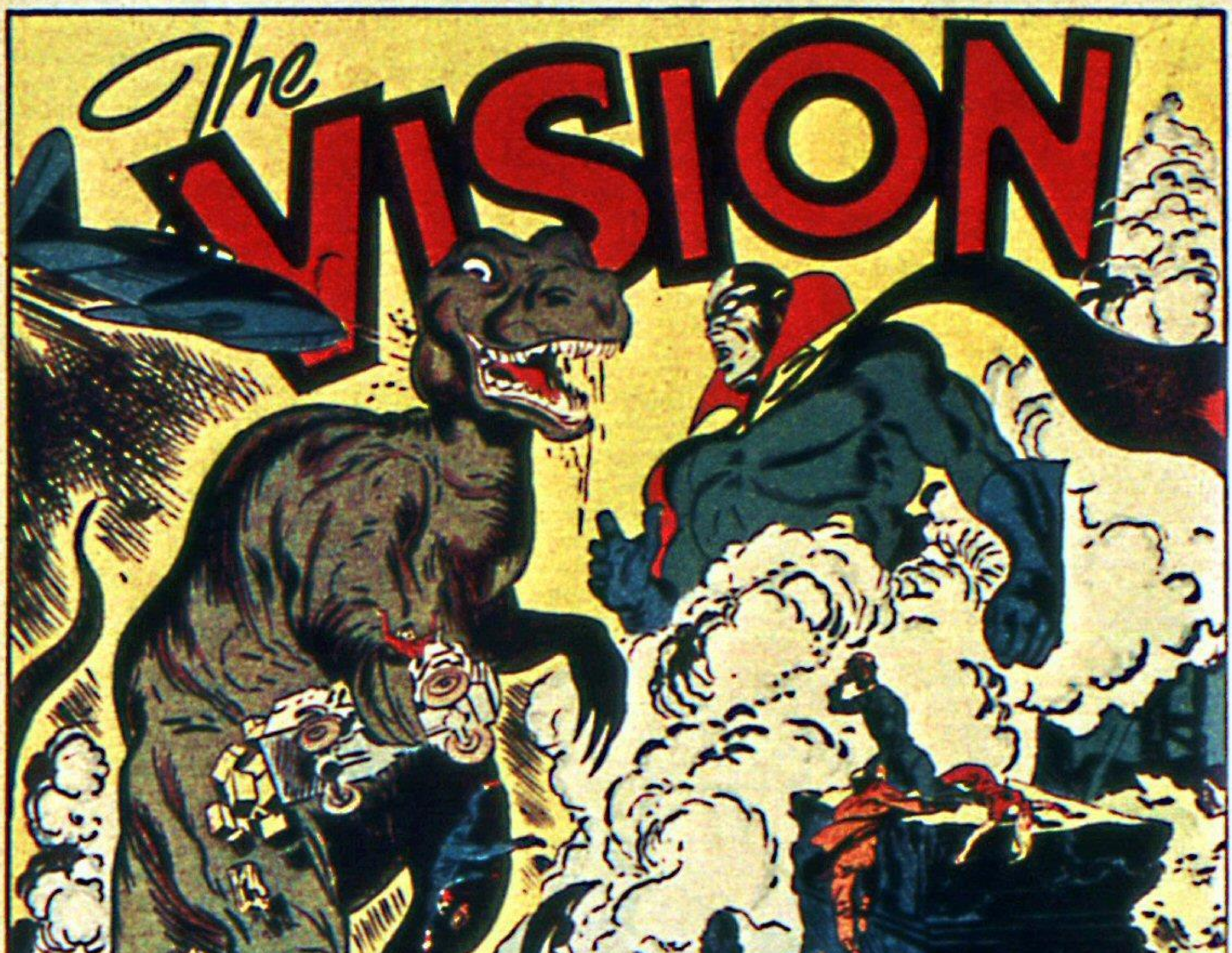
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

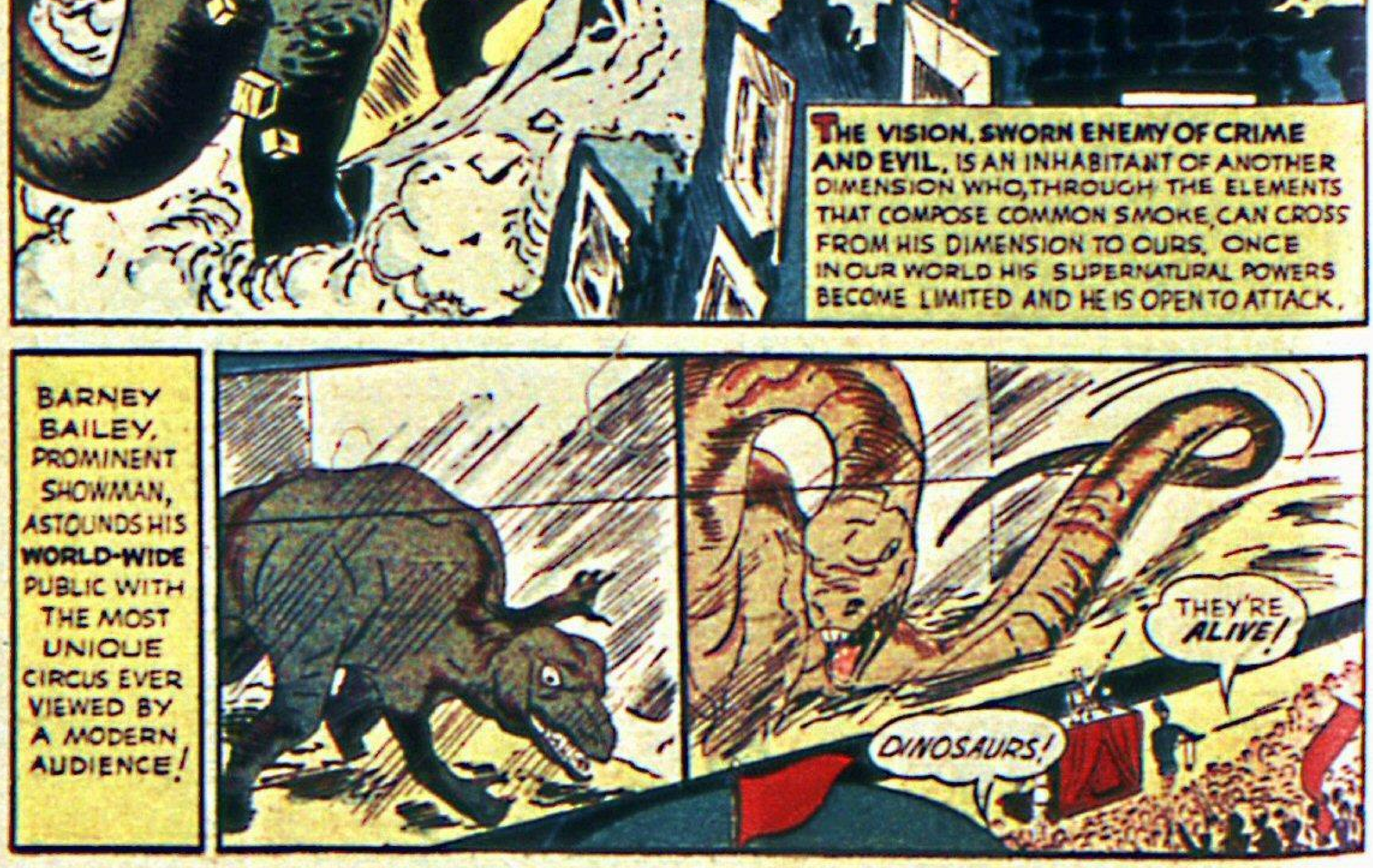
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

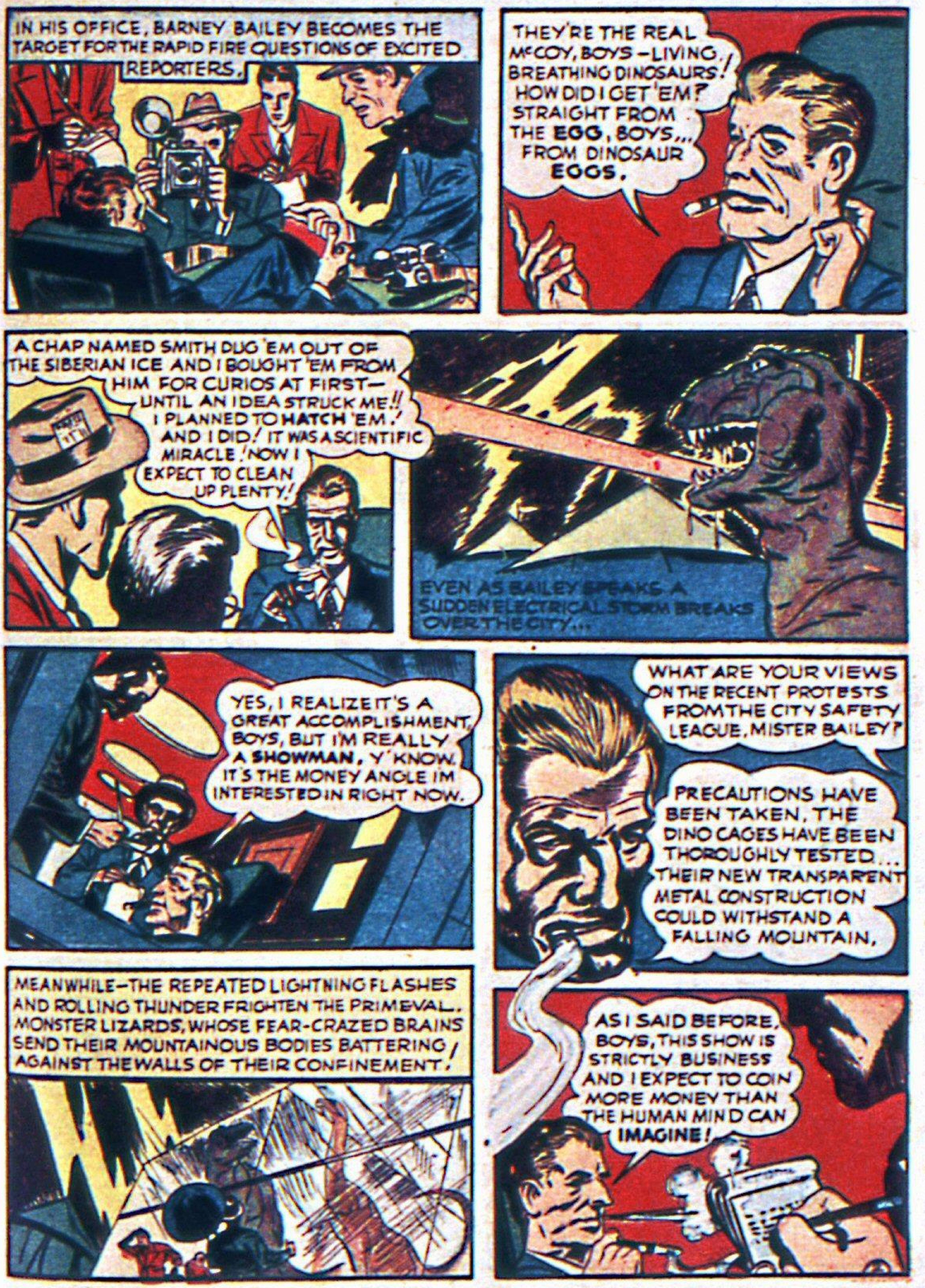
Timely Publications
Abraham Goodman, Owner.

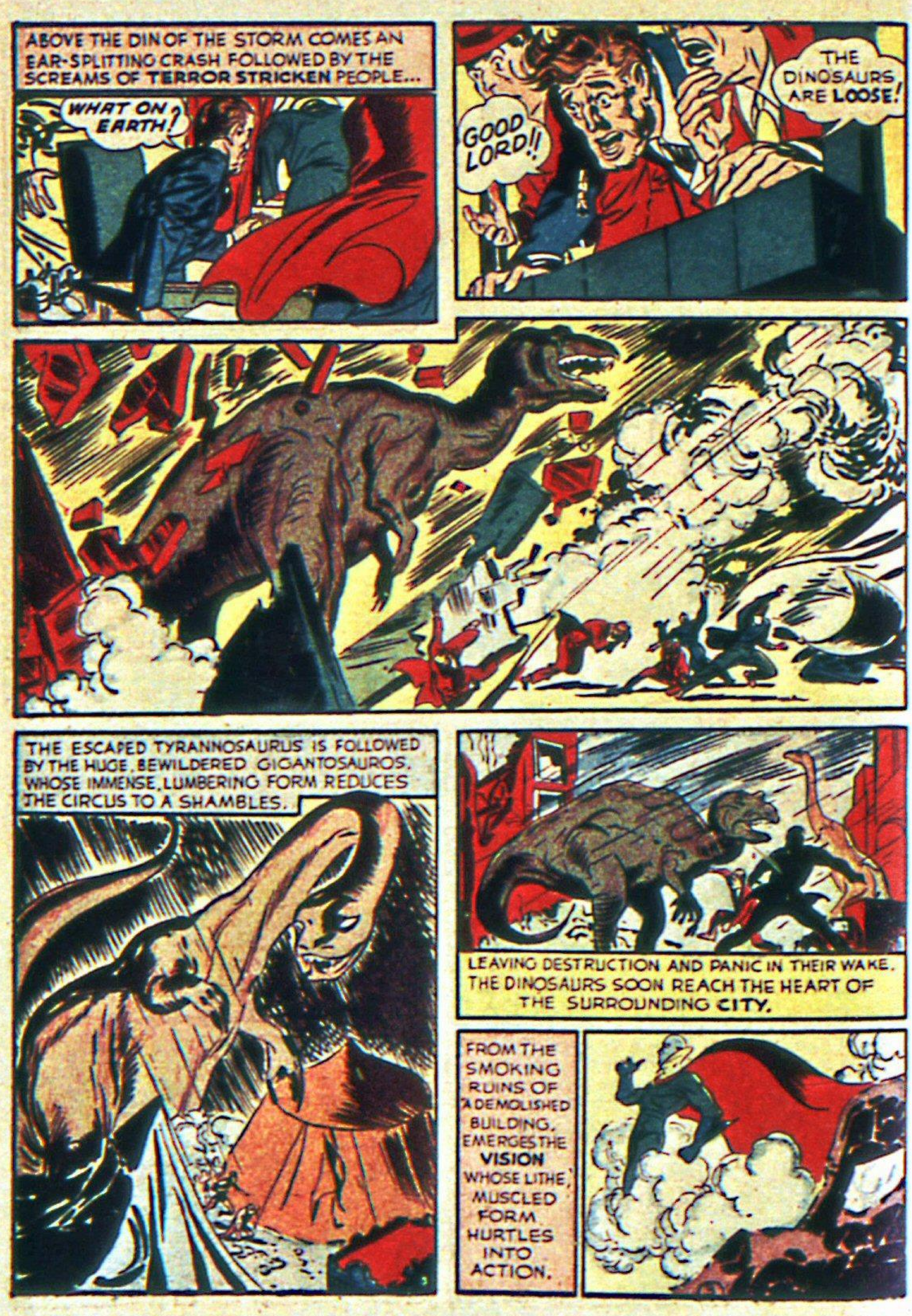
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1940.
Maurice Coyne, Notary Public.
(My commission expires March 30, 1942.)

The VISION


THE VISION, SWORN ENEMY OF CRIME AND EVIL, IS AN INHABITANT OF ANOTHER DIMENSION WHO, THROUGH THE ELEMENTS THAT COMPOSE COMMON SMOKE, CAN CROSS FROM HIS DIMENSION TO OURS. ONCE IN OUR WORLD HIS SUPERNATURAL POWERS BECOME LIMITED AND HE IS OPEN TO ATTACK.


BARNEY BAILEY, PROMINENT SHOWMAN, ASTOUNDS HIS WORLD-WIDE PUBLIC WITH THE MOST UNIQUE CIRCUS EVER VIEWED BY A MODERN AUDIENCE!
THEY'RE ALIVE!
DINOSAURS!


IN HIS OFFICE, BARNEY BAILEY BECOMES THE TARGET FOR THE RAPID FIRE QUESTIONS OF EXCITED REPORTERS.
THEY'RE THE REAL McCOY, BOYS – LIVING, BREATHING DINOSAURS! HOW DID I GET 'EM? STRAIGHT FROM THE EGG, BOYS... FROM DINOSAUR EGGS.
A CHAP NAMED SMITH DUG 'EM OUT OF THE SIBERIAN ICE AND I BOUGHT 'EM FROM HIM FOR CURIOS AT FIRST— UNTIL AN IDEA STRUCK ME!! I PLANNED TO HATCH 'EM! AND I DID! IT WAS A SCIENTIFIC MIRACLE! NOW I EXPECT TO CLEAN UP PLENTY!
EVEN AS BAILEY SPEAKS A SUDDEN ELECTRICAL STORM BREAKS OVER THE CITY...
YES, I REALIZE IT'S A GREAT ACCOMPLISHMENT, BOYS, BUT I'M REALLY A SHOWMAN, Y' KNOW. IT'S THE MONEY ANGLE I'M INTERESTED IN RIGHT NOW.
WHAT ARE YOUR VIEWS ON THE RECENT PROTESTS FROM THE CITY SAFETY LEAGUE, MISTER BAILEY?
PRECAUTIONS HAVE BEEN TAKEN, THE DINO CAGES HAVE BEEN THOROUGHLY TESTED... THEIR NEW TRANSPARENT METAL CONSTRUCTION COULD WITHSTAND A FALLING MOUNTAIN.
MEANWHILE—THE REPEATED LIGHTNING FLASHES AND ROLLING THUNDER FRIGHTEN THE PRIMEVAL MONSTER LIZARDS, WHOSE FEAR-CRAZED BRAINS SEND THEIR MOUNTAINOUS BODIES BATTERING AGAINST THE WALLS OF THEIR CONFINEMENT!
AS I SAID BEFORE, BOYS, THIS SHOW IS STRICTLY BUSINESS AND I EXPECT TO COIN MORE MONEY THAN THE HUMAN MIND CAN IMAGINE!



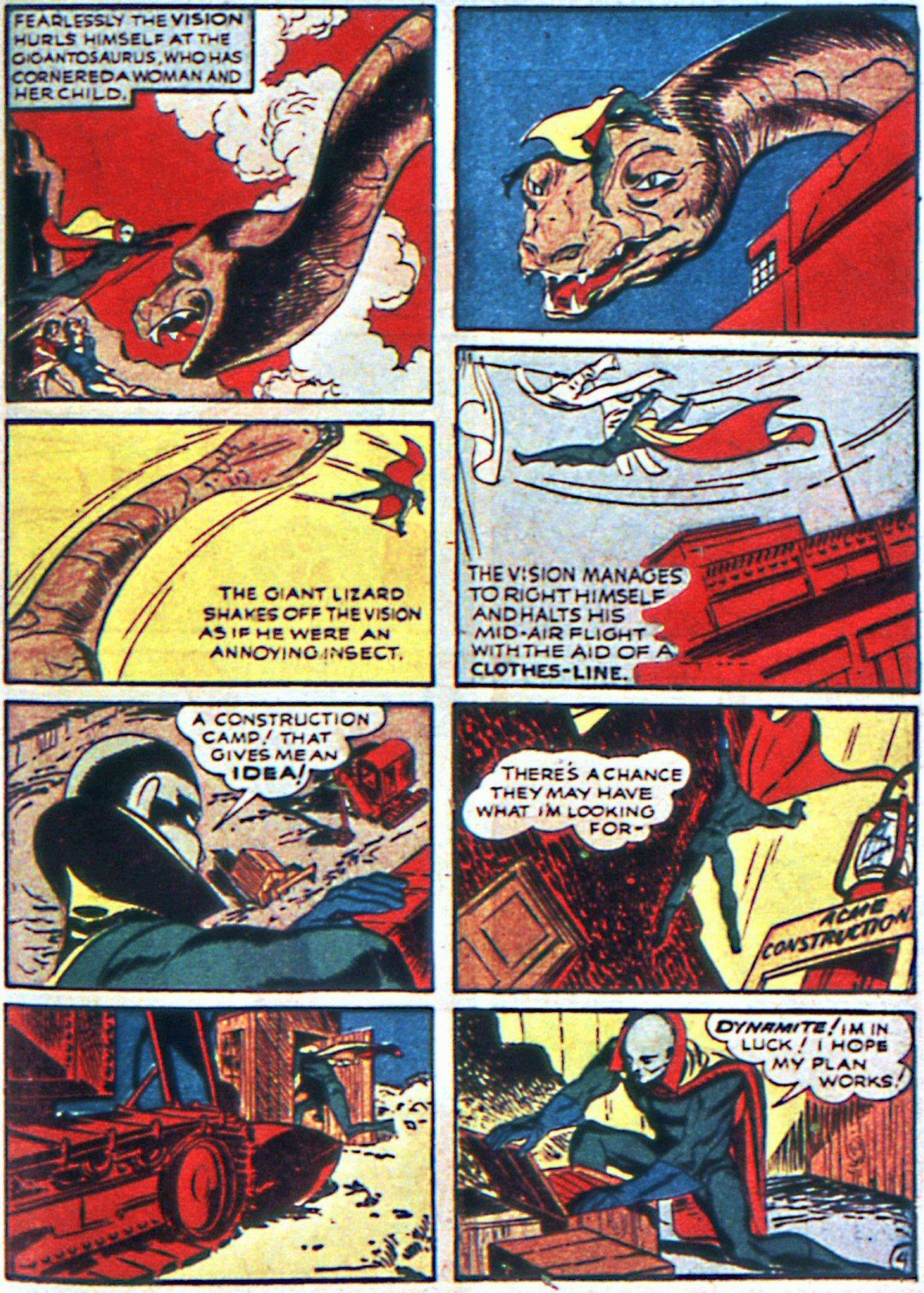
ABOVE THE DIN OF THE STORM COMES AN EAR-SPLITTING CRASH FOLLOWED BY THE SCREAMS OF **TERROR STRICKEN** PEOPLE...

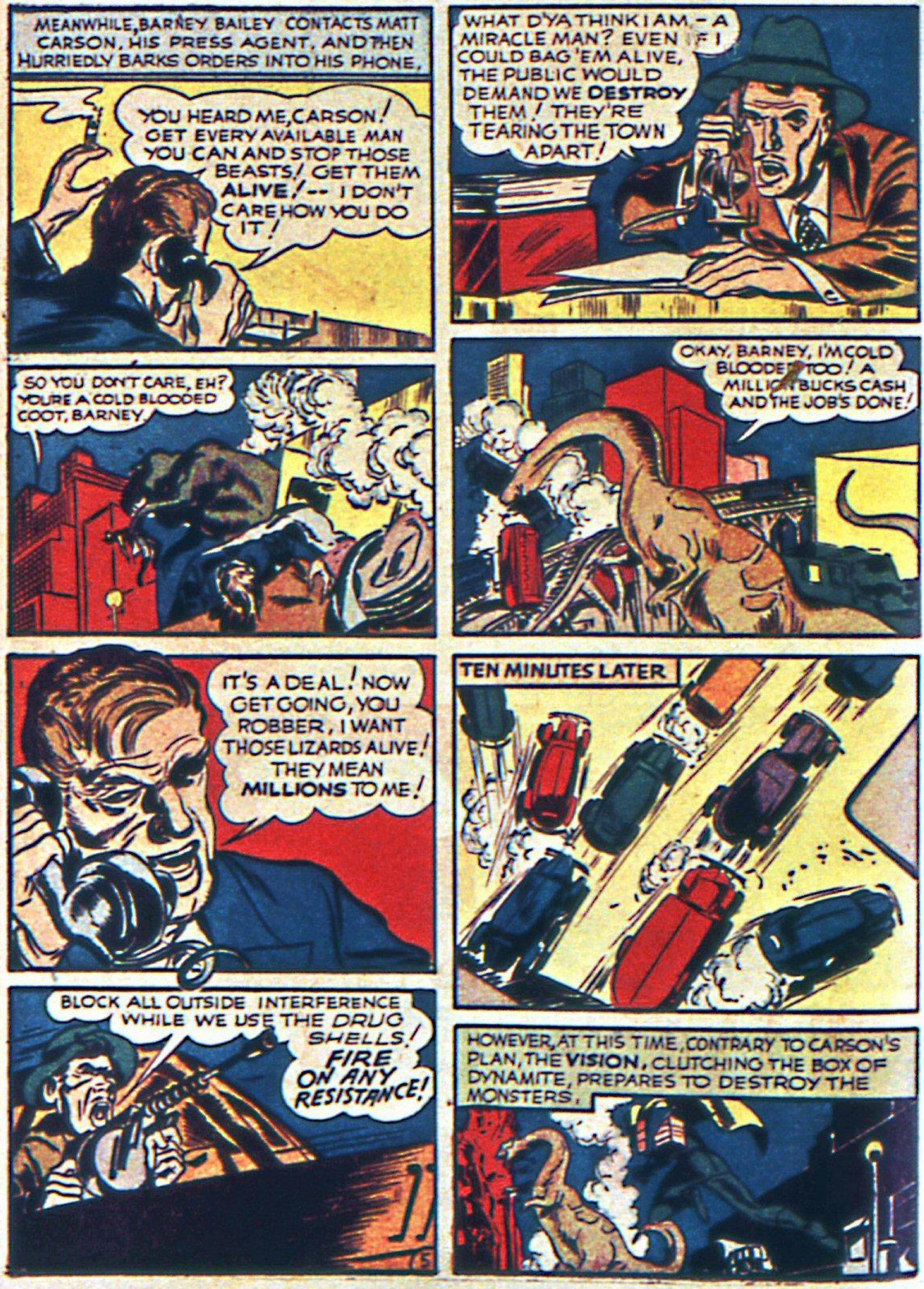
WHAT ON EARTH!
GOOD LORD!!
THE DINOSAURS ARE **LOOSE**!

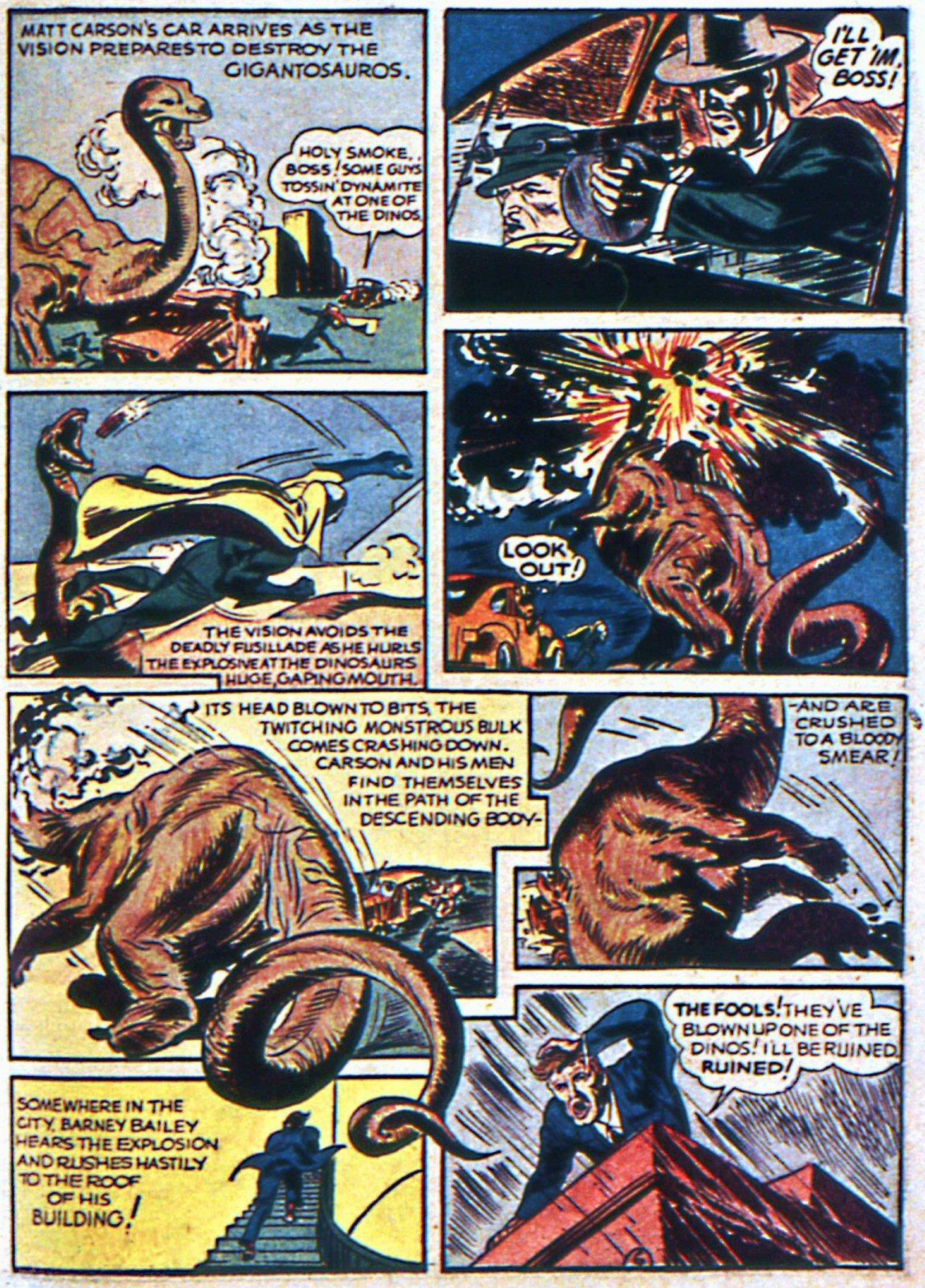
THE ESCAPED TYRANNOSAURUS IS FOLLOWED BY THE HUGE, BEWILDERED GIGANTOSAUROS, WHOSE IMMENSE, LUMBERING FORM REDUCES THE CIRCUS TO A SHAMBLES.

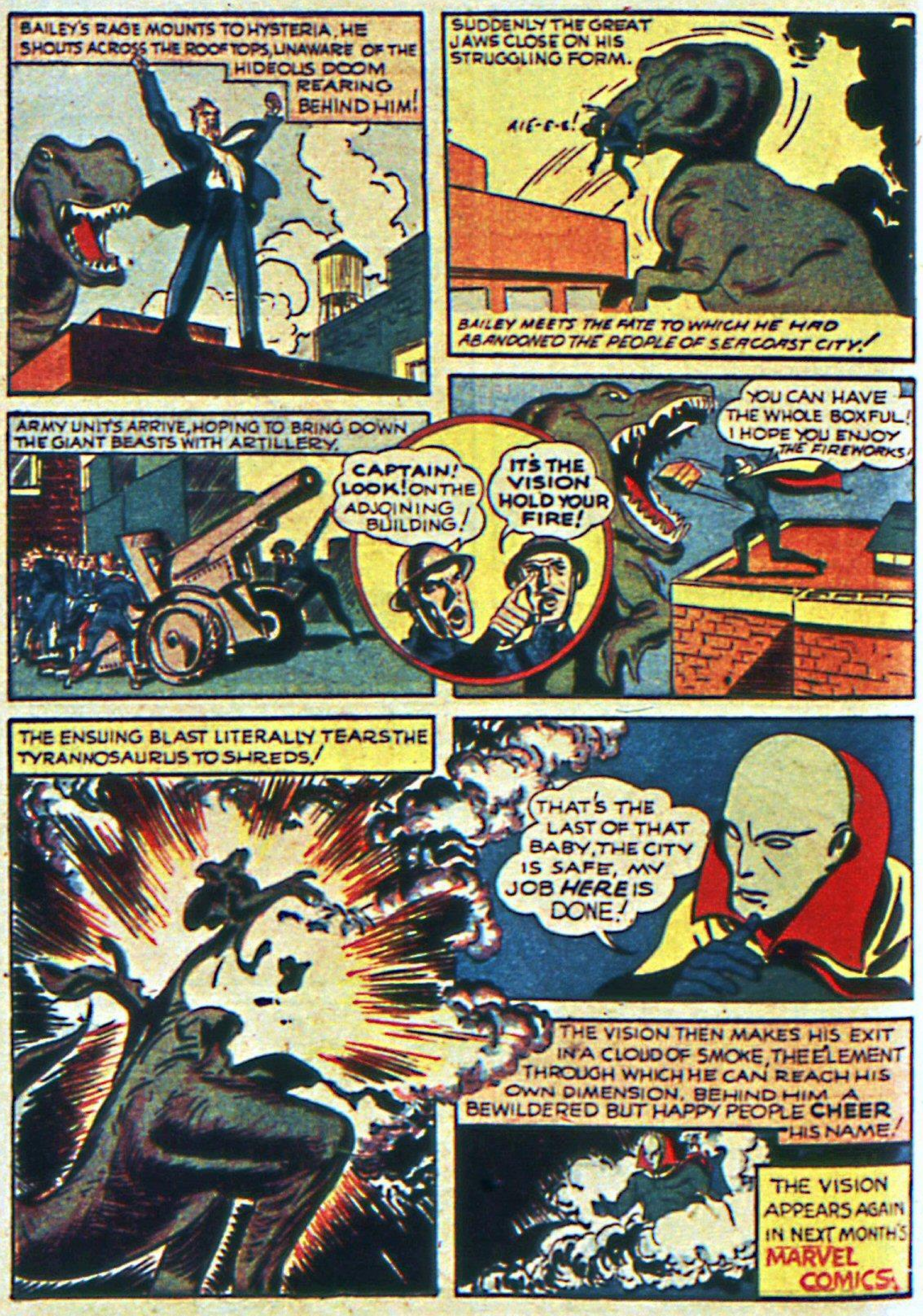
LEAVING DESTRUCTION AND PANIC IN THEIR WAKE. THE DINOSAURS SOON REACH THE HEART OF THE SURROUNDING **CITY**.

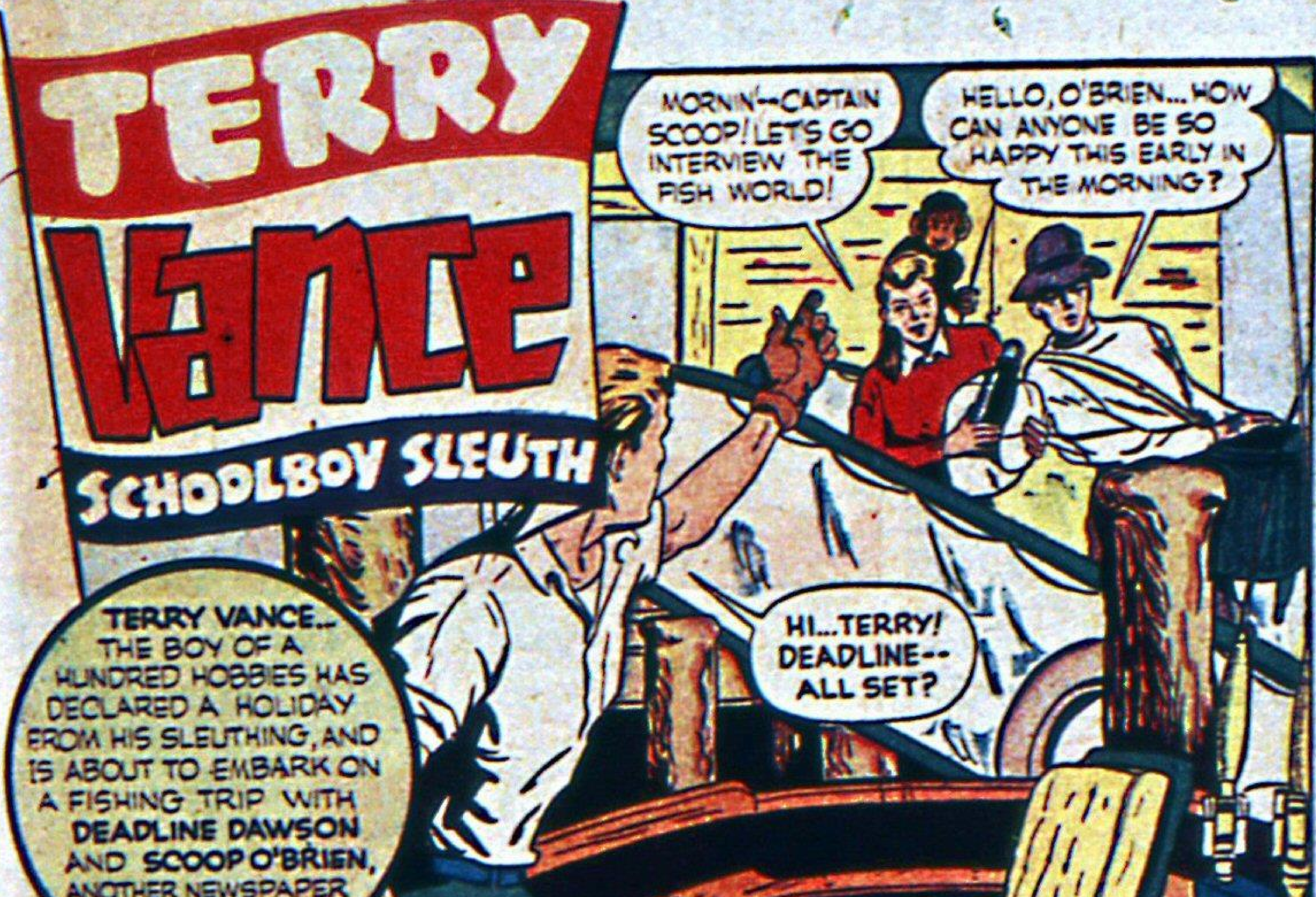
FROM THE SMOKING RUINS OF A DEMOLISHED BUILDING, EMERGES THE **VISION** WHOSE LITHE, MUSCLED FORM HURTLES INTO ACTION.

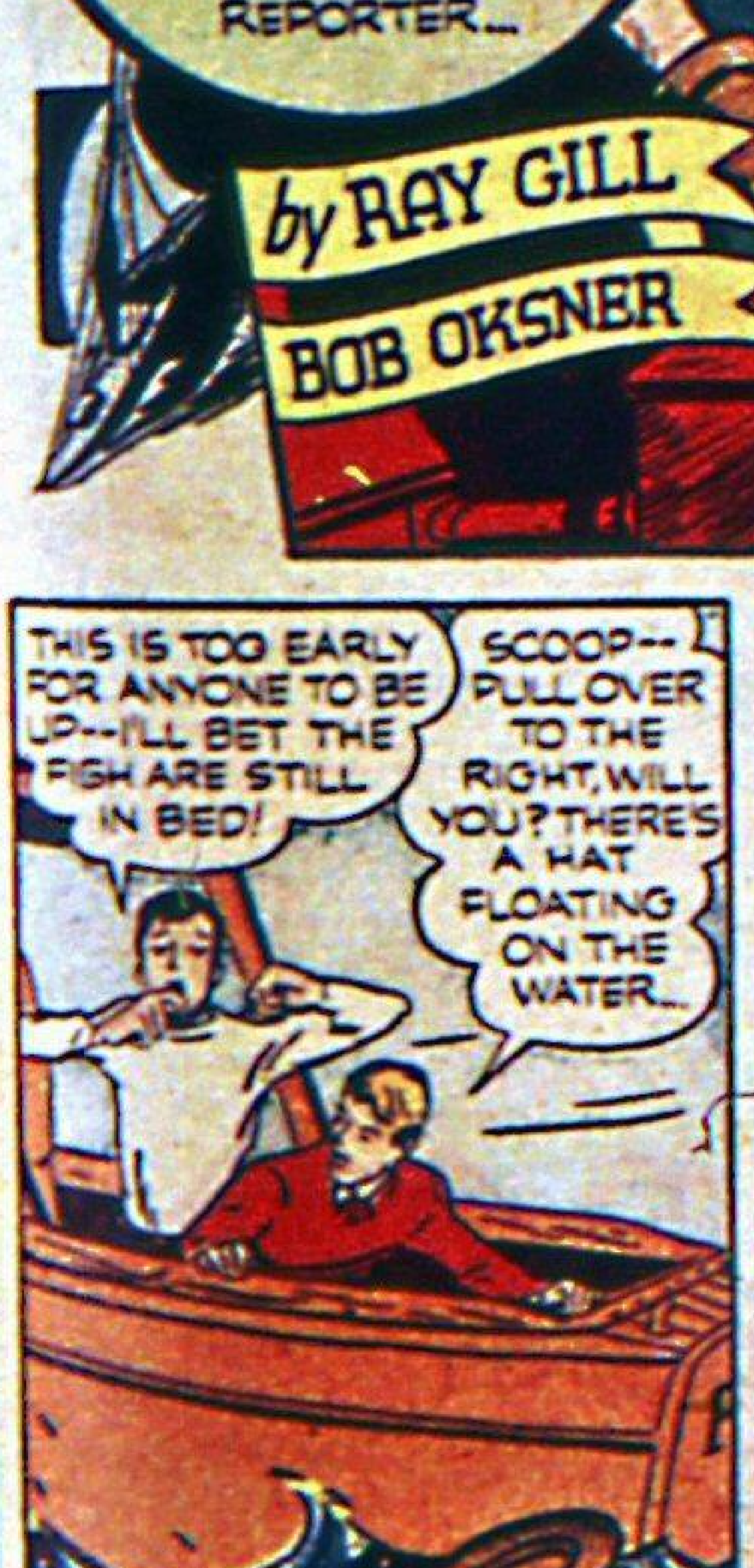

FEARLESSLY THE VISION HURLS HIMSELF AT THE GIGANTOSAURUS, WHO HAS CORNERED A WOMAN AND HER CHILD.
THE GIANT LIZARD SHAKES OFF THE VISION AS IF HE WERE AN ANNOYING INSECT.
THE VISION MANAGES TO RIGHT HIMSELF AND HALTS HIS MID-AIR FLIGHT WITH THE AID OF A CLOTHES-LINE.
A CONSTRUCTION CAMP! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
THERE'S A CHANCE THEY MAY HAVE WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR-
ACME CONSTRUCTION
DYNAMITE! I'M IN LUCK! I HOPE MY PLAN WORKS!
4

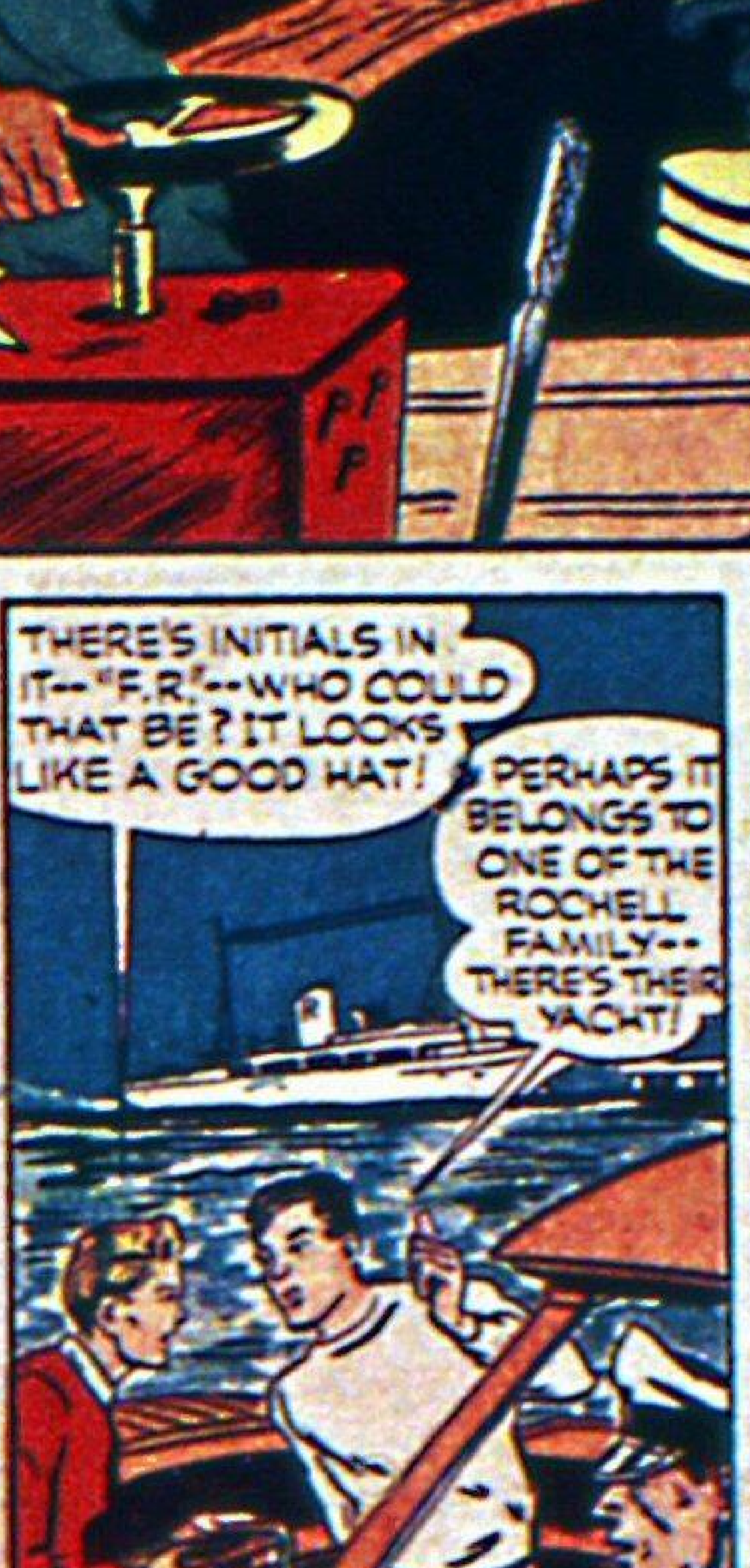

MEANWHILE, BARNEY BAILEY CONTACTS MATT CARSON, HIS PRESS AGENT, AND THEN HURRIEDLY BARKS ORDERS INTO HIS PHONE.
YOU HEARD ME, CARSON! GET EVERY AVAILABLE MAN YOU CAN AND STOP THOSE BEASTS! GET THEM ALIVE! -- I DON'T CARE HOW YOU DO IT!
WHAT D'YA THINK I AM - A MIRACLE MAN? EVEN IF I COULD BAG 'EM ALIVE, THE PUBLIC WOULD DEMAND WE DESTROY THEM! THEY'RE TEARING THE TOWN APART!
SO YOU DON'T CARE, EH? YOU'RE A COLD BLOODED COOT, BARNEY.
OKAY, BARNEY, I'M COLD BLOODED TOO! A MILLION BUCKS CASH AND THE JOB'S DONE!
IT'S A DEAL! NOW GET GOING, YOU ROBBER, I WANT THOSE LIZARDS ALIVE! THEY MEAN MILLIONS TO ME!
TEN MINUTES LATER
BLOCK ALL OUTSIDE INTERFERENCE WHILE WE USE THE DRUG SHELLS! FIRE ON ANY RESISTANCE!
HOWEVER, AT THIS TIME, CONTRARY TO CARSON'S PLAN, THE VISION, CLUTCHING THE BOX OF DYNAMITE, PREPARES TO DESTROY THE MONSTERS.

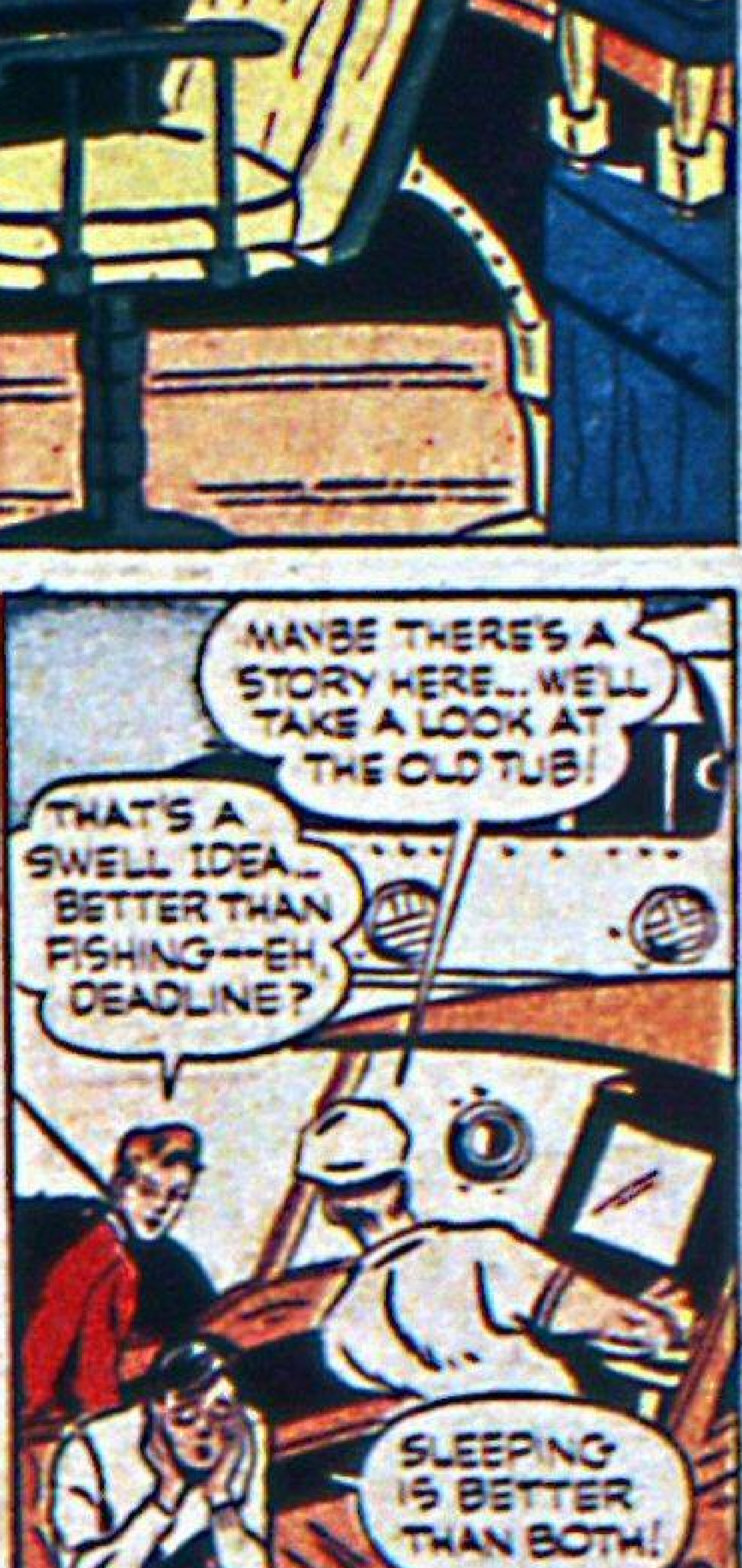

MATT CARSON'S CAR ARRIVES AS THE VISION PREPARES TO DESTROY THE GIGANTOSAUROS.
HOLY SMOKE, BOSS! SOME GUYS TOSSIN' DYNAMITE AT ONE OF THE DINOS.
I'LL GET 'IM, BOSS!
THE VISION AVOIDS THE DEADLY FUSILLADE AS HE HURLS THE EXPLOSIVE AT THE DINOSAUR'S HUGE, GAPING MOUTH.
LOOK OUT!
ITS HEAD BLOWN TO BITS, THE TWITCHING MONSTROUS BULK COMES CRASHING DOWN. CARSON AND HIS MEN FIND THEMSELVES IN THE PATH OF THE DESCENDING BODY-
-AND ARE CRUSHED TO A BLOODY SMEAR!
SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY, BARNEY BAILEY HEARS THE EXPLOSION AND RUSHES HASTILY TO THE ROOF OF HIS BUILDING!
THE FOOLS! THEY'VE BLOWN UP ONE OF THE DINOS! I'LL BE RUINED. RUINED!

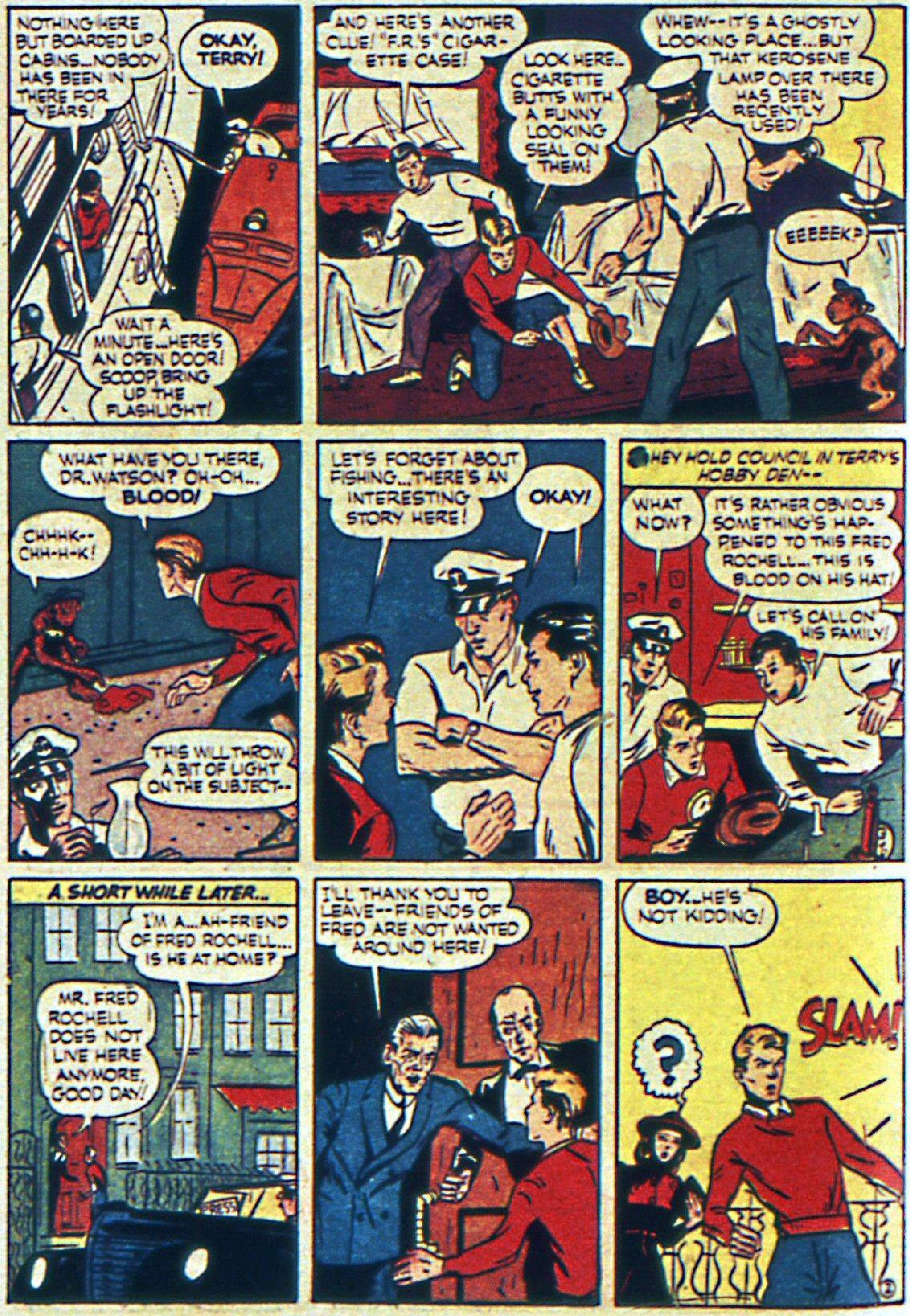

BAILEY'S RAGE MOUNTS TO HYSTERIA, HE SHOUTS ACROSS THE ROOFTOPS, UNAWARE OF THE HIDEOUS DOOM REARING BEHIND HIM!
SUDDENLY THE GREAT JAWS CLOSE ON HIS STRUGGLING FORM.
AIE-E-E!
BAILEY MEETS THE FATE TO WHICH HE HAD ABANDONED THE PEOPLE OF SEACOAST CITY!
ARMY UNITS ARRIVE, HOPING TO BRING DOWN THE GIANT BEASTS WITH ARTILLERY.
CAPTAIN! LOOK! ON THE ADJOINING BUILDING!
IT'S THE VISION HOLD YOUR FIRE!
YOU CAN HAVE THE WHOLE BOXFUL! I HOPE YOU ENJOY THE FIREWORKS!
THE ENSUING BLAST LITERALLY TEARS THE TYRANNOSAURUS TO SHREDS!
THAT'S THE LAST OF THAT BABY, THE CITY IS SAFE, MY JOB *HERE* IS DONE!
THE VISION THEN MAKES HIS EXIT IN A CLOUD OF SMOKE, THE ELEMENT THROUGH WHICH HE CAN REACH HIS OWN DIMENSION. BEHIND HIM A BEWILDERED BUT HAPPY PEOPLE **CHEER** HIS NAME!
THE VISION APPEARS AGAIN IN NEXT MONTH'S MARVEL COMICS.

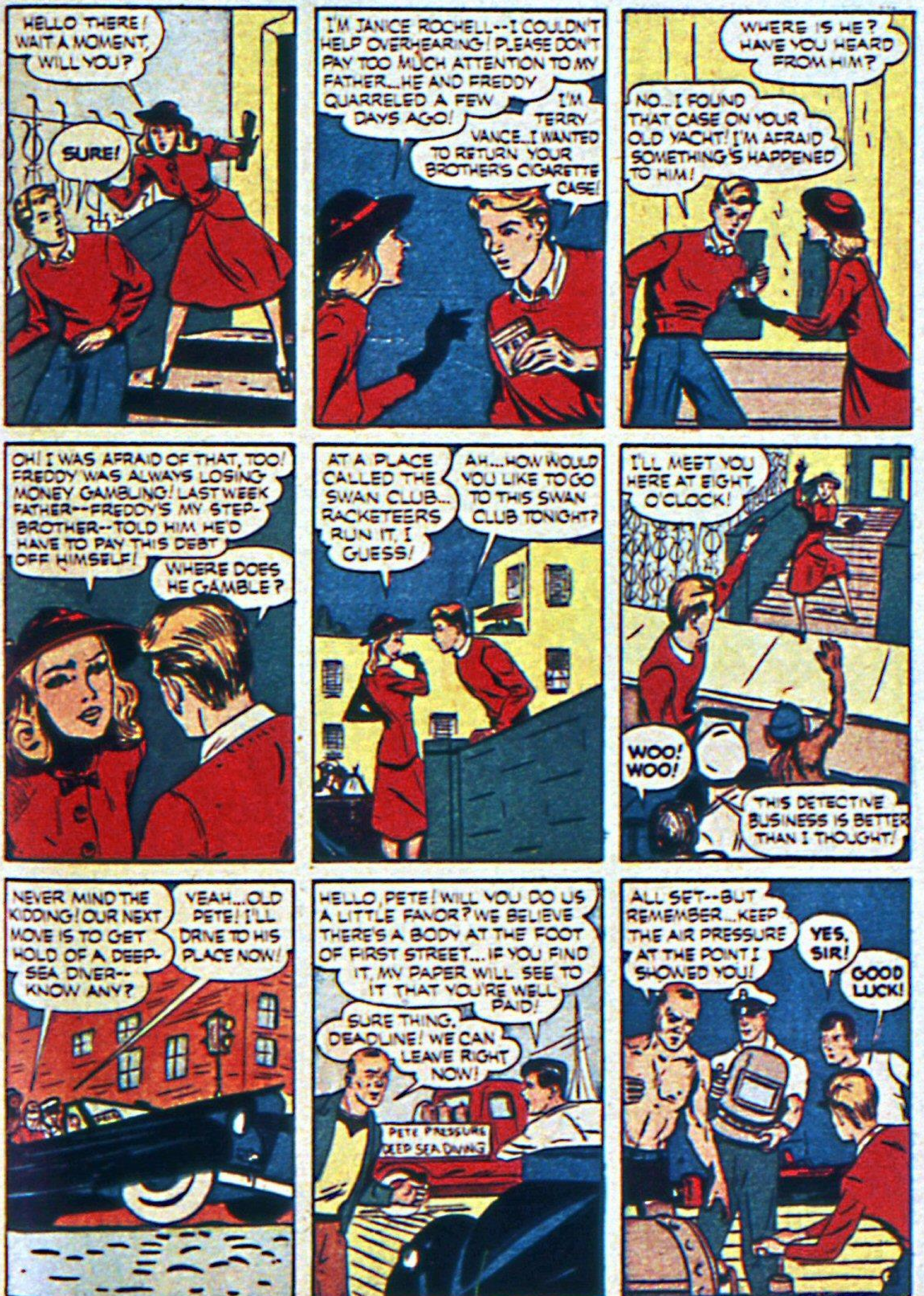

TERRY VANCE
SCHOOLBOY SLEUTH
TERRY VANCE.. THE BOY OF A HUNDRED HOBBIES HAS DECLARED A HOLIDAY FROM HIS SLEUTHING, AND IS ABOUT TO EMBARK ON A FISHING TRIP WITH DEADLINE DAWSON AND SCOOP O'BRIEN, ANOTHER NEWSPAPER REPORTER...
by RAY GILL
BOB OKSNER
MORNIN'--CAPTAIN SCOOP! LET'S GO INTERVIEW THE FISH WORLD!
HELLO, O'BRIEN... HOW CAN ANYONE BE SO HAPPY THIS EARLY IN THE MORNING?
HI...TERRY! DEADLINE--ALL SET?

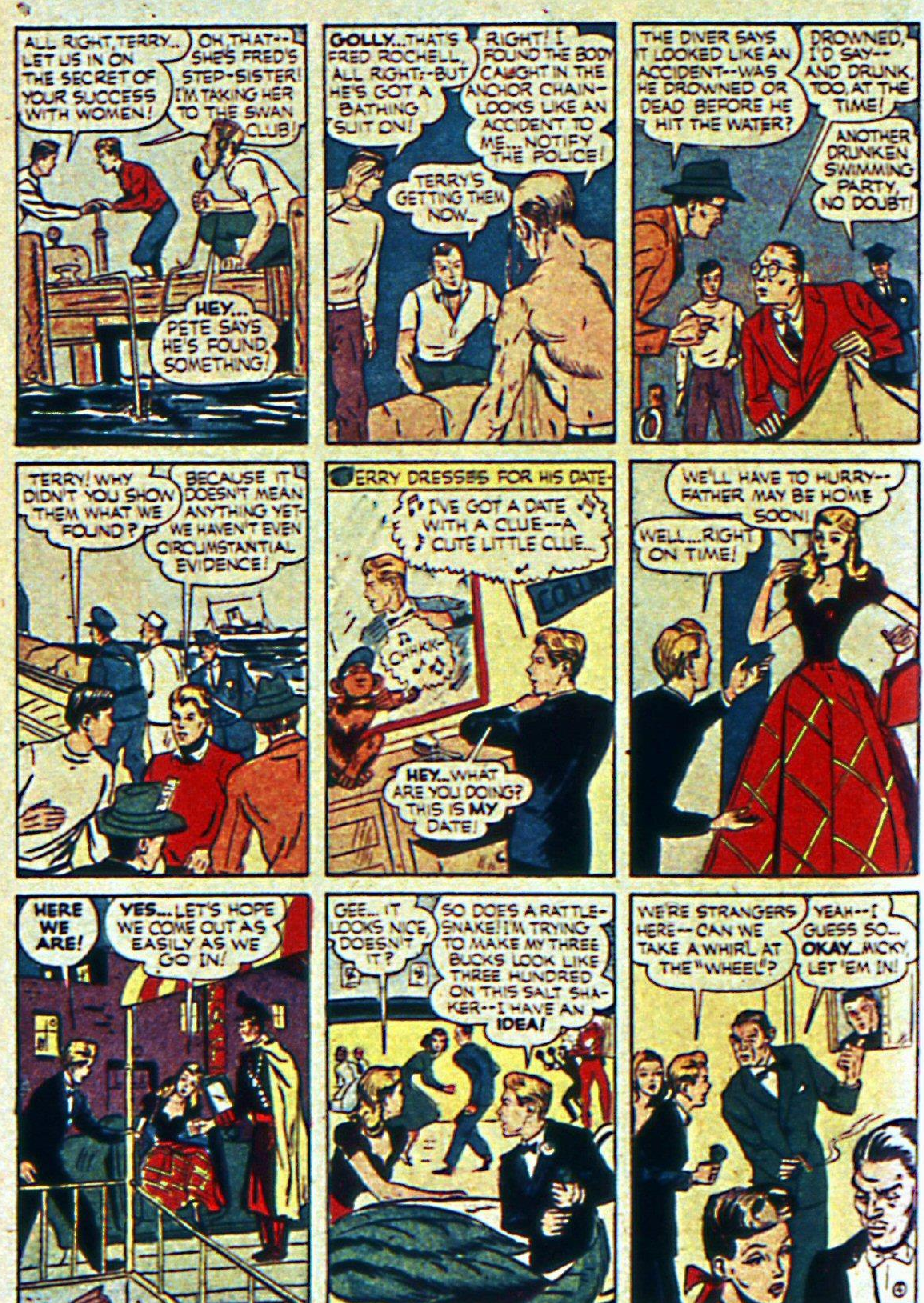

THIS IS TOO EARLY FOR ANYONE TO BE UP--I'LL BET THE FISH ARE STILL IN BED!
SCOOP--PULL OVER TO THE RIGHT, WILL YOU? THERE'S A HAT FLOATING ON THE WATER...

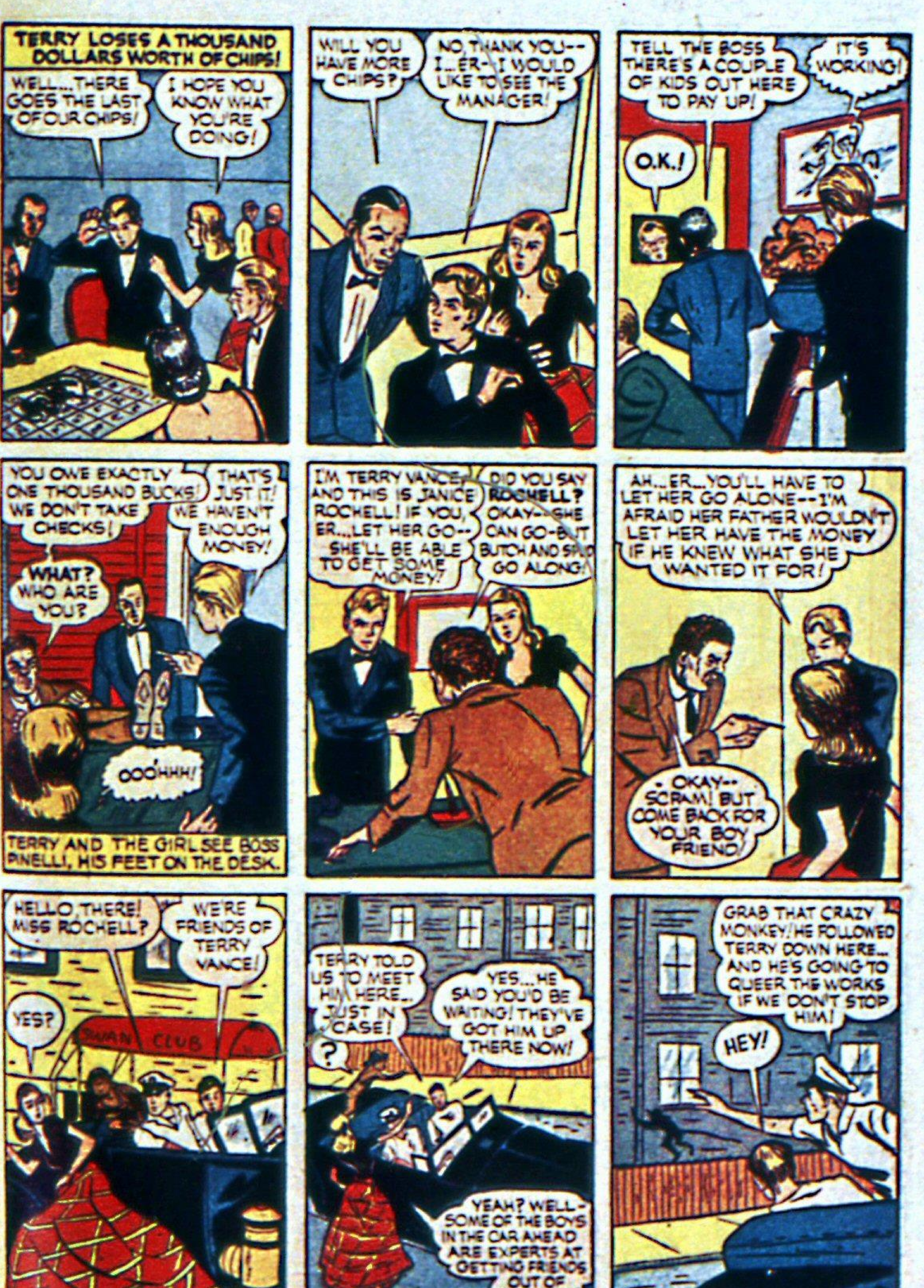

THERE'S INITIALS IN IT--"F.R."--WHO COULD THAT BE? IT LOOKS LIKE A GOOD HAT!
PERHAPS IT BELONGS TO ONE OF THE ROCHELL FAMILY--THERE'S THEIR YACHT!

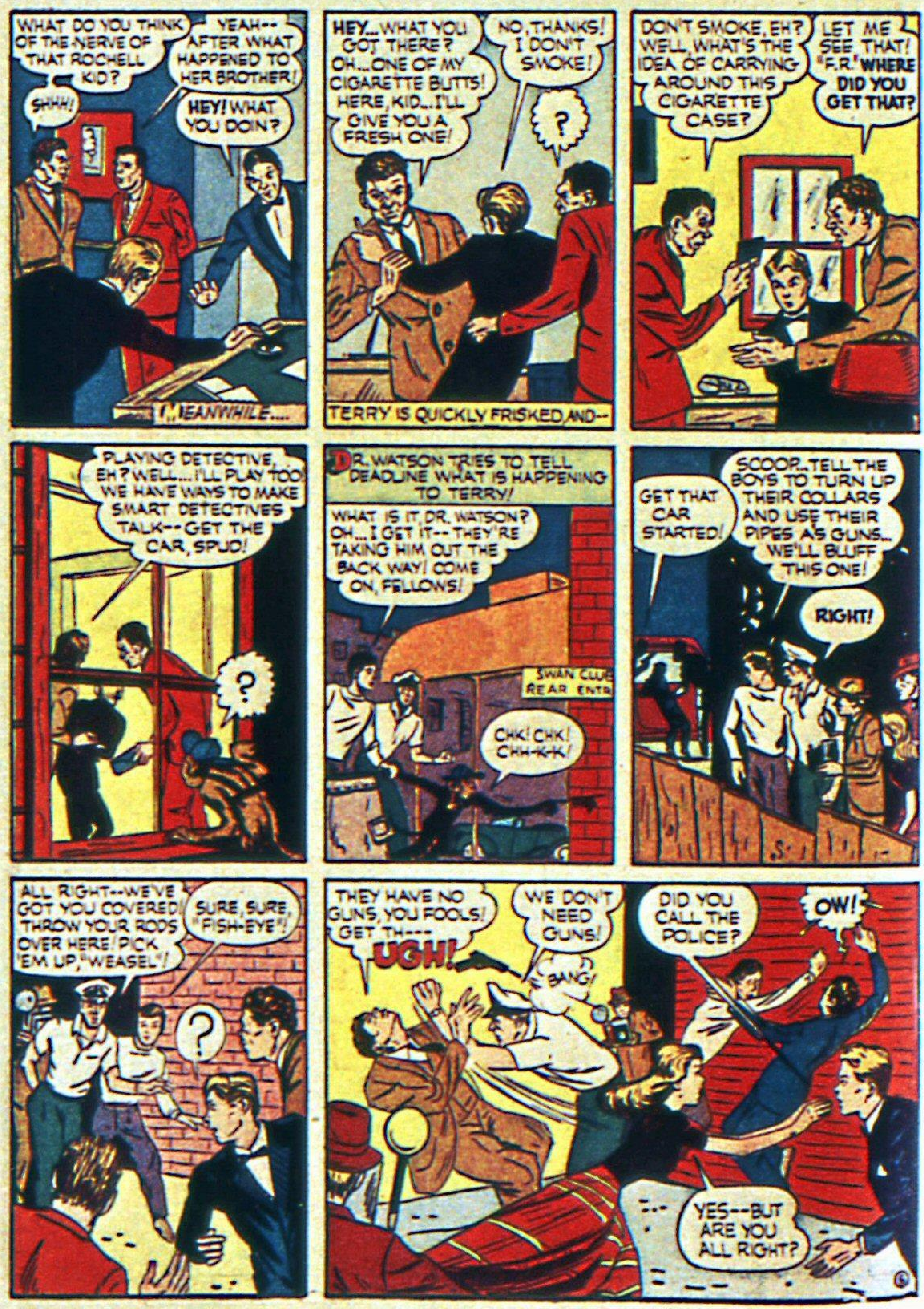

MAYBE THERE'S A STORY HERE... WE'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THE OLD TUB!
THAT'S A SWELL IDEA... BETTER THAN FISHING--EH, DEADLINE?
SLEEPING IS BETTER THAN BOTH!

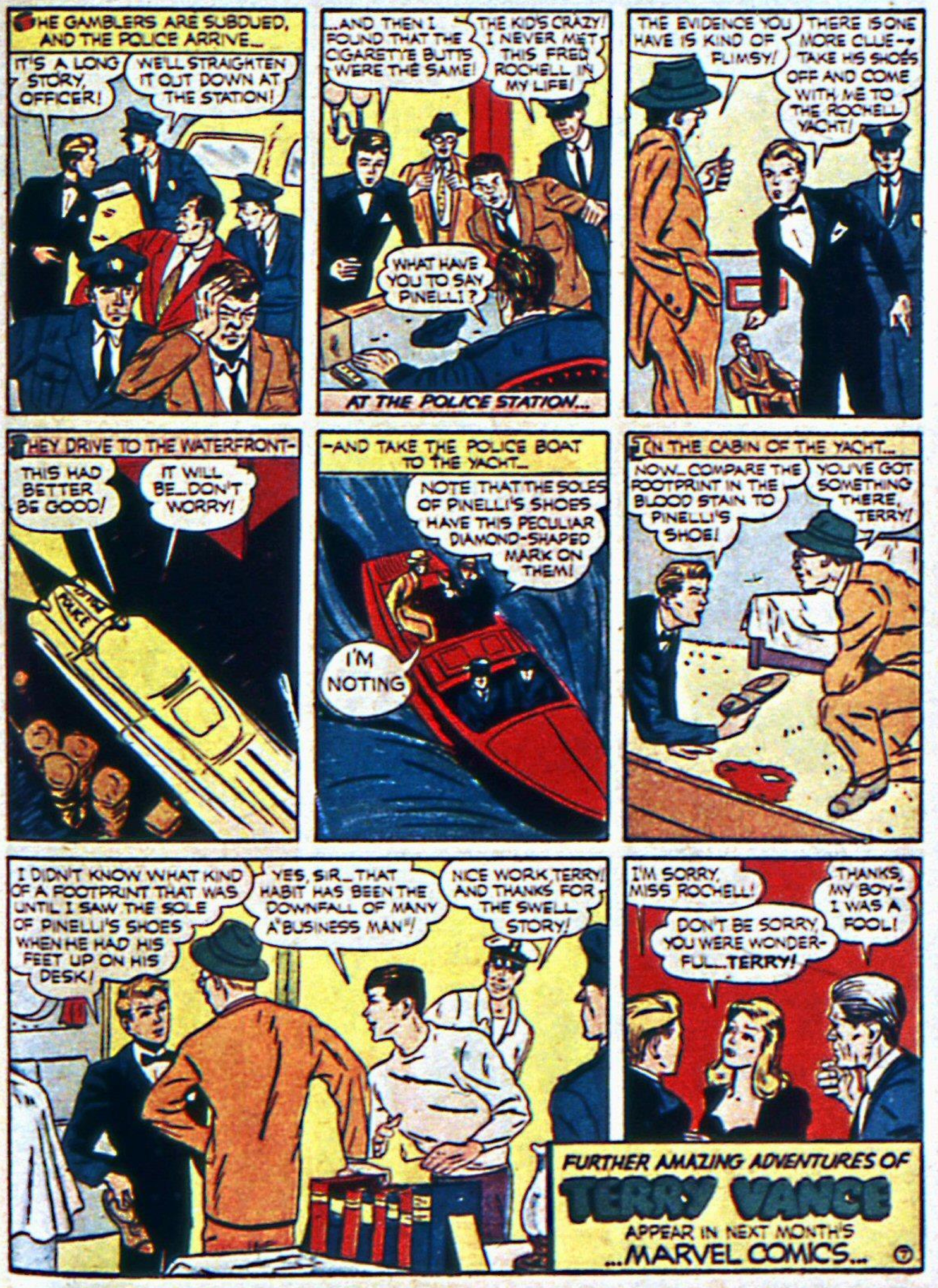

NOTHING HERE BUT BOARDED UP CABINS...NOBODY HAS BEEN IN THERE FOR YEARS!
OKAY, TERRY!
WAIT A MINUTE...HERE'S AN OPEN DOOR! SCOOP, BRING UP THE FLASHLIGHT!
AND HERE'S ANOTHER CLUE! "F.R.'S" CIGARETTE CASE!
LOOK HERE... CIGARETTE BUTTS WITH A FUNNY LOOKING SEAL ON THEM!
WHEW--IT'S A GHOSTLY LOOKING PLACE...BUT THAT KEROSENE LAMP OVER THERE HAS BEEN RECENTLY USED!
EEEEEK?
WHAT HAVE YOU THERE, DR. WATSON? OH-OH... BLOOD!
CHHHK-- CHH-H-K!
THIS WILL THROW A BIT OF LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT--
LET'S FORGET ABOUT FISHING...THERE'S AN INTERESTING STORY HERE!
OKAY!
THEY HOLD COUNCIL IN TERRY'S HOBBY DEN--
WHAT NOW?
IT'S RATHER OBVIOUS SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO THIS FRED ROCHELL...THIS IS BLOOD ON HIS HAT!
LET'S CALL ON HIS FAMILY!
A SHORT WHILE LATER...
I'M A...AH-FRIEND OF FRED ROCHELL... IS HE AT HOME?
MR. FRED ROCHELL DOES NOT LIVE HERE ANYMORE. GOOD DAY!
I'LL THANK YOU TO LEAVE--FRIENDS OF FRED ARE NOT WANTED AROUND HERE!
BOY...HE'S NOT KIDDING!
SLAM!
?

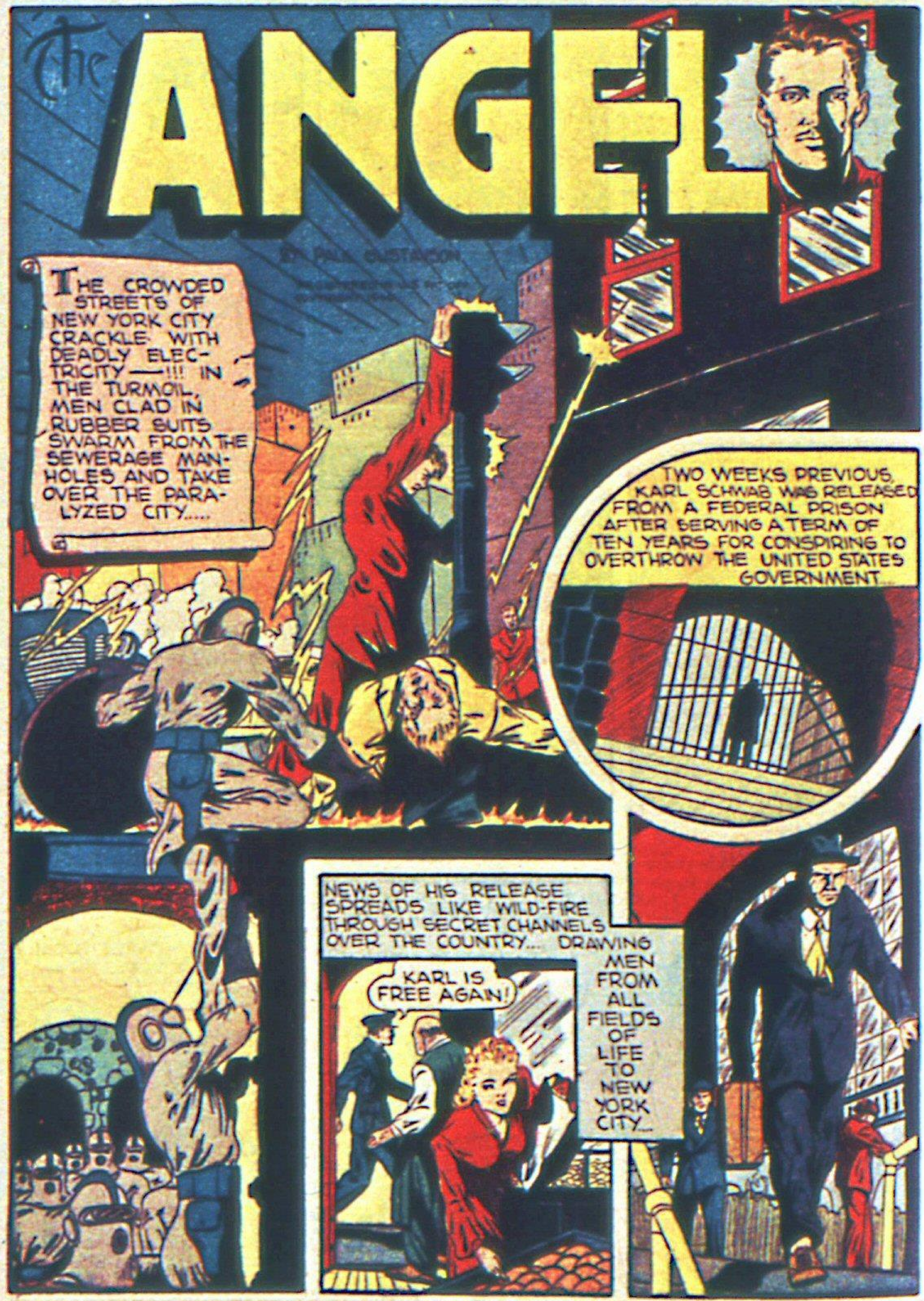

HELLO THERE! WAIT A MOMENT, WILL YOU?
SURE!
I'M JANICE ROCHELL--I COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING! PLEASE DON'T PAY TOO MUCH ATTENTION TO MY FATHER...HE AND FREDDY QUARRELED A FEW DAYS AGO!
I'M TERRY VANCE...I WANTED TO RETURN YOUR BROTHER'S CIGARETTE CASE!
WHERE IS HE? HAVE YOU HEARD FROM HIM?
NO...I FOUND THAT CASE ON YOUR OLD YACHT! I'M AFRAID SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM!
OH! I WAS AFRAID OF THAT, TOO! FREDDY WAS ALWAYS LOSING MONEY GAMBLING! LAST WEEK FATHER--FREDDY'S MY STEP-BROTHER--TOLD HIM HE'D HAVE TO PAY THIS DEBT OFF HIMSELF!
WHERE DOES HE GAMBLE?
AT A PLACE CALLED THE SWAN CLUB... RACKETEERS RUN IT, I GUESS!
AH...HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO TO THIS SWAN CLUB TONIGHT?
I'LL MEET YOU HERE AT EIGHT O'CLOCK!
WOO! WOO!
THIS DETECTIVE BUSINESS IS BETTER THAN I THOUGHT!
NEVER MIND THE KIDDING! OUR NEXT MOVE IS TO GET HOLD OF A DEEP-SEA DIVER-- KNOW ANY?
YEAH...OLD PETE! I'LL DRIVE TO HIS PLACE NOW!
HELLO, PETE! WILL YOU DO US A LITTLE FAVOR? WE BELIEVE THERE'S A BODY AT THE FOOT OF FIRST STREET... IF YOU FIND IT, MY PAPER WILL SEE TO IT THAT YOU'RE WELL PAID!
SURE THING, DEADLINE! WE CAN LEAVE RIGHT NOW!
PETE PRESSURE DEEP SEA DIVING
ALL SET--BUT REMEMBER...KEEP THE AIR PRESSURE AT THE POINT I SHOWED YOU!
YES, SIR!
GOOD LUCK!

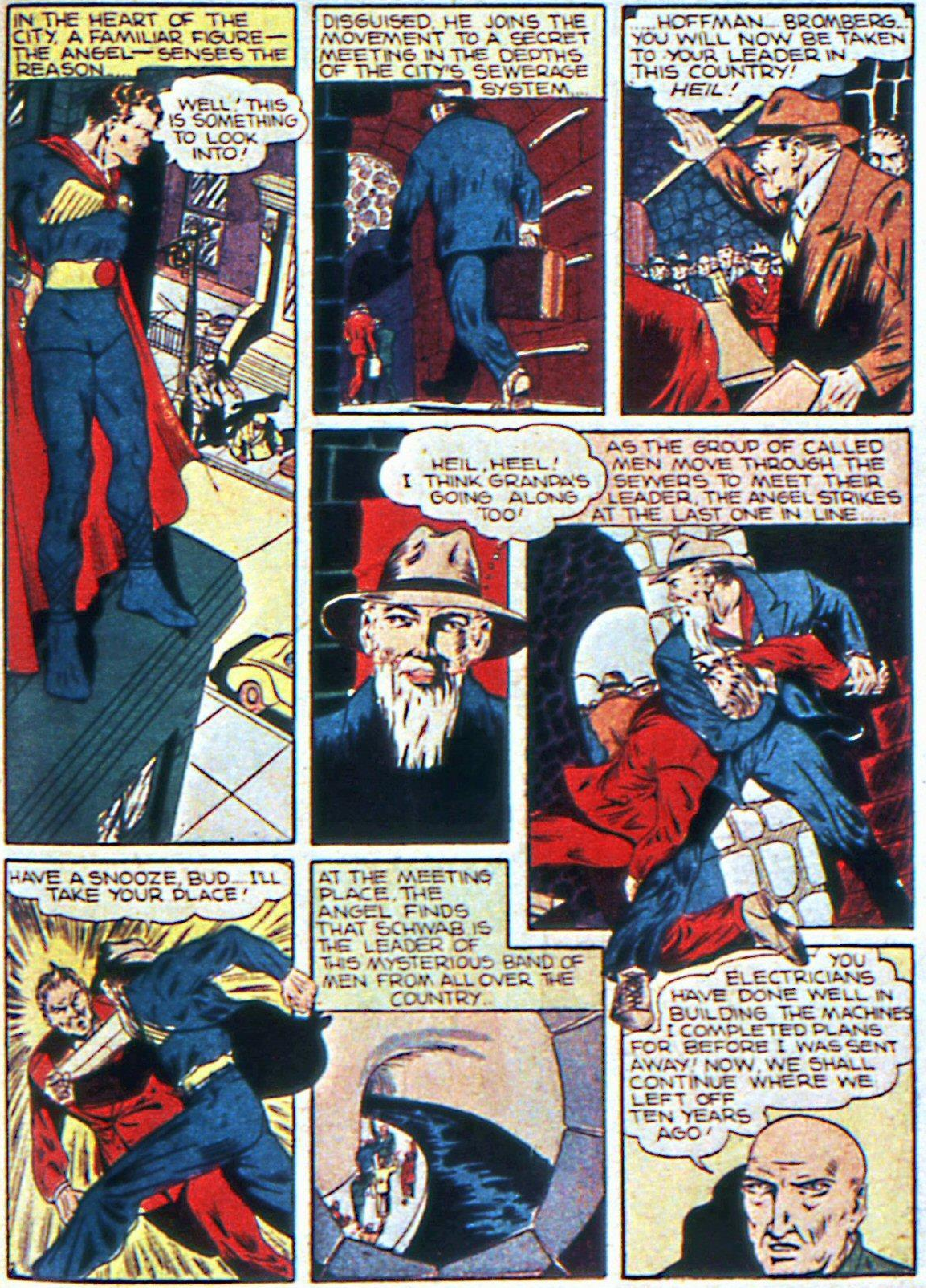

ALL RIGHT, TERRY... LET US IN ON THE SECRET OF YOUR SUCCESS WITH WOMEN!
OH THAT-- SHE'S FRED'S STEP-SISTER! I'M TAKING HER TO THE SWAN CLUB!
HEY... PETE SAYS HE'S FOUND SOMETHING!
GOLLY...THAT'S FRED ROCHELL ALL RIGHT!--BUT HE'S GOT A BATHING SUIT ON!
RIGHT! I FOUND THE BODY CAUGHT IN THE ANCHOR CHAIN-- LOOKS LIKE AN ACCIDENT TO ME...NOTIFY THE POLICE!
TERRY'S GETTING THEM NOW...
THE DIVER SAYS IT LOOKED LIKE AN ACCIDENT--WAS HE DROWNED OR DEAD BEFORE HE HIT THE WATER?
DROWNED, I'D SAY-- AND DRUNK, TOO, AT THE TIME!
ANOTHER DRUNKEN SWIMMING PARTY, NO DOUBT!
TERRY! WHY DIDN'T YOU SHOW THEM WHAT WE FOUND?
BECAUSE IT DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING YET-- WE HAVEN'T EVEN CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE!
ERRY DRESSES FOR HIS DATE-
I'VE GOT A DATE WITH A CLUE--A CUTE LITTLE CLUE...
CHKK-
HEY...WHAT ARE YOU DOING? THIS IS MY DATE!
WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY-- FATHER MAY BE HOME SOON!
WELL...RIGHT ON TIME!
HERE WE ARE!
YES...LET'S HOPE WE COME OUT AS EASILY AS WE GO IN!
GEE... IT LOOKS NICE, DOESN'T IT?
SO DOES A RATTLE-SNAKE! I'M TRYING TO MAKE MY THREE BUCKS LOOK LIKE THREE HUNDRED ON THIS SALT SHAKER--I HAVE AN IDEA!
WE'RE STRANGERS HERE-- CAN WE TAKE A WHIRL AT THE "WHEEL"?
YEAH--I GUESS SO... OKAY...MICKY, LET 'EM IN!

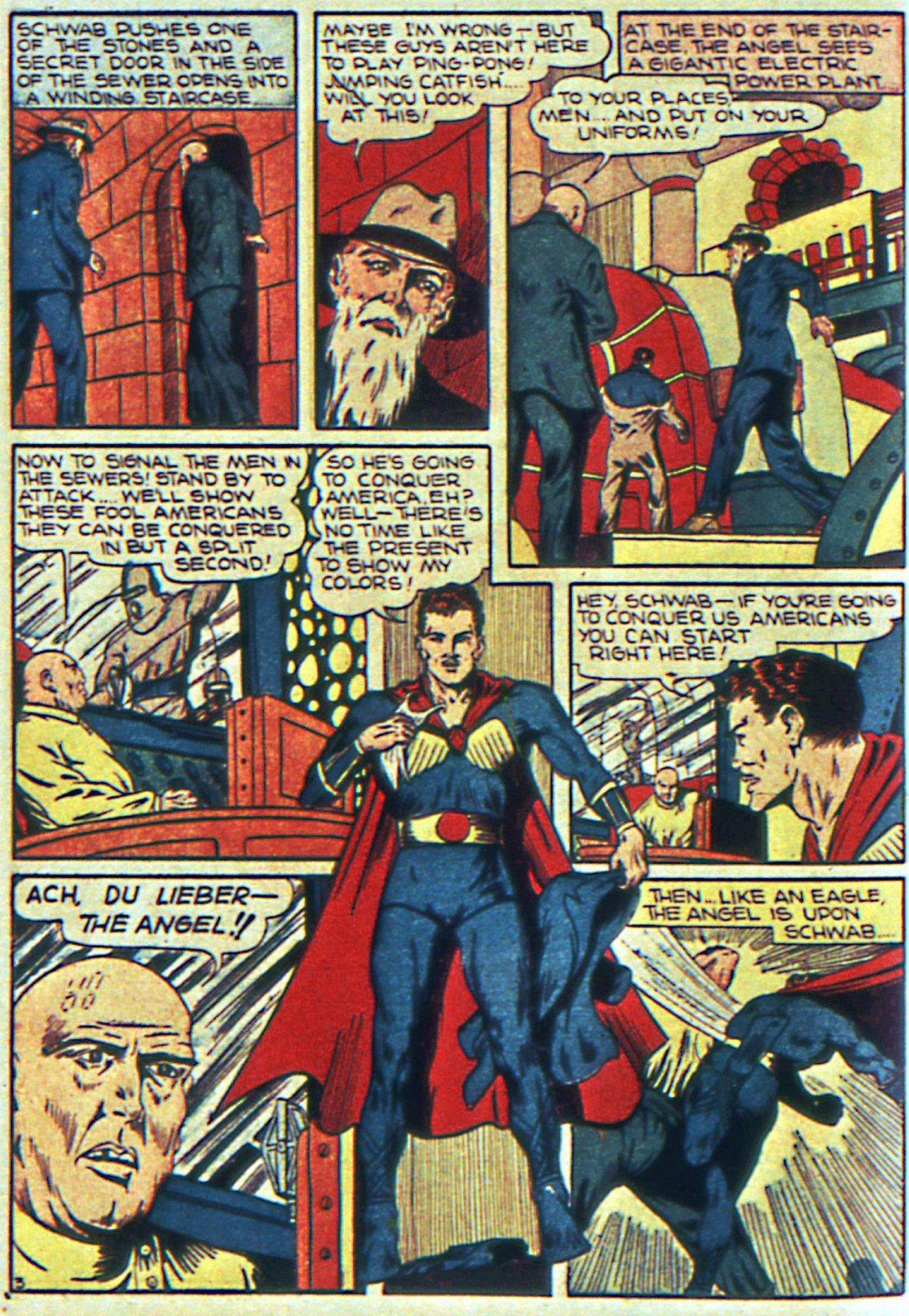

TERRY LOSES A THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF CHIPS!
WELL... THERE GOES THE LAST OF OUR CHIPS!
I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
WILL YOU HAVE MORE CHIPS?
NO, THANK YOU-- I... ER--I WOULD LIKE TO SEE THE MANAGER!
TELL THE BOSS THERE'S A COUPLE OF KIDS OUT HERE TO PAY UP!
IT'S WORKING!
O.K.!
YOU OWE EXACTLY ONE THOUSAND BUCKS! WE DON'T TAKE CHECKS!
THAT'S JUST IT! WE HAVEN'T ENOUGH MONEY!
WHAT? WHO ARE YOU?
OOOHHH!
TERRY AND THE GIRL SEE BOSS PINELLI, HIS FEET ON THE DESK.
I'M TERRY VANCE, AND THIS IS JANICE ROCHELL! IF YOU, ER... LET HER GO-- SHE'LL BE ABLE TO GET SOME MONEY!
DID YOU SAY ROCHELL? OKAY--SHE CAN GO-BUT BUTCH AND SID GO ALONG!
AH... ER... YOU'LL HAVE TO LET HER GO ALONE--I'M AFRAID HER FATHER WOULDN'T LET HER HAVE THE MONEY IF HE KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED IT FOR!
- OKAY-- SCRAM! BUT COME BACK FOR YOUR BOY FRIEND!
HELLO, THERE! MISS ROCHELL?
WE'RE FRIENDS OF TERRY VANCE!
YES?
SWAN CLUB
TERRY TOLD US TO MEET HIM HERE... JUST IN CASE!
YES... HE SAID YOU'D BE WAITING! THEY'VE GOT HIM UP THERE NOW!
?
YEAH? WELL- SOME OF THE BOYS IN THE CAR AHEAD ARE EXPERTS AT GETTING FRIENDS OUT OF TROUBLE!
GRAB THAT CRAZY MONKEY! HE FOLLOWED TERRY DOWN HERE... AND HE'S GOING TO QUEER THE WORKS IF WE DON'T STOP HIM!
HEY!

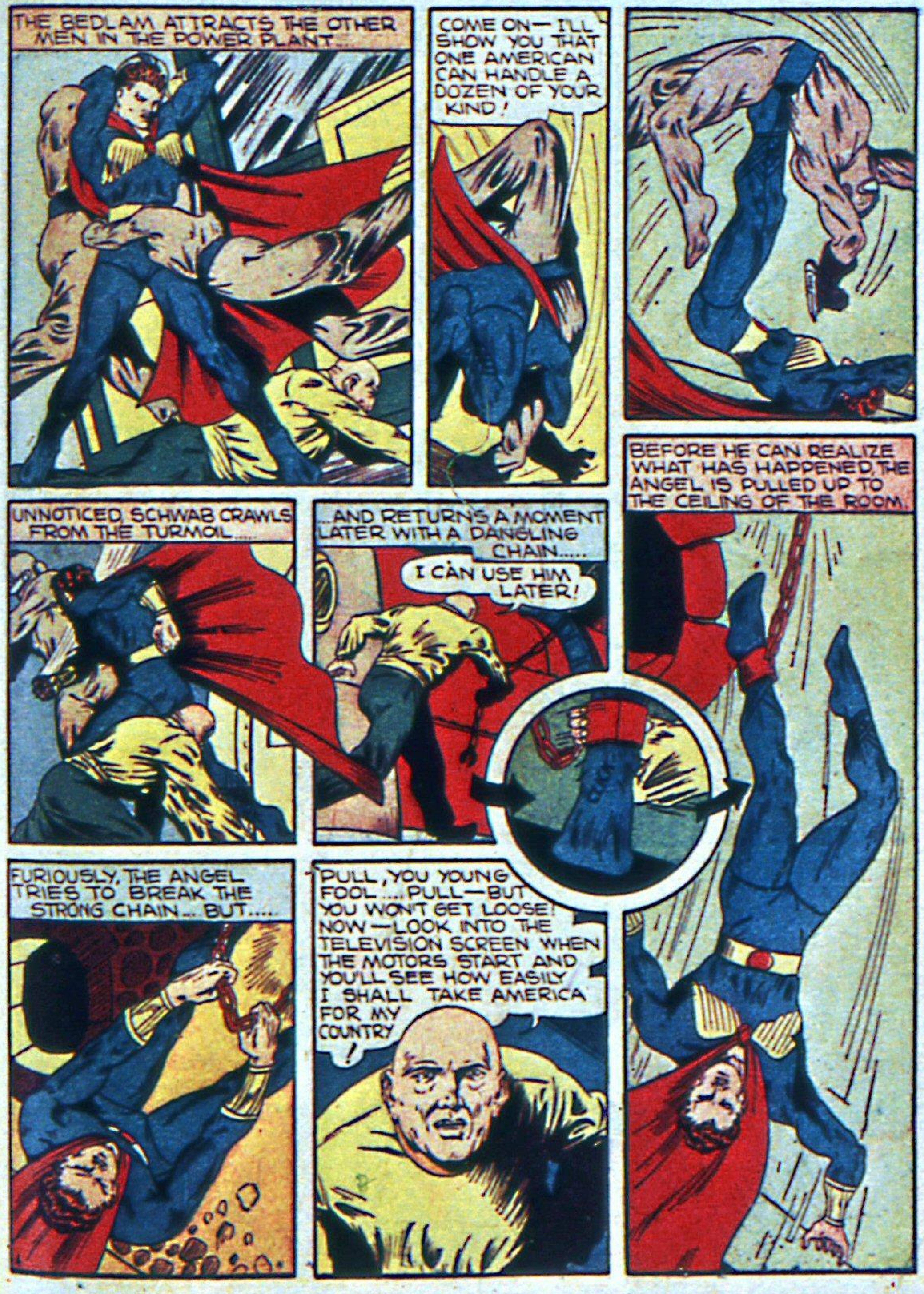

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE NERVE OF THAT ROCHELL KID?
YEAH-- AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO HER BROTHER!
SHHH!
HEY! WHAT YOU DOIN?
MEANWHILE....
HEY...WHAT YOU GOT THERE? OH...ONE OF MY CIGARETTE BUTTS! HERE, KID...I'LL GIVE YOU A FRESH ONE!
NO, THANKS! I DON'T SMOKE!
?
TERRY IS QUICKLY FRISKED AND--
DON'T SMOKE, EH? WELL, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF CARRYING AROUND THIS CIGARETTE CASE?
LET ME SEE THAT! "F.R." WHERE DID YOU GET THAT?
PLAYING DETECTIVE, EH? WELL...I'LL PLAY TOO! WE HAVE WAYS TO MAKE SMART DETECTIVES TALK--GET THE CAR, SPUD!
?
DR. WATSON TRIES TO TELL DEADLINE WHAT IS HAPPENING TO TERRY!
WHAT IS IT, DR. WATSON? OH...I GET IT--THEY'RE TAKING HIM OUT THE BACK WAY! COME ON, FELLOWS!
SWAN CLUB REAR ENTR
CHK! CHK! CHH-K-K!
GET THAT CAR STARTED!
SCOOP...TELL THE BOYS TO TURN UP THEIR COLLARS AND USE THEIR PIPES AS GUNS... WE'LL BLUFF THIS ONE!
RIGHT!
ALL RIGHT--WE'VE GOT YOU COVERED! THROW YOUR RODS OVER HERE! PICK 'EM UP, "WEASEL"!
SURE, SURE, "FISH-EYE"!
?
THEY HAVE NO GUNS, YOU FOOLS! GET TH---
UGH!
WE DON'T NEED GUNS!
BANG!
DID YOU CALL THE POLICE?
OW!
YES--BUT ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

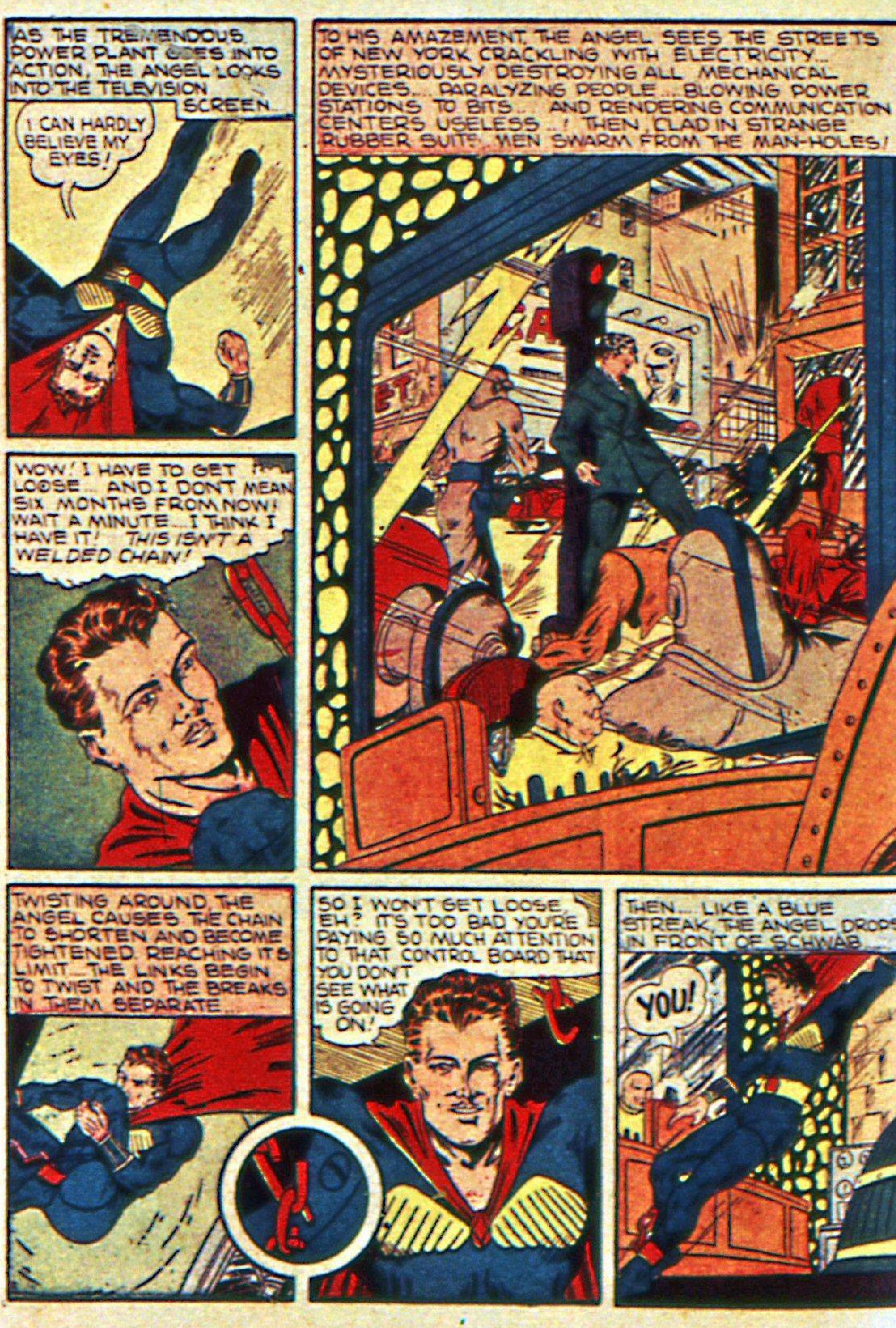

THE GAMBLERS ARE SUBDUED, AND THE POLICE ARRIVE...
IT'S A LONG STORY, OFFICER!
WE'LL STRAIGHTEN IT OUT DOWN AT THE STATION!
...AND THEN I FOUND THAT THE CIGARETTE BUTTS WERE THE SAME!
THE KID'S CRAZY! I NEVER MET THIS FRED ROCHELL IN MY LIFE!
WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY PINELLI?
AT THE POLICE STATION...
THE EVIDENCE YOU HAVE IS KIND OF FLIMSY!
THERE IS ONE MORE CLUE-- TAKE HIS SHOES OFF AND COME WITH ME TO THE ROCHELL YACHT!
THEY DRIVE TO THE WATERFRONT-
THIS HAD BETTER BE GOOD!
IT WILL BE...DON'T WORRY!
POLICE
-AND TAKE THE POLICE BOAT TO THE YACHT...
NOTE THAT THE SOLES OF PINELLI'S SHOES HAVE THIS PECULIAR DIAMOND-SHAPED MARK ON THEM!
I'M NOTING
IN THE CABIN OF THE YACHT...
NOW...COMPARE THE FOOTPRINT IN THE BLOOD STAIN TO PINELLI'S SHOE!
YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE, TERRY!
I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF A FOOTPRINT THAT WAS UNTIL I SAW THE SOLE OF PINELLI'S SHOES WHEN HE HAD HIS FEET UP ON HIS DESK!
YES, SIR...THAT HABIT HAS BEEN THE DOWNFALL OF MANY A "BUSINESS MAN"!
NICE WORK, TERRY! AND THANKS FOR THE SWELL STORY!
I'M SORRY, MISS ROCHELL!
DON'T BE SORRY, YOU WERE WONDERFUL...TERRY!
THANKS, MY BOY- I WAS A FOOL!
FURTHER AMAZING ADVENTURES OF
TERRY VANCE
APPEAR IN NEXT MONTH'S ...MARVEL COMICS...
7

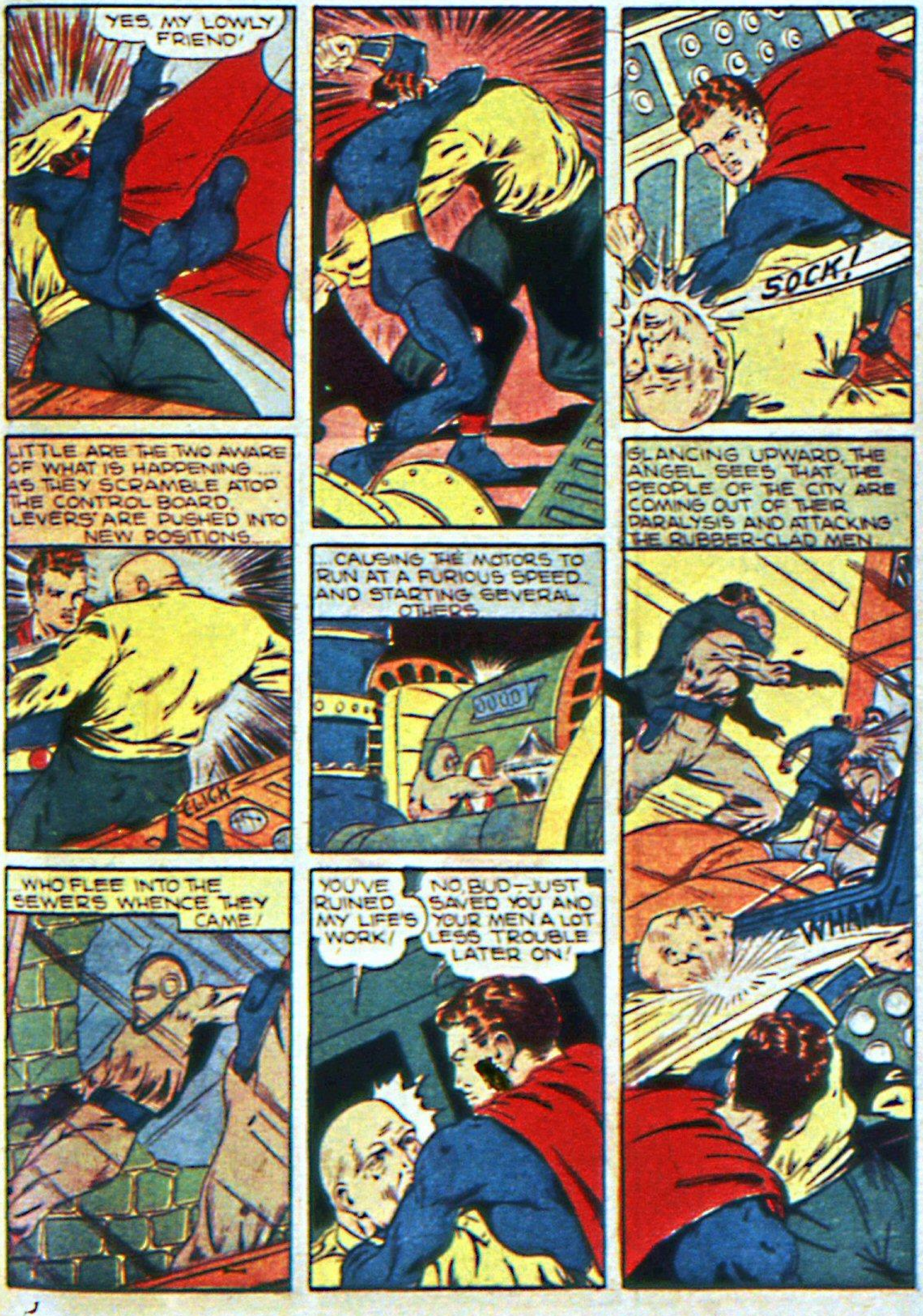

The ANGEL
By PAUL GUSTAVSON
THE CROWDED STREETS OF NEW YORK CITY CRACKLE WITH DEADLY ELECTRICITY—!!! IN THE TURMOIL, MEN CLAD IN RUBBER SUITS SWARM FROM THE SEWERAGE MANHOLES AND TAKE OVER THE PARALYZED CITY.....
TWO WEEKS PREVIOUS, KARL SCHWAB WAS RELEASED FROM A FEDERAL PRISON AFTER SERVING A TERM OF TEN YEARS FOR CONSPIRING TO OVERTHROW THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT...
NEWS OF HIS RELEASE SPREADS LIKE WILD-FIRE THROUGH SECRET CHANNELS OVER THE COUNTRY... DRAWING MEN FROM ALL FIELDS OF LIFE TO NEW YORK CITY...
KARL IS FREE AGAIN!

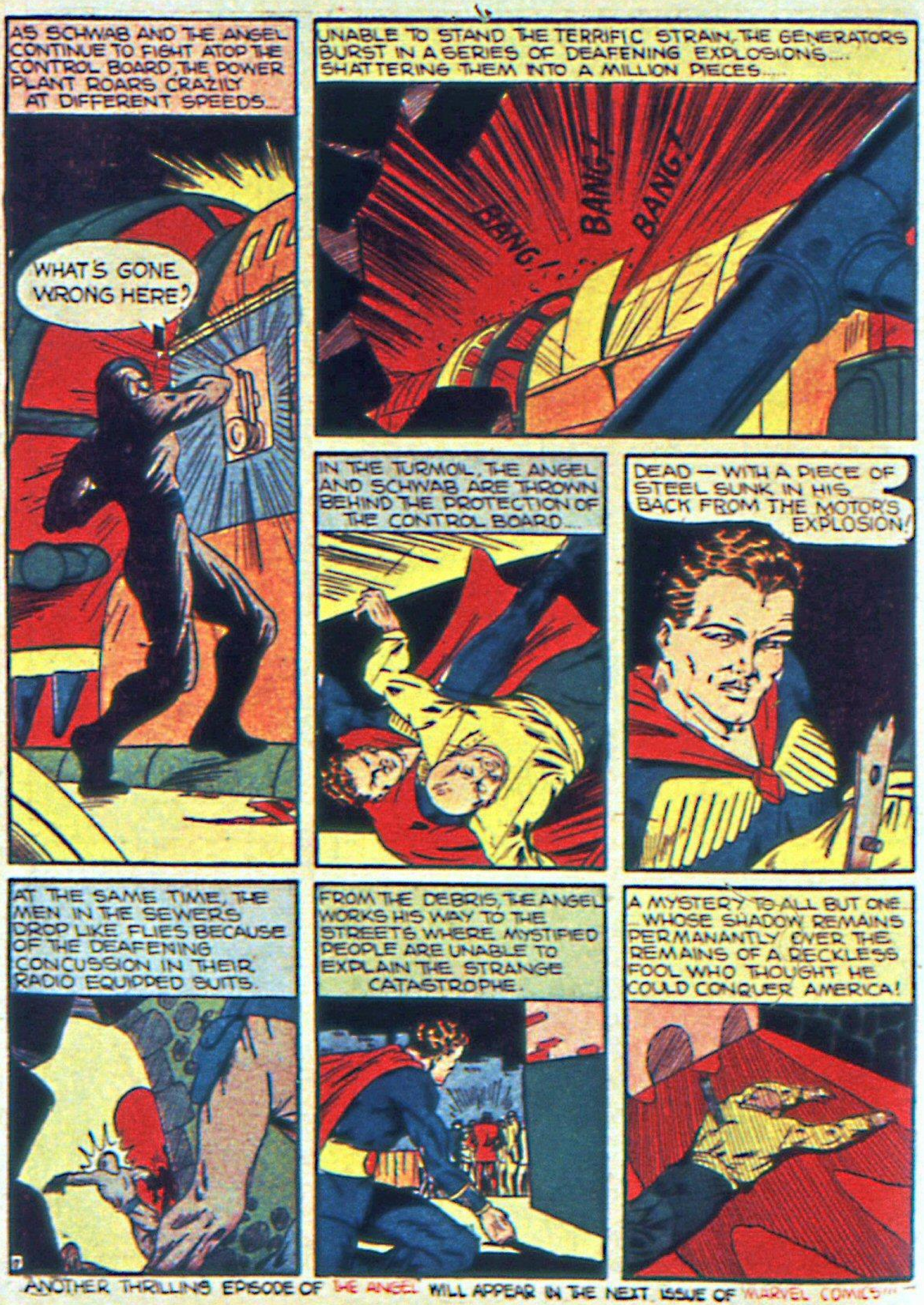

IN THE HEART OF THE CITY, A FAMILIAR FIGURE— THE ANGEL—SENSES THE REASON....
WELL! THIS IS SOMETHING TO LOOK INTO!
DISGUISED, HE JOINS THE MOVEMENT TO A SECRET MEETING IN THE DEPTHS OF THE CITY'S SEWERAGE SYSTEM....
....HOFFMAN... BROMBERG... YOU WILL NOW BE TAKEN TO YOUR LEADER IN THIS COUNTRY! HEIL!
HEIL, HEEL! I THINK GRANPA'S GOING ALONG TOO!
AS THE GROUP OF CALLED MEN MOVE THROUGH THE SEWERS TO MEET THEIR LEADER, THE ANGEL STRIKES AT THE LAST ONE IN LINE....
HAVE A SNOOZE, BUD....I'LL TAKE YOUR PLACE!
AT THE MEETING PLACE, THE ANGEL FINDS THAT SCHWAB IS THE LEADER OF THIS MYSTERIOUS BAND OF MEN FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY..
YOU ELECTRICIANS HAVE DONE WELL IN BUILDING THE MACHINES I COMPLETED PLANS FOR BEFORE I WAS SENT AWAY! NOW, WE SHALL CONTINUE WHERE WE LEFT OFF TEN YEARS AGO!


SCHWAB PUSHES ONE OF THE STONES AND A SECRET DOOR IN THE SIDE OF THE SEWER OPENS INTO A WINDING STAIRCASE....
MAYBE I'M WRONG — BUT THESE GUYS AREN'T HERE TO PLAY PING-PONG! JUMPING CATFISH.... WILL YOU LOOK AT THIS!
AT THE END OF THE STAIRCASE, THE ANGEL SEES A GIGANTIC ELECTRIC POWER PLANT....
TO YOUR PLACES, MEN... AND PUT ON YOUR UNIFORMS!
NOW TO SIGNAL THE MEN IN THE SEWERS! STAND BY TO ATTACK.... WELL SHOW THESE FOOL AMERICANS THEY CAN BE CONQUERED IN BUT A SPLIT SECOND!
SO HE'S GOING TO CONQUER AMERICA, EH? WELL — THERE'S NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT TO SHOW MY COLORS!
HEY, SCHWAB — IF YOU'RE GOING TO CONQUER US AMERICANS YOU CAN START RIGHT HERE!
ACH, DU LIEBER — THE ANGEL!!
THEN... LIKE AN EAGLE, THE ANGEL IS UPON SCHWAB....


THE BEDLAM ATTRACTS THE OTHER MEN IN THE POWER PLANT...
COME ON—I'LL SHOW YOU THAT ONE AMERICAN CAN HANDLE A DOZEN OF YOUR KIND!
BEFORE HE CAN REALIZE WHAT HAS HAPPENED, THE ANGEL IS PULLED UP TO THE CEILING OF THE ROOM.
UNNOTICED, SCHWAB CRAWLS FROM THE TURMOIL.....
...AND RETURNS A MOMENT LATER WITH A DANGLING CHAIN.....
I CAN USE HIM LATER!
FURIOUSLY, THE ANGEL TRIES TO BREAK THE STRONG CHAIN... BUT.....
PULL, YOU YOUNG FOOL....PULL—BUT YOU WON'T GET LOOSE! NOW—LOOK INTO THE TELEVISION SCREEN WHEN THE MOTORS START AND YOU'LL SEE HOW EASILY I SHALL TAKE AMERICA FOR MY COUNTRY!

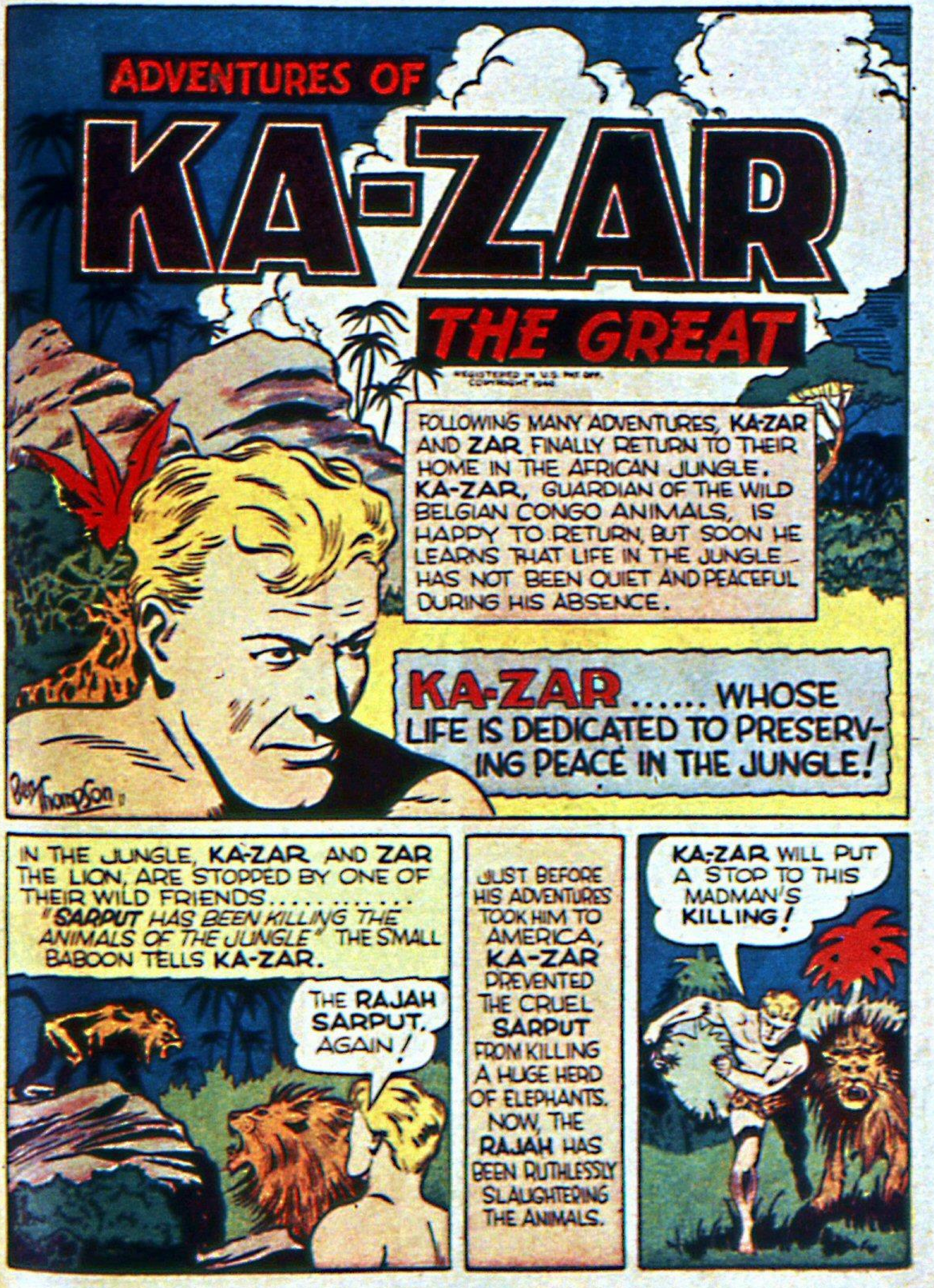

AS THE TREMENDOUS POWER PLANT GOES INTO ACTION, THE ANGEL LOOKS INTO THE TELEVISION SCREEN...
I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE MY EYES!
TO HIS AMAZEMENT, THE ANGEL SEES THE STREETS OF NEW YORK CRACKLING WITH ELECTRICITY... MYSTERIOUSLY DESTROYING ALL MECHANICAL DEVICES... PARALYZING PEOPLE... BLOWING POWER STATIONS TO BITS... AND RENDERING COMMUNICATION CENTERS USELESS...! THEN, CLAD IN STRANGE RUBBER SUITS, MEN SWARM FROM THE MAN-HOLES!
WOW! I HAVE TO GET LOOSE... AND I DON'T MEAN SIX MONTHS FROM NOW! WAIT A MINUTE... I THINK I HAVE IT! *THIS ISN'T A WELDED CHAIN!*
TWISTING AROUND, THE ANGEL CAUSES THE CHAIN TO SHORTEN AND BECOME TIGHTENED. REACHING ITS LIMIT... THE LINKS BEGIN TO TWIST AND THE BREAKS IN THEM SEPARATE...
SO I WON'T GET LOOSE, EH? IT'S TOO BAD YOU'RE PAYING SO MUCH ATTENTION TO THAT CONTROL BOARD THAT YOU DON'T SEE WHAT IS GOING ON!
THEN... LIKE A BLUE STREAK, THE ANGEL DROPS IN FRONT OF SCHWAB...
YOU!

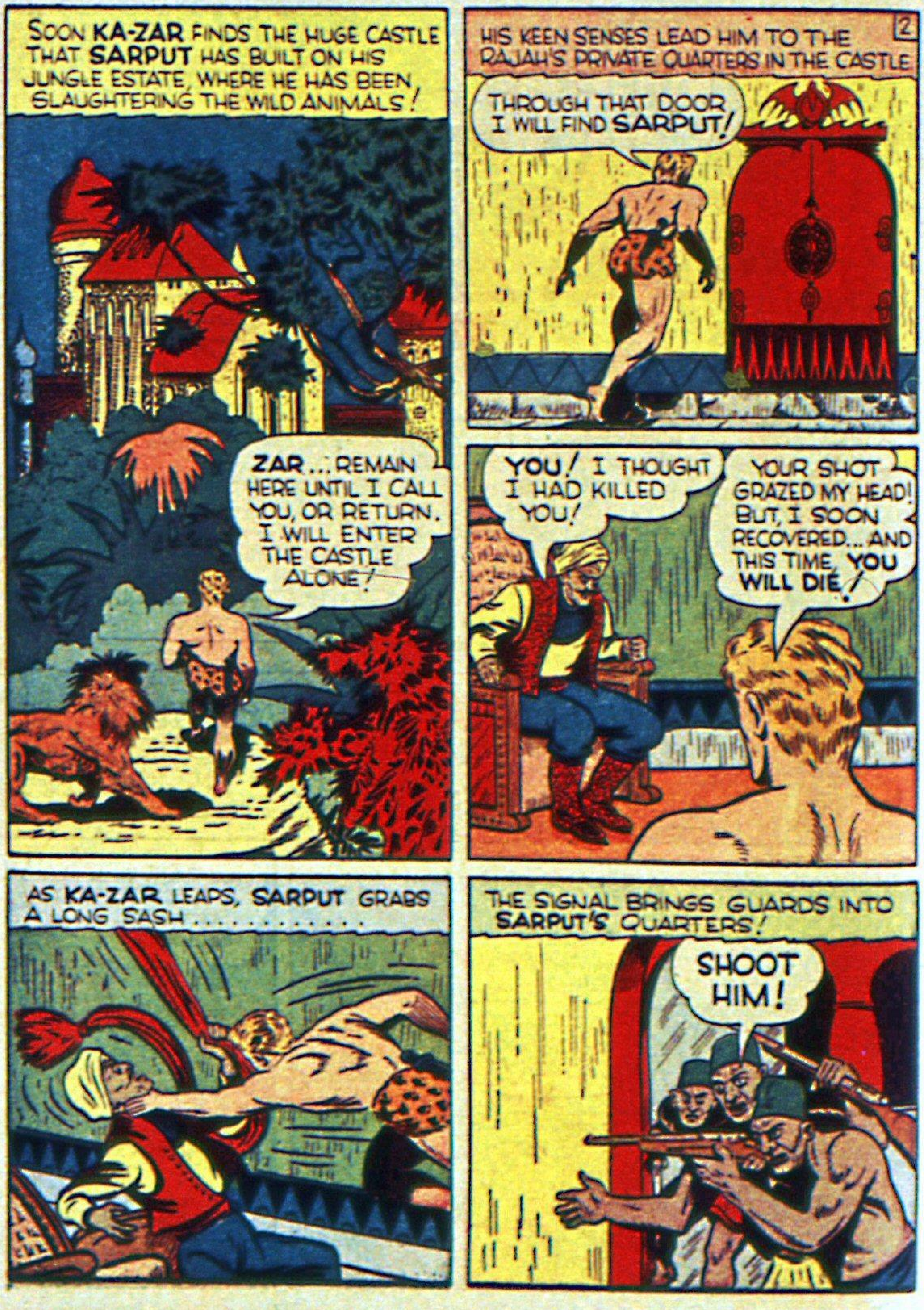

YES, MY LOWLY FRIEND!
SOCK!
LITTLE ARE THE TWO AWARE OF WHAT IS HAPPENING.... AS THEY SCRAMBLE ATOP THE CONTROL BOARD, LEVERS ARE PUSHED INTO NEW POSITIONS....
CLICK
...CAUSING THE MOTORS TO RUN AT A FURIOUS SPEED.. AND STARTING SEVERAL OTHERS.
GLANCING UPWARD, THE ANGEL SEES THAT THE PEOPLE OF THE CITY ARE COMING OUT OF THEIR PARALYSIS AND ATTACKING THE RUBBER-CLAD MEN...
WHAM
...WHO FLEE INTO THE SEWERS WHENCE THEY CAME!
YOU'VE RUINED MY LIFE'S WORK!
NO, BUD—JUST SAVED YOU AND YOUR MEN A LOT LESS TROUBLE LATER ON!

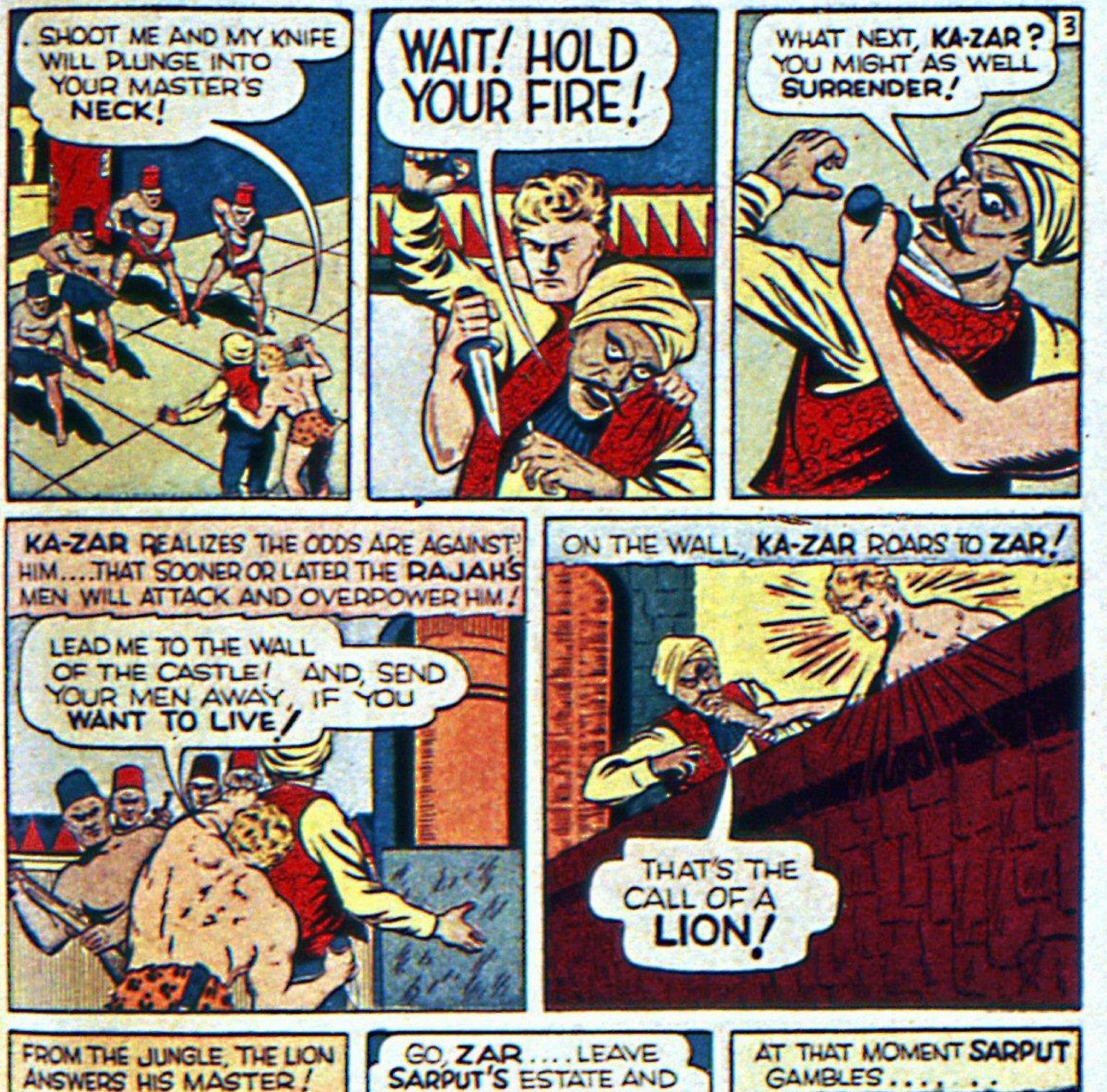

AS SCHWAB AND THE ANGEL CONTINUE TO FIGHT ATOP THE CONTROL BOARD, THE POWER PLANT ROARS CRAZILY AT DIFFERENT SPEEDS...
WHAT'S GONE WRONG HERE?
UNABLE TO STAND THE TERRIFIC STRAIN, THE GENERATORS BURST IN A SERIES OF DEAFENING EXPLOSIONS.... SHATTERING THEM INTO A MILLION PIECES.....
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
IN THE TURMOIL, THE ANGEL AND SCHWAB ARE THROWN BEHIND THE PROTECTION OF THE CONTROL BOARD...
DEAD — WITH A PIECE OF STEEL SUNK IN HIS BACK FROM THE MOTOR'S EXPLOSION!
AT THE SAME TIME, THE MEN IN THE SEWERS DROP LIKE FLIES BECAUSE OF THE DEAFENING CONCUSSION IN THEIR RADIO EQUIPPED SUITS.
FROM THE DEBRIS, THE ANGEL WORKS HIS WAY TO THE STREETS WHERE MYSTIFIED PEOPLE ARE UNABLE TO EXPLAIN THE STRANGE CATASTROPHE.
A MYSTERY TO ALL BUT ONE ... WHOSE SHADOW REMAINS PERMANANTLY OVER THE REMAINS OF A RECKLESS FOOL WHO THOUGHT HE COULD CONQUER AMERICA!

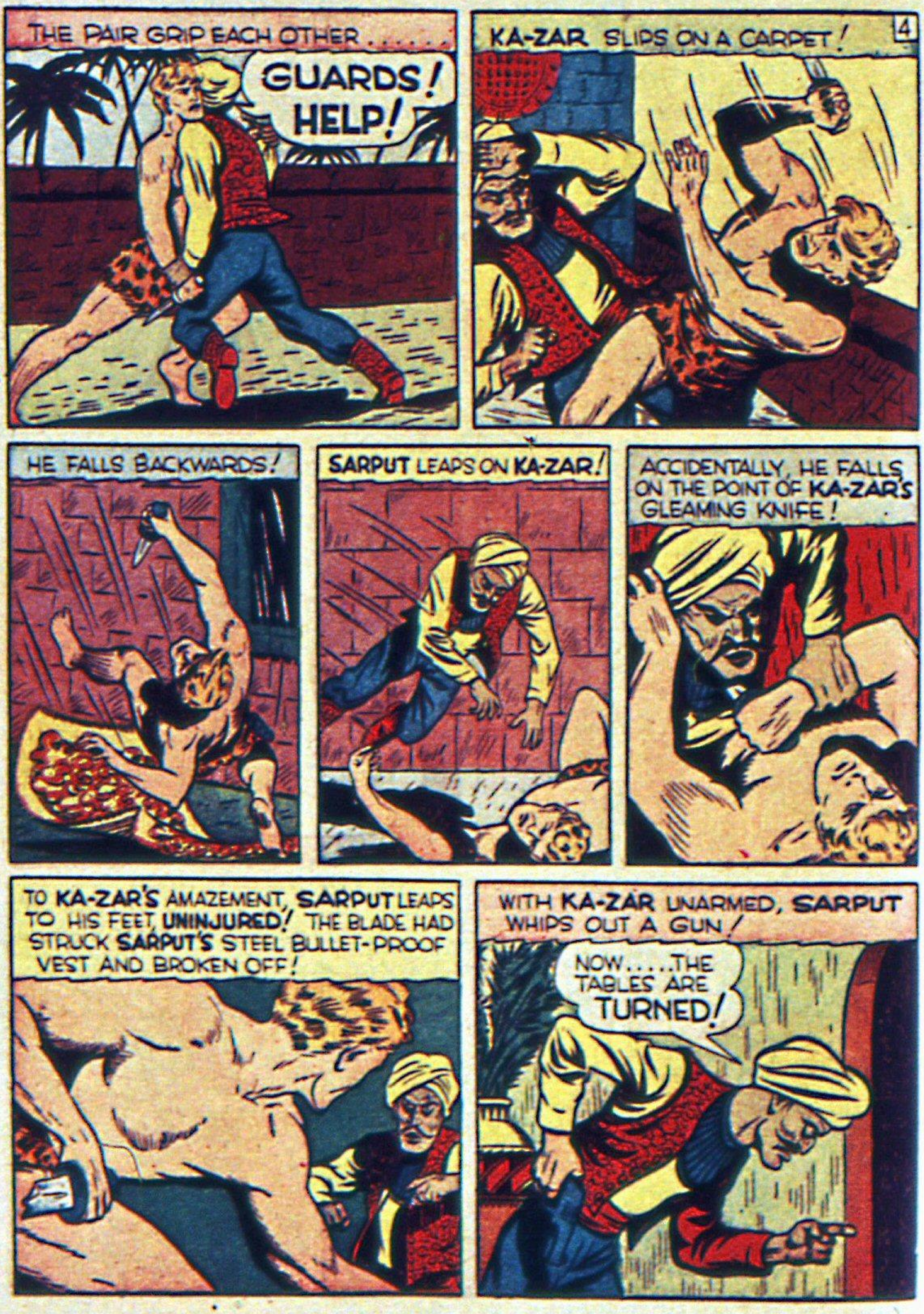
ANOTHER THRILLING EPISODE OF THE ANGEL WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS!!!

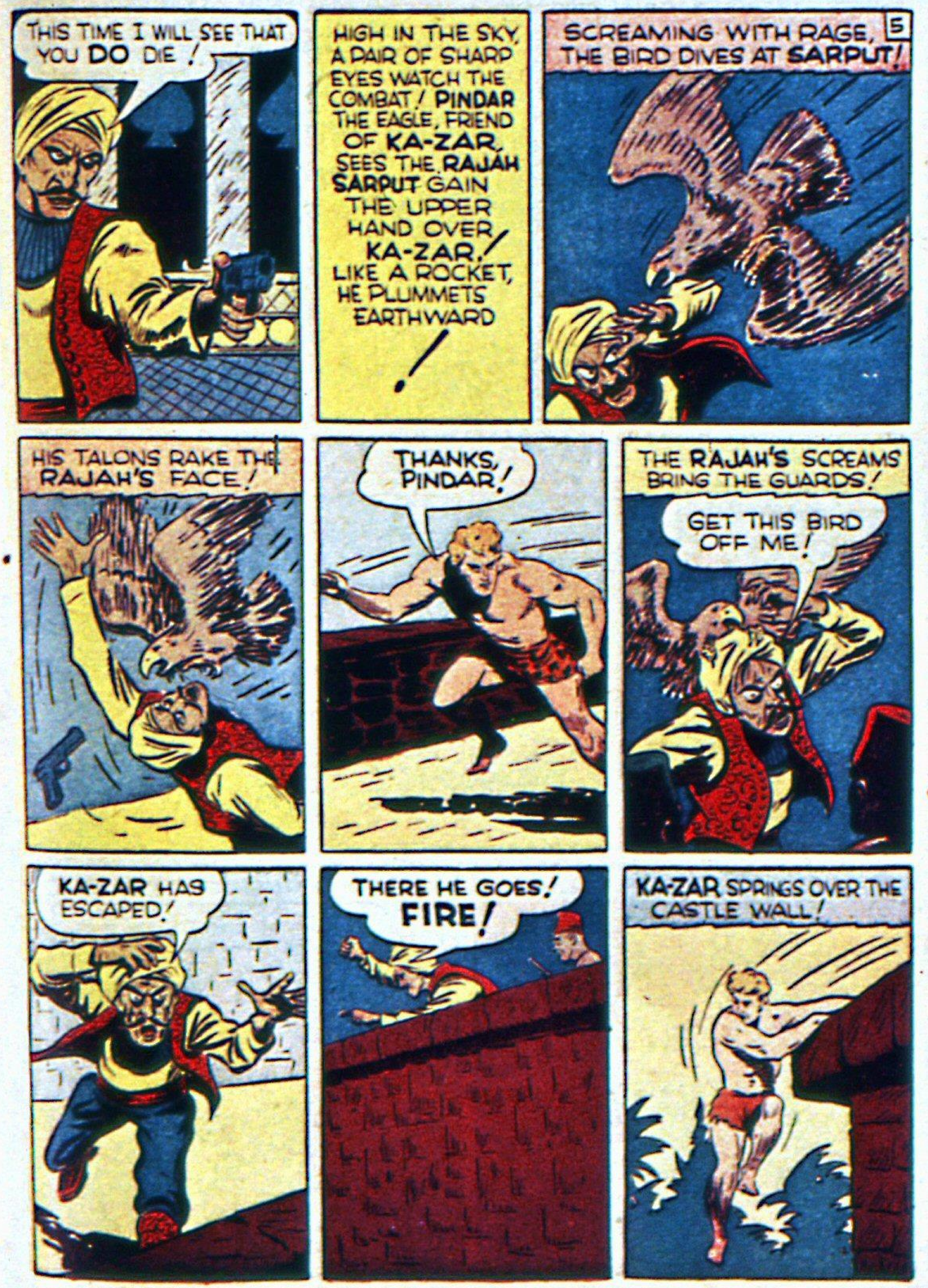
ADVENTURES OF KA-ZAR THE GREAT

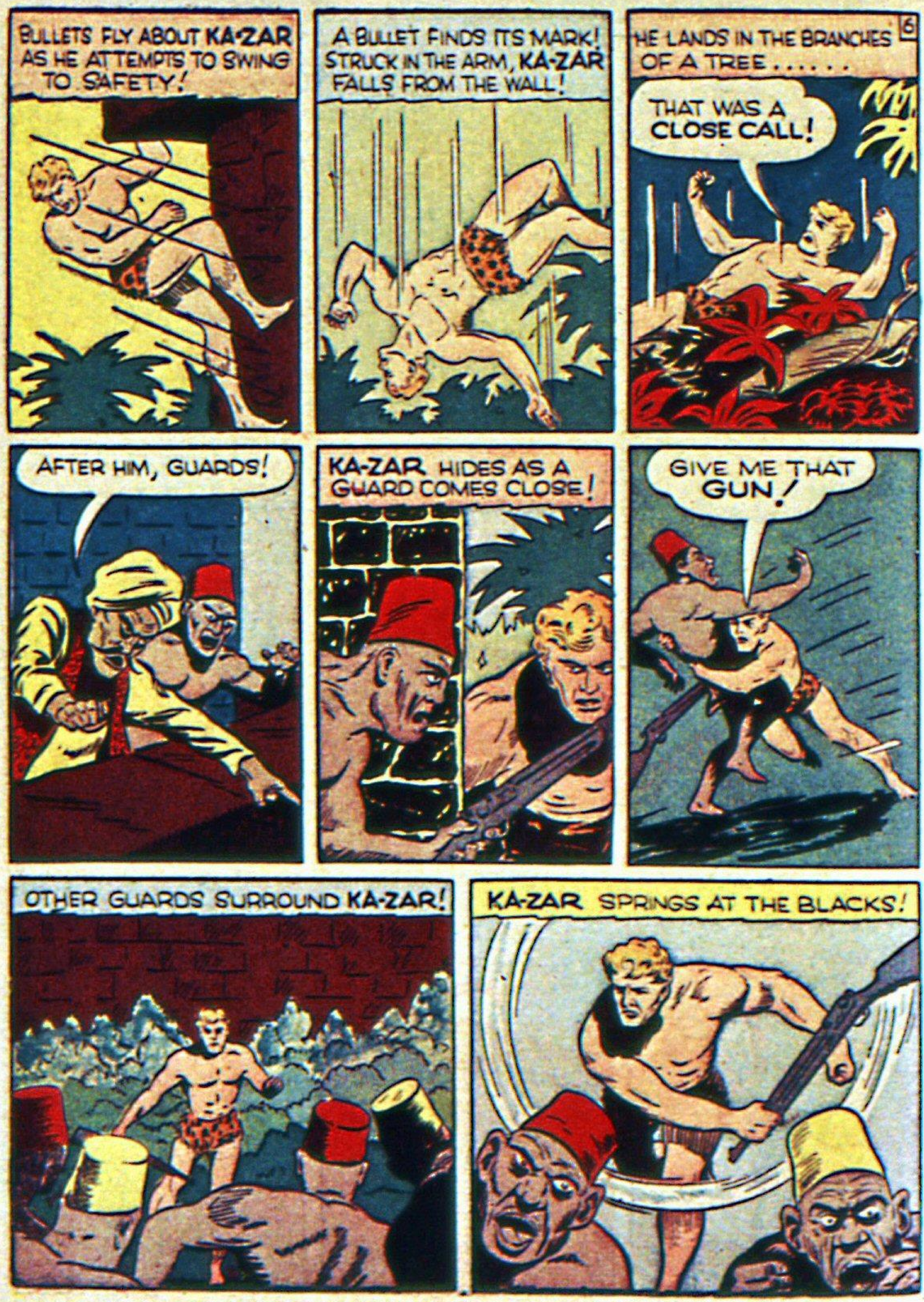

ADVENTURES OF
KA-ZAR
THE GREAT
REGISTERED IN U.S. PAT. OFF. COPYRIGHT 1942
FOLLOWING MANY ADVENTURES, KA-ZAR AND ZAR FINALLY RETURN TO THEIR HOME IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLE. KA-ZAR, GUARDIAN OF THE WILD BELGIAN CONGO ANIMALS, IS HAPPY TO RETURN, BUT SOON HE LEARNS THAT LIFE IN THE JUNGLE HAS NOT BEEN QUIET AND PEACEFUL DURING HIS ABSENCE.
KA-ZAR...... WHOSE LIFE IS DEDICATED TO PRESERVING PEACE IN THE JUNGLE!
Ben Thompson
IN THE JUNGLE, KA-ZAR AND ZAR THE LION, ARE STOPPED BY ONE OF THEIR WILD FRIENDS............ "SARPUT HAS BEEN KILLING THE ANIMALS OF THE JUNGLE" THE SMALL BABOON TELLS KA-ZAR.
THE RAJAH SARPUT, AGAIN!
JUST BEFORE HIS ADVENTURES TOOK HIM TO AMERICA, KA-ZAR PREVENTED THE CRUEL SARPUT FROM KILLING A HUGE HERD OF ELEPHANTS. NOW, THE RAJAH HAS BEEN RUTHLESSLY SLAUGHTERING THE ANIMALS.
KA-ZAR WILL PUT A STOP TO THIS MADMAN'S KILLING!

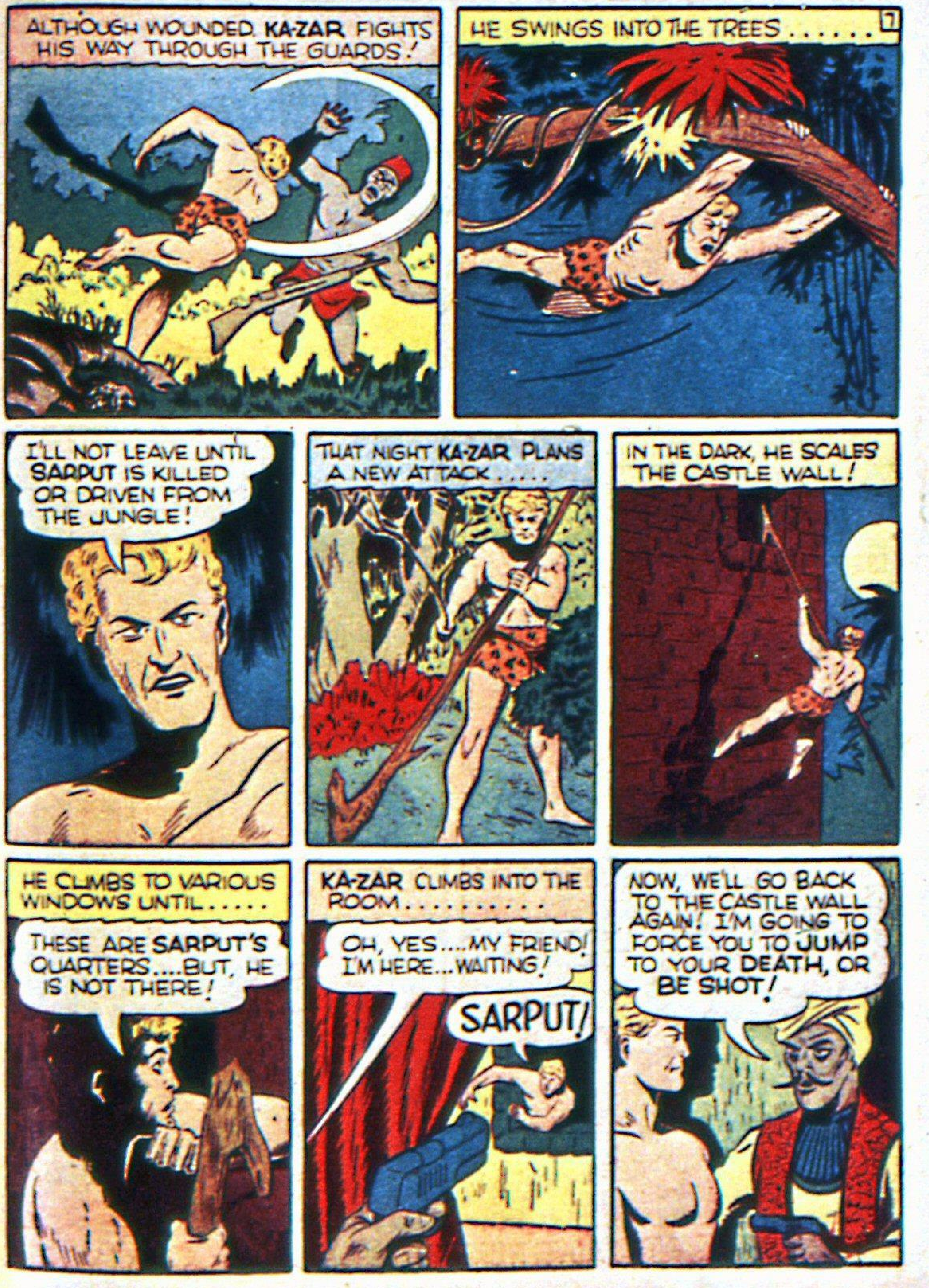

SOON KA-ZAR FINDS THE HUGE CASTLE THAT SARPUT HAS BUILT ON HIS JUNGLE ESTATE, WHERE HE HAS BEEN SLAUGHTERING THE WILD ANIMALS!
ZAR... REMAIN HERE UNTIL I CALL YOU, OR RETURN. I WILL ENTER THE CASTLE ALONE!
2
HIS KEEN SENSES LEAD HIM TO THE RAJAH'S PRIVATE QUARTERS IN THE CASTLE
THROUGH THAT DOOR I WILL FIND SARPUT!
YOU! I THOUGHT I HAD KILLED YOU!
YOUR SHOT GRAZED MY HEAD! BUT, I SOON RECOVERED... AND THIS TIME, YOU WILL DIE!
AS KA-ZAR LEAPS, SARPUT GRABS A LONG SASH............
THE SIGNAL BRINGS GUARDS INTO SARPUT'S QUARTERS!
SHOOT HIM!

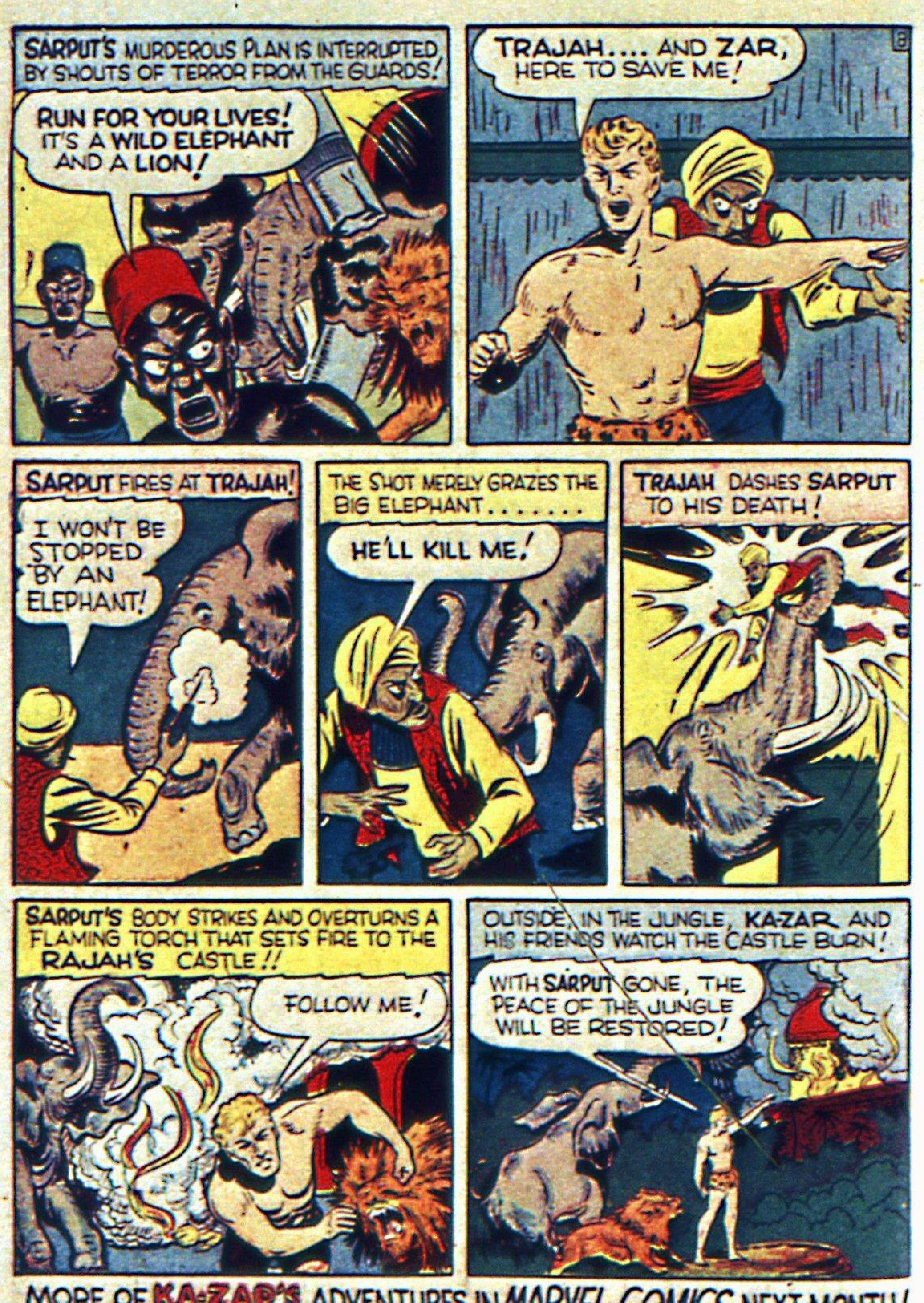

SHOOT ME AND MY KNIFE WILL PLUNGE INTO YOUR MASTER'S NECK!
WAIT! HOLD YOUR FIRE!
WHAT NEXT, KA-ZAR? YOU MIGHT AS WELL SURRENDER!
KA-ZAR REALIZES THE ODDS ARE AGAINST HIM....THAT SOONER OR LATER THE RAJAH'S MEN WILL ATTACK AND OVERPOWER HIM!
LEAD ME TO THE WALL OF THE CASTLE! AND, SEND YOUR MEN AWAY, IF YOU WANT TO LIVE!
ON THE WALL, KA-ZAR ROARS TO ZAR!
THAT'S THE CALL OF A LION!
FROM THE JUNGLE, THE LION ANSWERS HIS MASTER!
GO, ZAR.... LEAVE SARPUT'S ESTATE AND SEEK SAFETY.... KA-ZAR COMMANDS IT!
AT THAT MOMENT SARPUT GAMBLES.......


4
THE PAIR GRIP EACH OTHER . . . . .
GUARDS! HELP!
KA-ZAR SLIPS ON A CARPET!
HE FALLS BACKWARDS!
SARPUT LEAPS ON KA-ZAR!
ACCIDENTALLY, HE FALLS ON THE POINT OF KA-ZAR'S GLEAMING KNIFE!
TO KA-ZAR'S AMAZEMENT, SARPUT LEAPS TO HIS FEET, UNINJURED! THE BLADE HAD STRUCK SARPUT'S STEEL BULLET-PROOF VEST AND BROKEN OFF!
WITH KA-ZAR UNARMED, SARPUT WHIPS OUT A GUN!
NOW. . . . . THE TABLES ARE TURNED!

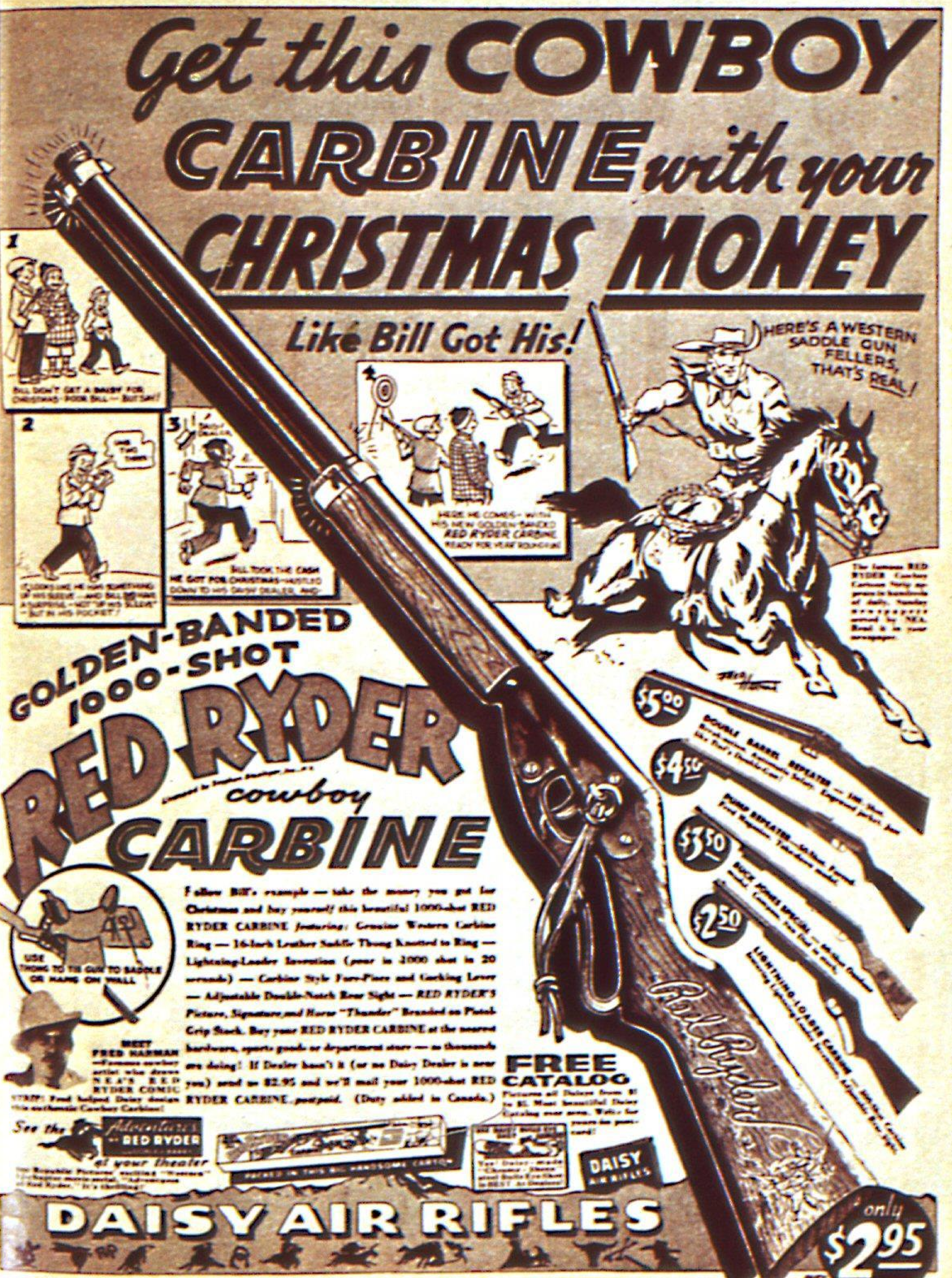

THIS TIME I WILL SEE THAT YOU DO DIE!
HIGH IN THE SKY, A PAIR OF SHARP EYES WATCH THE COMBAT! PINDAR THE EAGLE, FRIEND OF KA-ZAR, SEES THE RAJAH SARPUT GAIN THE UPPER HAND OVER KA-ZAR! LIKE A ROCKET, HE PLUMMETS EARTHWARD!
SCREAMING WITH RAGE, THE BIRD DIVES AT SARPUT!
5
HIS TALONS RAKE THE RAJAH'S FACE!
THANKS, PINDAR!
THE RAJAH'S SCREAMS BRING THE GUARDS!
GET THIS BIRD OFF ME!
KA-ZAR HAS ESCAPED!
THERE HE GOES! FIRE!
KA-ZAR SPRINGS OVER THE CASTLE WALL!


BULLETS FLY ABOUT KA-ZAR AS HE ATTEMPTS TO SWING TO SAFETY!
A BULLET FINDS ITS MARK! STRUCK IN THE ARM, KA-ZAR FALLS FROM THE WALL!
6
HE LANDS IN THE BRANCHES OF A TREE......
THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL!
AFTER HIM, GUARDS!
KA-ZAR HIDES AS A GUARD COMES CLOSE!
GIVE ME THAT GUN!
OTHER GUARDS SURROUND KA-ZAR!
KA-ZAR SPRINGS AT THE BLACKS!


ALTHOUGH WOUNDED, KA-ZAR FIGHTS HIS WAY THROUGH THE GUARDS!
HE SWINGS INTO THE TREES . . . . . .
7
I'LL NOT LEAVE UNTIL SARPUT IS KILLED OR DRIVEN FROM THE JUNGLE!
THAT NIGHT KA-ZAR PLANS A NEW ATTACK . . . . .
IN THE DARK, HE SCALES THE CASTLE WALL!
HE CLIMBS TO VARIOUS WINDOWS UNTIL . . . . .
THESE ARE SARPUT'S QUARTERS....BUT, HE IS NOT THERE!
KA-ZAR CLIMBS INTO THE ROOM . . . .
OH, YES....MY FRIEND! I'M HERE...WAITING!
SARPUT!
NOW, WE'LL GO BACK TO THE CASTLE WALL AGAIN! I'M GOING TO FORCE YOU TO JUMP TO YOUR DEATH, OR BE SHOT!


SARPUT'S MURDEROUS PLAN IS INTERRUPTED BY SHOUTS OF TERROR FROM THE GUARDS!
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! IT'S A WILD ELEPHANT AND A LION!
TRAJAH.... AND ZAR, HERE TO SAVE ME!
SARPUT FIRES AT TRAJAH!
I WON'T BE STOPPED BY AN ELEPHANT!
THE SHOT MERELY GRAZES THE BIG ELEPHANT.......
HE'LL KILL ME!
TRAJAH DASHES SARPUT TO HIS DEATH!
SARPUT'S BODY STRIKES AND OVERTURNS A FLAMING TORCH THAT SETS FIRE TO THE RAJAH'S CASTLE!!
FOLLOW ME!
OUTSIDE, IN THE JUNGLE, KA-ZAR AND HIS FRIENDS WATCH THE CASTLE BURN!
WITH SARPUT GONE, THE PEACE OF THE JUNGLE WILL BE RESTORED!

MORE OF **KA-ZAR'S** ADVENTURES IN *MARVEL COMICS* NEXT MONTH!



Get this COWBOY CARBINE with your CHRISTMAS MONEY
Like Bill Got His!
1
BILL DIDN'T GET A DAISY FOR CHRISTMAS—POOR BILL—BUT SAY!
2
(LOOKS LIKE HE HAS SOMETHING UP HIS SLEEVE—AND BILL DID HAVE A SURPRISE—NOT "UP HIS SLEEVE" —BUT IN HIS POCKET!
3
BILL TOOK THE CASH HE GOT FOR CHRISTMAS—HUSTLED DOWN TO HIS DAISY DEALER, AND—
4
HERE HE COMES—WITH HIS NEW GOLDEN-BANDED RED RYDER CARBINE READY FOR YEAR ROUND FUN!
HERE'S A WESTERN SADDLE GUN FELLERS, THAT'S REAL!
The famous RED RYDER Cowboy Cartoon Strip appears in hundreds of daily, Sunday newspapers issued by NEA. Read it in your newspaper.
GOLDEN-BANDED 1000-SHOT
RED RYDER cowboy CARBINE
USE THONG TO TIE GUN TO SADDLE OR HANG ON WALL
$5.00
DOUBLE BARREL REPEATER
$4.50
PUMP REPEATER
$3.50
BUCK JONES SPECIAL
$2.50
LIGHTNING-LOADER CARBINE
Red Ryder
See the Adventures of RED RYDER at your theater
DAISY AIR RIFLES
DAISY AIR RIFLES
only $2.95

Follow Bill's example — take the money you got for Christmas and buy yourself this beautiful 1000-shot RED RYDER CARBINE *featuring:* Genuine Western Carbine Ring — 16-inch Leather Saddle Thong Knotted to Ring — Lightning-Loader Invention (*pour in 1000 shot in 20 seconds*) — Carbine Style Fore-Piece and Cocking Lever — Adjustable Double-Notch Rear Sight — *RED RYDER'S Picture, Signature and Horse "Thunder"* Branded on Pistol Grip Stock. Buy your RED RYDER CARBINE at the nearest hardware, sports goods or department store — as thousands are doing! If Dealer hasn't it (or no Daisy Dealer is near you) send us $2.95 and we'll mail your 1000-shot RED RYDER CARBINE, *postpaid.* (Duty added in Canada.)

MEET FRED HARMAN —Famous cowboy artist who draws NEA'S RED RYDER COMIC STRIP! Fred helped Daisy design this authentic Cowboy Carbine!

FREE CATALOG

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 882 UNION ST., PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

C'mon—
BOYS·GIRLS
MEN·WOMEN
PICK YOUR PRIZE

THESE PRIZES ARE GIVEN TO YOU—Just send for 28 packets of easy selling Garden Spot Seeds which you can easily and quickly sell to your friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the $2.80 collected and select your Prize in accordance to our offers. SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.

22 Piece TABLEWARE SET

4 Knives, 4 Forks, 4 Teaspoons, Butter Knife, Sugar Shell. GIVEN for selling only one order.

JUNIOR GUITAR GIVEN

PRIZE TYPEWRITER GIVEN

Ladies' New Fashion WRIST WATCH GIVEN

More Than a Guaranteed Timekeeper

GIANT SPY-GLASS

3 FOOT TELESCOPE

Good Luck FISHING OUTFIT

Midget Pocket RADIO GIVEN

Household CLOCK

Can be used anywhere. Richly finished in two tone effect. 30 hour movement. Dispose of only 1 order and Clock is yours. WRITE TODAY.

Crinkled BED SPREAD

BASKETBALL GIVEN

Latest Rubber Valve Type. Send No Money. Just name and address. Given for disposing of only 28 pkts. of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a pkt. WRITE FOR SEEDS TODAY. Hurry! Be First.

SEND NO MONEY
Just MAIL COUPON

Real Live CANARY

What a pet! You will love it. Canary and Cage both given for selling only two orders. WRITE TODAY.

Safe Delivery Guaranteed

Sent Express Collect.

SEND NO MONEY

WE TRUST YOU.

MAIL COUPON TODAY for 5 FREE PROMPTNESS PRIZES!

SENT RIGHT ALONG WITH YOUR REGULAR PREMIUM IF WE GET THIS COUPON IN THE NEXT 5 DAYS. SO HURRY! FILL OUT TODAY AND MAIL.

WRIST WATCH

MAIL COUPON · TODAY ·

10 Piece Priscilla Curtain Set

Blue Bird Granite Cooking Set GIVEN

Will Make You Proud of Your Kitchen

VIOLIN, BOW & INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN

IMPORTED

Our 34th Year

Lancaster County Seed Co.,
Station 1, Paradise, Pa.

Please send me 28 packets (one order) of Garden Spot Seeds to sell at 10cts. a pkt. for a fine Gift. I will sell and pay for seeds in 30 days. Also send right along with my Regular Premium the 5 FREE PROMPTNESS PRIZES SHOWN ABOVE.

Name____________________

Post Office____________________

State____________________

Street or R. F. D.__________ Box______

Print your last name plainly below

32 Piece Rose Petal DINNER SET GIVEN

Home BARBER Outfit

GIVEN